FRIENDSHIP'S

OFFERING.

London.

MDCCCXXXVI

Painted by H. Hawkins. Engraved by W. H. Egleton.

Constance.

Published by Smith, Elder & Co. 65, Cornhill.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING,

A Literary Album

and

ANNUAL REMEMBRANCER.

C. C. Dickson

1835.

"This is Affection's Tribute—Friendship's Offering,
Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words
Tells of the Giver's faith and truth in absence.
And says — Forget me not!"

H. Corbould del. LONDON. J.W. Cook sculp.

SMITH, ELDER & CO. CORNHILL.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING;

AND

Winter's Wreath:

A CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT,

FOR

MDCCCXXXVI.

" This is Affection's Tribute, Friendship's Offering,
Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words,
Tells of the Giver's faith and truth in absence,
And says — Forget me not !"

LONDON:

SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL,

BOOKSELLERS TO THEIR MAJESTIES.

1836.

LONDON:
Printed by Stewart and Co., Old Bailey.

TO

THE QUEEN'S MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

This Work

IS, BY PERMISSION,

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

The 'gentle spirit' which, for so long a period, presided over Friendship's Offering, is now a denizen of a happier region; and he, who assisted him in the last year of his editorship, is also 'gathered to his fathers.' Their places in this world 'know them no more,' but their memory survives them: Africa has raised an enduring monument to the one, and Europe to the other.

He, who has passed over their graves to his present office, cannot refrain from adding his humble, but sincere tribute to their worth.

In Thomas Pringle, literature mourns an elegant and touching poet; humanity its warmest

advocate; and society an amiable and excellent man. Among the melancholy feelings inseparable from the contemplation of such a loss, there mingles, however, the cheering reflection, that he lived to witness the accomplishment of the object which it was the desire of his heart, and the labour of his life to promote. His work was done: should we murmur that he was early called to his reward?

In Henry David Inglis, those who love the fictions, or are interested in the histories of 'other lands,' have experienced a loss, which, it is feared, time will not speedily supply. To those, however, to whom the worth of his character must have made his memory dear, there remains the consolation, that he was removed, before age, which, to the literary man, is indeed the winter of life, could expose him to the disappointments which too often follow on the most successful career of the sons of Genius.

A poem, written at a very early period of his life, will be found in this volume, and, independently of its intrinsic merit, will be read with in-

terest by all who admired the writer or loved the man.

Having said thus much for his predecessors, the Editor can only, on his own account, express a hope that, notwithstanding the disadvantages arising from his having been called to the office at a somewhat late period of the year, he has, by availing himself of the services of former contributors, and recruiting their ranks from the first talents within his influence, in some measure succeeded in sustaining the reputation of the work.

To both classes of contributors he offers his grateful acknowledgments, as well as to those of whose kindly proffered assistance he has been unable to take advantage.

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MY SCHOOLMASTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TRUCKLEBOROUGH HALL."

If the season of courtship be, as some persons have said, the happiest portion of human life, then my schoolmaster's daughter must have had a very pleasant time of it, for I am sure that she spent at least twenty years of her life in courting and in being courted. My schoolmaster was an amiable and worthy kind of man, who had been brought up as a grocer and tea dealer; but, not finding that business answer, he embarked in the coal trade, in which, again, not meeting with so much success as he could wish, he hired a large rambling old crazy mansion some fifty miles from town, called Hollybush House, and there he commenced the pleasant task of teaching the young idea how to shoot. By dint of multiplied advertisements setting forth, with more eloquence of expression than accuracy of statement, the peculiar charms and decided advantages of Hollybush House Classical and Commercial Establishment,

he found pupils in sufficient number to make a tolerable appearance at the parish church. Now, although Ezekiel Crouch had been indulged with a quarter's Latin before he left school, by way of a finish, yet he had forgotten so much of what he had learned, that he very modestly declined taking upon himself the entire burden of the classical department; but he procured as his assistant an usher of all work. The usher's name was Algernon Sydney Snape: he was about thirty years of age, and had been, so his advertisement stated, "familiar with the scholastic routine in the highest circles for fifteen years." He was what may be called an ambitious student, aiming at universal knowledge: but, in consequence of the multifarious nature of his pursuits, he was under the necessity of taking the shortest cut to every science. In addition to Greek, Latin, French, Arithmetic, Drawing, History, Geography, Algebra, and two or three dozen more little matters, he was profoundly, after his fashion, skilled in Astronomy. Really it would have done your heart good to hear him on a star-light night, descant on the three stars in Orion's belt, or on the beauty of the Great Bear's tail. He had a fine deep sonorous voice, and a large Roman nose, which seemed to act as a sounding board, or perhaps, I might better compare it to the drone of a bagpipe; for when you heard him talking at a little distance, or in an adjoining room, separated as the rooms at Hollybush House were, by a thin partition of old cracked wainscot, the sound was like that of a bagpipe, or a legion of humblebees.

He used to talk very learnedly about the solar system, nor could you be long in his company, without learning that the stars were so many suns, the centres of so many systems, equal and perhaps superior in splendour to ours. He could tell you that though the earth was vulgarly considered to be round, yet it was not a perfect globe, but flattened at the poles like an orange; yet if you were to ask him whether by the word orange, he meant a St. Michael's, a China, or a Seville orange, I don't think he could tell you, for that is not in the book. He was tall, and had what may be called the scholar's stoop, that is, a sort of round-shoulderedness, as if he were in the constant habit of hugging folios. In fact, he was all over science and profundity, and was as saturated with learning as the Hackney marshes are with water after a thaw. Eugene Aram was a fool, and the Admirable Crichton was a flat to him. Of course, I need not add that he wore spectacles: no man can be perfectly wise without them.

No sooner had Mr. Snape taken possession of his charge at Hollybush House, than he fell in love with Araminta, his master's only child. Araminta was, at this time, in her sixteenth year, short in stature, sharp of feature, and somewhat quick in temper and expression. She had sufficient clearness of complexion and brightness of eye, to pass for pretty with those who were disposed to call her so. Seen through the spectacles of Sydney Snape, she was a perfect beauty. Indeed, I have reason to believe, that this was the first time in his life that this gentleman was in love; for he

had hitherto been so much absorbed in literary and scientific pursuits, that he had not found leisure enough for the tender passion; and by means of his spectacles, through which he could scarcely distinguish a petticoat from a pump, he was protected from sudden surprises, and tolerably well guarded from falling in love at first sight. But when he came to Hollybush House, having read all his own books, and finding there no other than blank copy-books for the coming scholars to write in, he had a few days' literary leisure, which he spent in conversation with Mr., Mrs., and Miss Crouch. Now it so happened that Minty, as the young lady was sometimes called for shortness, had something of a passion for astronomy, or, more properly speaking, perhaps, for star-gazing; regarding the matter rather as a thing of sublimity and beauty, than of science. After supper one evening, the conversation turned on astronomy, and Mr. Snape proposed an adjournment to the open air, to view the beauties of the starry heavens. Mr. Crouch did not like to leave his gin and water, and Mrs. Crouch did not like to leave her easy chair; so little Minty and the usher had all the starry heavens to themselves. The parents of the young lady thought her quite safe, and no more in danger of losing her heart to Algernon Sydney Snape, than she would have been of falling in love with one of the beasts in the tower. Nor was she in danger, but Algernon himself was in great danger. Cupid had already drawn his bow, and only waited till the parties should be all alone together on the grass plot to let fly his arrow.

It was a very fine night, and the stars had it all their own way; there was no moon to outshine them, and there was no cloud to obscure them. Sydney was on stilts, and Minty was in raptures.

Minty turned her pert little visage upwards to gaze upon the heavens, and she looked on the planets in their courses, and the stars in their spheres, with as much extasy as she would have gazed on the pattern of a new gown. But Mr. Snape was about twice the height of Miss Crouch, therefore, while the young lady was wondering, with upturned face, at the sublimities of the starry heavens, the usher who stood beside her, was looking down with equal admiration, at the beauties of Minty's fine bright eyes. Fain would he have popped the question at that very moment; but, in the first place, he did not know what to say, and in the next place, Mrs. Crouch just then popped her head out at the front door, and begged the parties not to stay out too long in the cold. Algernon Sydney Snape had just time to say "Ah, Miss!" in a very sentimental and pathetic tone; but, whether the exclamation were excited by the beauty of the stars in the tail of the Great Bear, or by any sublunary matters, Minty neither knew nor cared.

Next day the boys came to school, and, among the rest, a fine tall youth, about fifteen years of age, named Ned Bright. It must be some ages ago, I suspect, since the name of Bright was conferred upon this family, for they were at this time but a dull set, and Ned himself was no conjuror; but he was a fine, big,

good humoured, bouncing boy; and if he was not highly distinguished in school-hours by the keenness of his arithmetical investigations, or by any peculiar subtlety of philological analysis, he more than made up for these deficiencies in play hours, by the vigour with which he brandished the cricket-bat, by the skill with which he directed the rolling marble, by the agility of his leaps, and by the joyous pre-eminence with which he engaged in every boyish sport. He was a nice play-fellow for Minty, and, being a parlour-boarder, and the son of a particular friend and patron of Ezekiel Crouch, he was treated altogether as one of the family; and the young people had plenty of opportunity of being alone together, which Minty thought particularly agreeable. Minty began to hate Mr. Snape, and to think literature, science, and philosophy, and all that sort of thing, a great bore; with a reservation, however, in favour of astronomy, provided that Ned Bright, and not Mr. Snape, was the companion of her astronomical studies. Now Ned Bright, notwithstanding that he was a fine bold-looking boy, was, at times, rather shy and sheepish, especially when in company with the gentler sex. Minty did all that she could to cure him of this infirmity; she played music to him, and sang to him, and invited him to sing with her; for she was sure that he must have a good voice; and so he had, for he was at that time of life when youths who sing have two good voices, the one treble, and the other bass, prettily blending and intermingling the one with the other; so that when they sing a solo, they

seem to be singing a duett. Often and often did Minty warble forth the well-known air "Oh sing, sweet bird!" before she could prevail upon her sweet bird, Ned Bright, to open his lips in song. At length she prevailed on him to join her in the duett of "All's well;" and then she hated Mr. Snape afresh, and wondered at his insolence in daring to pay his pedantic attentions to her. Nay, indeed, the poor usher could hardly get a civil word from her; and when he addressed her on any topic of science or literature, she looked as if she wished that she was tall enough to box his ears. Nevertheless, Algernon Sydney was not a whit abashed or discomfited; he recollected the old saying, "Faint heart never won fair lady;" and he fully resolved that he would not give up for a trifle: he knew that Ned Bright must one day or other leave school, and then he hoped that there would be a verification of the proverb, "Out of sight, out of mind." Meantime Miss Crouch proceeded with great vigour to lay siege to the heart of Ned Bright. Ned had a watch, and the young lady must needs cut him out a pretty watch-paper for the same, with a pair of turtle doves billing and cooing in the midst of a wilderness of true lovers' knots. On the fourteenth of February Ned Bright received, by means of some invisible postman, a very pretty letter, all over bedizened with cupids and calves' hearts.

Though the young gentleman was none of the most acute, he possessed sufficient penetration to solve these hieroglyphics; and had sagacity enough to guess from whose hand they came; and therefore,

he sent Minty a very pretty answer to her valentine; which answer Minty, who was disposed to be rather hasty in her conclusions, was inclined to regard as an offer of marriage. Remarks have been sometimes made on young ladies saying "no," before they are asked; it is, however, perhaps quite as indiscreet for them to say "yes," a little too soon.

So matters went on for two or three years, till Ned Bright was considered to have finished his education, and was accordingly removed from Hollybush House Classical and Commercial Establishment. The young gentleman took leave very respectfully of all the family, and of Araminta among the rest. And when he was gone, Minty sat moping alone. She opened her music books, but it was only to sigh over them, for she had not the heart to sing now that her sweet bird was gone; she looked at her favourite duet, "All's well;" but all was not well now. She began to think it strange, after the lapse of a few weeks, that she did not hear from him; indeed it was very odd, she thought, that he should have left school without making some arrangement for their correspondence. It is true, that he had not expressly and explicitly made her an offer of marriage, but then she took it for granted that there was an understanding between them. At length, after a few months of sad suspense, there came the mournful intelligence that Ned Bright was gone to the East Indies — gone for nobody knows how many years. Oh the hard hearted youth! Not a sigh, not a letter, not even a message for poor Minty. He had utterly for-

gotten the watch-paper, and the valentine, and the duet of "All's well." What could poor Minty do? Minty sighed, Minty cried, and Minty would not eat her dinner.

Algernon Sydney Snape now began to flatter himself that there would soon be a vacancy in the young lady's heart, and, accordingly, he set himself with great diligence to console the mourning damsel, but, for a long time, his efforts were without success. Minty's heart was on board an East-Indiaman. She would listen to no consolation, even though Mr. Snape quoted many a passage, from the Greek and Latin classics, to prove the folly of grieving for what cannot be helped. But Minty was mounted on tragedy stilts, and all the Greek and Latin quotations in the world could not bring her down. She was fully bent on despising the whole sex, and renouncing the world, on account of the unfaithfulness of Ned Bright. Algernon Sydney was, however, determined to persevere, even though when he handed her the bread and butter at tea-time, she seemed almost ready to knock the plate back into his face.

By degrees, at length, the angry one softened and relented; she thought it a pity that the innocent should suffer for the guilty, so she retracted her decision about hating the whole sex on account of Ned Bright, and confined her indignation wholly to him. She listened more patiently to the Greek and Latin quotations wherewith Algernon sought at once to instruct and console her; she even suffered the usher to talk to her on the science of astronomy, and to point out to her once

more the beauties of the starry heavens; though it must be acknowledged that now and then there were moments of tenderness, in which the sight of the Great Bear was almost too much for her feelings, bringing to her recollection so forcibly her dear Ned Bright. Mr. Snape was now no longer snapped and snarled at, but treated with a tolerable degree of courtesy; his conversation was listened to very respectfully, and his wise sayings were heard with due applause. But still Minty was not quite herself; a degree of tender melancholy was still brooding over her, which made her very interesting, but not lively. Herein, indeed, she was more acceptable and engaging to Mr. Snape, who was a grave and solemn man, and dearly loved a bit of sensibility. He now thought, "good easy man," that every thing was going on smoothly, and that he should succeed to the vacancy made in Araminta's heart, by the secession and defection of Ned Bright; but, alas for the usher's hopes! there came to Hollybush House Classical and Commercial Establishment, another parlour boarder, by name Dick Sharpe.

Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii—

which, being translated by Miss Crouch, means, "I don't care a fig for your Greek and Latin quotations, Mr. Snape." Minty was now herself again, and poor Algernon Sydney was also himself again, that is, a despised usher, and rejected suitor. Dick Sharpe was nearly sixteen years of age, and as Minty was barely nineteen, there did not seem to be, as the folks say,

"any great *disparagement* of years between them." Dick was the funniest fellow you can possibly imagine; he was up to all manner of sport. He seemed to think that the whole world, and all that was in it, was created merely for him to make a jest of it, and to play tricks with it. He was not, indeed, in his amusements, most considerate of the feelings of others, and if he could but create a laugh, he cared not at whose or at whatever expense it was raised. Many were his amusements: among the rest, there was one in which he particularly delighted, and that was, tying an owl on a duck's back, and sending the duck into the water. He used to think it was so funny to see the frightened stare of the terrified owl as it emerged from the water; and there was something so ludicrous in its half-stifled hootings, as the duck dived down again, to get rid of its troublesome companion. Dick Sharpe used to describe this scene with such an inimitable grace and humour, that all Minty's sensibility and sentimentality fled before it, and she thought Dick the most charming fellow that she had ever seen: Ned Bright was a mere clodpole to him; what was Ned Bright to her? He might go to the East Indies, or the West Indies, or to any Indies that he pleased, for any thing that she cared. Nay, so complete was the revolution that had taken place in her heart, that I verily believe, that if Ned Bright had been an owl, she would have given her consent to have him fastened on a duck's back, and launched into a horse-pond, for the amusement of Dick Sharpe. Dick had a watch, and Minty must needs cut out a watch-paper

for him, but positively he was so funny, that she could hardly cut it out for laughing. She was, in fact, almost always giggling, greatly to the grief of grave Mr. Snape, who quoted passages from the Greek and Latin classics, reprobating immoderate laughter. Now no longer did the young lady meet the usher with a scowl and a frown, but, what was quite as bad, if not worse, with a pert and saucy laugh. When Mr. Snape quoted some grave and solemn aphorism from the Greek tragic poets, translating, as he quoted, for the benefit of the lady, she did not listen to the oracle with a reluctant attention and a sulky silence as she had done heretofore, but she laughed the old Greek to scorn, with some second-hand jest of Dick Sharpe's; meeting quotation by quotation, and setting up the authority of Master Sharpe against that of Euripides or Sophocles. Dicky was not what may strictly be called musical, but he could sing a comic song with no inconsiderable degree of humour: his performance of Giles Scroggins's Ghost was beyond all praise. His powers of imitation were altogether surprising; he could take off any peculiarity of tone, gesture, or look, with a most admirable felicity; and very often would he amuse Minty by a burlesque delineation of the sober and sententious style of Algernon Sydney Snape. With such qualifications as these, it was, of course, impossible that he should not win the heart of Araminta Crouch; and Araminta sought to return the compliment, by endeavouring to win his. For this purpose, she accommodated herself to his humours, laughed at his jokes,

and was mightily amused at his pranks, and at his narration of them. Indeed, I am not quite certain that she did not suffer him, unreproved, to quiz her father and mother,—in their absence, of course; for whatever faults Dicky might have, he was by no means deficient in the virtue of prudence, always taking especial care not to play off his tricks when there was any danger of an inconvenient retaliation. If he tied a tin kettle to a dog's tail, he preferred, for that philosophical experiment, a little dog that was afraid of him, to a great dog that might turn round and bite him; and in playing off his practical jokes on his school-fellows, he selected the little ones, whom he could beat, in preference to the big ones, who could beat him. This was wise, very wise, and was the means of keeping him out of many scrapes, into which he would otherwise have been drawn, by his irresistible propensity to humour.

Any man of less perseverance than Algernon Sydney Snape would have given up Araminta as utterly hopeless, but he despaired not. He no more heeded the gibes of Dick Sharpe, than Jupiter cared for the mockeries of Momus. The patient and learned usher thought that a time must come when Dicky also must leave school, and that a time might come when he would not care a fig for Minty, and when Minty would find that out. And indeed, notwithstanding all appearances, the time did come. Dick Sharpe had been at school long enough according to the thinking of his indulgent parents; he was now upwards of

nineteen years of age, and it was thought to be quite time that he should go out into the world.

Hitherto he and Minty had been the best of friends, but there had not been a word said about love, for love is a very serious matter, and these two young people had been always giggling and laughing. But now that the time for parting was come, Minty looked grave and serious, in the hope of provoking Dicky to do the same; but that sort of thing was not at all in Dicky's way. When they were alone together, and mention was made of the young gentleman's departure, Minty fetched a deep sigh, and gave Dicky a pathetic look, with a face as long as the handle of a mop. She thought that look irresistible, but he stood it most wonderfully well, and instead of returning her sigh for sigh in sober seriousness, he mimicked her mournful look with such admirable grimace, that she absolutely could not help laughing aloud, and he joined in the noisy chorus.

At length he departed, and Miss Crouch, who had been laughing for nearly three years or more, had now sufficient leisure to be grave; and most soberly did she suspect that soon she should have occasion to laugh, as the saying is, on the wrong side of her face. Month after month she waited in hopes of a letter or visit from Dick, but there came no letter, and there came no Dick. How dull the house did seem without Dick Sharpe! Minty recollected what a fuss she had made about the unfaithfulness of Ned Bright, and therefore, she endeavoured to conceal her grief from the eye of

the world on the present occasion. Nevertheless, she sighed very deeply, and looked marvellously lackadaisical. Had Dicky quite forgotten her? Yes, or he remembered her only to laugh at her! for, many months after his departure, it happened that Ezekiel Crouch, reading the newspaper, suddenly exclaimed, "Here's fine luck for our old acquaintance Dick Sharpe!" At mention of fine luck and Dick Sharpe, Minty looked quite delighted, for, of course, she expected that he was coming to share his good luck with her. But alas for human hopes! the luck alluded to was not of a nature to be shared with Minty; for when Ezekiel read the paragraph throughout, it appeared that Dick Sharpe's luck consisted in having eloped with and married an heiress. Here was a new source of sorrow to the lovelorn damsel! A second hope was gone. But Algernon Sydney Snape was still near to administer consolation to her out of Sophocles and Euripides; and poor Minty was forced to listen as patiently as could be, to the wisdom of the ancients; for she could no longer meet long quotations by broad grins, or set up the authority of Dick Sharpe against the wisdom of the Greek dramatic poets. So solemnly did Algernon Sydney set forth the great doctrine of fatality, as displayed in the writings of the Attic dramatists, that little Minty, in the mopishness of her soul, and the despondency of her spirit, began most seriously to fancy that she lived a kind of charmed life, and was doomed to court and to be jilted by all her father's parlour boarders to the end of time, unless she

would consent to give her hand to the tall, prosy usher. But she did not, and could not, and would not like Mr. Snape. Besides, he was such an old man; he was at least six or seven years older than he was when he first came to Hollybush House Classical and Commercial Establishment. There was, however, one consolation to Mr. Snape, and that was, that Minty had ceased to laugh at him, and indeed, since Dick's good luck, she had been scarcely seen to smile. There was also another consolation, and a ground, as it were, of hope to the usher, and that was the unquestionable, though not much to be talked of, fact that Minty herself was growing older, and that she could not, with any tolerable degree of propriety, much longer make love to the parlour boarders. Araminta herself, I believe, had a little suspicion of this kind; but being, at the age of two or three and twenty, no taller than she had been at sixteen, she felt that she had a very good right to remain in her teens as long as might be convenient; and so, while she began to hate Mr. Snape, because he knew that she was not so young as she was six or seven years ago, yet she also feared as well as hated him; for she felt that it was in his power to let out the secret, when it might be least convenient to her. This consideration induced her, during the interregnum which followed the good luck of Dick Sharpe, to behave with rather more than her wonted courtesy to her father's usher.

By this courtesy Mr. Snape was, for a while, deceived, and he began very seriously to flatter himself

that he was not altogether indifferent to her, seeing that she no longer flouted at his politeness, nor laughed at his wisdom. This delusion, however, like all other delusions, was doomed to pass quickly away; for there came to Hollybush House, another parlour boarder, and Minty's heart was gone again as sure as a gun. Master Frederic Wilkinson, the new boarder, was but fifteen years of age; but youth, thought Minty, is a fault that will soon mend; and indeed, young as he was, according to the statement of his years, he was far from being young in his appearance and manners. He was quite a gentleman, very much indeed of a gentleman, so much of a gentleman that he was scarcely anything but a gentleman. He was polite in every thing and to every body; he was precise in his speech, yielding in argument, and, withal, so modest in conversation as never to contradict, never to interrupt. He never laughed, he never frowned, but was always smiling, and so careful to avoid giving offence, that if by any accident he set his foot on a cat's tail, he would ask pardon with such resistless courtesy of manner, that the animal soon suppressed all feeling of resentment. At the tricks of Dick Sharpe he would have revolted with horror; nor would he have been much better pleased with the rude and boisterous sports in which Ned Bright had been wont to delight himself. As all violent bodily exertion was repulsive to him, so, in like manner, he was anxious to avoid any great mental exercise; and having observed that profound scholars are generally distinguished by some ungrace-

ful peculiarities of manner, or fits of absence, which are excessively ungentlemanlike, he had no ambition to become a great scholar, lest his intellectual attainments might interfere with his gentlemanly manners. Both play and work, therefore, he took moderately, gently, and discreetly. It was, I suppose, in consequence of not fatiguing his mind by hard study, and not exhausting his frame by violent bodily exercise, that he possessed a continual fund of placid good humour, and a pleasant minor ingenuity that made him a most excellent hand at guessing riddles and concocting conundrums. He also had some little notion of singing; but as his voice was rather slender, and as Minty's pianoforte was rather harsh in its tones, and as Minty, from a natural impetuosity and decision of character, was in the habit of thumping the keys with great vigour, Master Wilkinson's voice could scarcely be heard when accompanied, and he could not sing at all without an accompaniment.

Master Wilkinson, the sagacious reader will perceive, had scarcely any features in common with his predecessors, and that was a fortunate circumstance for Minty, inasmuch as she was thereby more effectually enabled to forget her former unfaithful swains; for, had there been anything in the present like the past, the past might have occasionally been brought to mind; whereas Ned and Dick were totally forgotten, and Master Wilkinson was all in all. In former instances, Minty had commenced her courtships by cutting out watch-papers for the young gentlemen; but in the

present case this procedure was superfluous, for Master Wilkinson had a watch-paper of his own cutting out, and a very beautiful one it was. He had also coloured it, for he was exceedingly clever in that kind of work; and he had a pair of very curious scissors, by which he could cut out most ingeniously. In fact, Master Wilkinson was a very nice young gentleman; he was quite a model to all the other boys in the school, and they used to look up to him with peculiar respect, and to think of him as one of an order altogether superior to themselves. Minty was quite enraptured with the elegance of his manners, and endeavoured, according to the best of her ability, to be equally elegant. She utterly and decidedly renounced all that boisterousness of mirth in which she had been accustomed to indulge while Dick Sharpe had been lord of the ascendant. Comic songs were quite thrown aside. "Giles Scroggins's Ghost" was sent to light the kitchen fire, and "Polly Higginbotham" was doomed to clean candlesticks. Master Wilkinson was a great admirer of Italian music, and thereupon Minty and he did their best to perform the duett of "*La ci darem la mano.*" Minty thought it marvellously sentimental and fine, though she did not know what it meant, and she did not like to ask Master Wilkinson, for fear she should show her ignorance. Now Master Wilkinson was so polite, that whenever he had finished a duet, he always made a bow to the young lady who had accompanied him; and Minty, determining not to be outdone in politeness, always rose from — or I

should rather say — descended from the music-stool, and, in return for the polite bow, made a curtsey quite as polite. I am sure if Dick Sharpe had seen them he would have laughed outright. In this study of politeness, there resulted one advantage to Algernon Sydney Snape, and that was, that Miss Crouch now no longer scowled at him gloomily, nor laughed at him insolently; but she behaved to him with the most consummate politeness, and she bowed, or rather curtsied to the quoted authority of Euripides, although still bent upon following the desires of her own heart.

Araminta greatly admired the politeness and superfine elegance of Master Wilkinson; but she soon began to be impatient that no progress seemed to be made towards winning his heart. His very gentleman-like demeanour kept him always at a cold distance from every one; there was not an atom more of tenderness in his manner towards Miss Crouch, than towards Algernon Sydney Snape; and Master Wilkinson made as many fine speeches to the schoolmaster's wife as he did to the schoolmaster's daughter, — and Minty knew that he could not be courting both. The young lady was now advancing in years, being between twenty and thirty, and she began to be angry with Master Wilkinson, because he could not see how deeply she was in love with him; or if he did see, that he would not take an opportunity of letting her know that the love was reciprocal. Having read three or four bushels of the best novels and romances of the day, she supposed, and no doubt very justly, that she knew as much about

love as most folks; and though almost all the gentlemen lovers in the said three or four bushels of standard novels and romances, were quite as polite and as accomplished as Master Wilkinson, and some of them perhaps more so, yet not one of them did she remember so utterly insensible as he seemed to be to the charms of the fair sex. She had walked with him in the fields leaning upon his arm, which his politeness always offered, and which hers never refused; and she had looked up in his face, with a smile of approval and admiration, at the wisdom of his remarks on things in general, and, whenever he chanced to utter any thing at all approaching to tenderness, or, by any effort of an ingenious imagination, convertible to pathos, she had sighed and cast her eyes to the ground, expecting every moment to feel the pressure of his hand upon hers, in order that she might lift up her eyes again, and fix them blushing on his. She started timidly at the sight of cows, she talked sentimentally about lambs, and poetically about larks; but neither cows, lambs, nor larks; neither timidity, sentimentality, nor poetry, touched the cold heart of the polite Master Wilkinson, or induced him to pop the question to Minty. In the cold evenings, when the fire was more attractive than the fields, Minty would sit with the young gentleman by the fireside, fixing her chair as near to his as she conveniently could, and filling up the intervals of talk with tender sighs; keeping her hand all the while so near to his side that he might easily lay hold of it if so disposed. But every attempt on the young gentleman's

heart was utterly in vain; and Minty began to think herself exceedingly ill used, forgetting all the while how cruel she had been to Algernon Sydney Snape. Indeed, she could not help thinking that if the learned usher had been sitting by her side, when her hand hung so temptingly and accessibly by her, he would not have neglected to avail himself of its proximity; but would have pressed it between his own palms, or have conveyed it to his learned and eloquent lips. As for the polite Master Wilkinson, he let the hand hang there till it was tired; and if he did now and then cast a look at it, poor Minty could not tell whether the look was intended to imply that he longed to touch it, or that he wondered why it was hanging there.

Such is the elasticity of hope, and such is the unpleasantness of despair, that Araminta would not relinquish the fond expectation, that one day or other, by means of continued perseverance, she should make herself mistress of the heart of the polite and courteous Master Wilkinson, for she was almost certain that he could not have any previous engagement; and she was equally sure that there was nothing objectionable in herself. It was now beginning to be an actually serious matter to poor Minty. Frederic Wilkinson had been at school three years; he was fifteen when he came, and now he was eighteen, an age at which surely he ought to know his own mind;—and Minty, who had once been three-and-twenty, was now six-and-twenty. This was a most serious consideration, but what was to be done? Minty endeavoured to recol-

lect, out of the three or four bushels of novels which she had read, some case parallel to her own, so that she might have some little direction as to procedure, or some slight ground of hope. But she could find no such thing; for all the nice young gentlemen in those books were quite ready enough to make love of their own accord; so that she, at last, was almost inclined to think that Master Wilkinson was not a nice young gentleman, because he not only did not make love of his own accord, but he would not take any of the numberless hints that were given to him, or avail himself of the countless opportunities afforded him of avowing his attachment. In a word, Minty, in spite of her hopes and wishes, began to be tired of Master Wilkinson, and to wish that he would take himself off and make room for his betters. At length he departed with the same frigid politeness which marked his first appearance at the school. Minty was quite angry with him, and said she was glad that he was gone; nevertheless, she immediately ran up stairs and shut herself in her room, and sat down and cried; but whether she cried for the one that was gone, or whether she cried for another to come, is not known; I do not think that she herself exactly knew which it was.

Now ensued another and a very long interregnum, during which, Algernon Sydney Snape renewed, with a most praiseworthy pertinacity and indefatigability, his suit to the hitherto obdurate and insensible Araminta Crouch. But Araminta thought foul scorn of her father's usher; still she rejected his proffered hand,

albeit with somewhat more of civility and courtesy than had been the case in days gone by. Algernon himself, in despite of rejection after rejection, continued to have hopes, for he observed at each interval that the style of repulsion grew less and less repulsive; either he was more accustomed to being refused, and so cared less about it, or Araminta was more habituated to his addresses, and they became less disagreeable. Hollybush House Establishment continued to flourish, and there was every now and then a parlour-boarder admitted; but the mischief of the matter was, that they were mere boys, not more than twelve or thirteen years of age, and it appeared to Minty, that, of late years, a strange alteration had taken place in the system of education; for instead of having new parlour-boarders admitted at fifteen or sixteen years of age, the boys generally left school by the time that they arrived at this period of life. Minty, however, still had her pets and favourites among the boys, though there were none to whom she paid such very particular attention as she had done to the three young gentlemen, whose names have been already recorded. She could not make up her mind to accept of Mr. Snape, though, for several years, he made it a regular practice to pop the question twice a-year, viz. at Midsummer and at Christmas, behaving to her during the intervals with most polite and friendly attention. As time advanced, and became, of course, more precious, inasmuch as there remained less of it, he added Easter to the times of proposing; so that after the lapse of

some few years, Minty used to say that few young ladies had refused so many offers as she had.

Minty Crouch had now arrived at her thirty-fifth year, and thought, that, as so much time had been lost, it would be desirable to lose as little more as possible; and so she betook herself seriously to put into execution a scheme, which she had frequently hitherto meditated, but which had thus far merely evaporated in meditation. The scheme was to select from among her father's pupils, some amiable and unsophisticated youth, on whom to lavish her kind and sisterly attentions, and so to gain his heart, before the boy knew that he had a heart to lose, and to bring up a husband for herself; even as the author of "Sandford and Merton" is recorded to have brought up a wife for himself. Araminta looked round amongst her neighbours and friends, to find some examples of middle-aged ladies married to young gentlemen, so that she might have some one to keep her in countenance. She found several instances in which the lady was ten or twelve years older than her husband, one or two, where the difference was fifteen or sixteen years; but not one could she find where the disparity of years, on the side of the wife, amounted to one-and-twenty years, as it must, in her case, should she, at the age of five-and-thirty, select, for her future husband, a young gentleman of fourteen. She consoled herself, however, with the thought that, though she was five-and-thirty in fact, she was not more than five-and-twenty in appearance; and as she had always been accustomed to the society

of young persons, she had acquired a certain youthfulness of manner, which would help to keep up the delusion. It was during the midsummer holidays, and after one of the faintest and feeblest refusals that she had ever yet given to Algernon Sydney Snape, that she resolved to put this scheme in force; and though she could not find any precedent, or any specimen of the kind, in her recollection, in the three or four bushels of novels which she had read, she thought that, from the long practice and experience which she had had in matters of courtship, there could not be much doubt of success. Algernon Sydney Snape thought that the faint and gentle manner in which his last offer had been rejected, was an intimation that he should not have occasion to ask above once or twice more. He little thought what decisive and serious steps the young lady was taking, to demolish the fine fabric of his hopes. Thus it often happens, &c. &c.; — the reader knows the rest.

The midsummer holidays closed, the boys came back to school, and Minty's heart went pit-a-pat, when she thought of the important choice that she was now about to make. She began to think of her "destiny" as magnificently as Napoleon Buonaparte used to talk about his. In the midst of her trepidations and palpitations, it was announced to her that a new parlour-boarder was coming, a young gentleman about fourteen years of age,—the very age that she had fixed upon, and, what was still more remarkable, his name was Ned Bright. Minty was quite sure there must be

"destiny" in the matter, and she began already to consider herself as Mrs. Bright; and when she saw the young gentleman, she thought him one of the finest boys she had ever set eyes on. She wondered whether he was at all related to Ned Bright, her first love, — she thought there was a likeness, — she made inquiry, and ascertained the interesting fact, that Ned Bright the Second was the son and heir of Ned Bright the First. Hereupon Minty began to look as grave and as awful as the chorus in the fifth act of a Greek tragedy, and to revolve, in what the poets call her inmost mind, the subject of chronology most anxiously and seriously. She also thought, that, if there was any truth in the proverb of "like father, like son," Ned Bright the younger might prove unfaithful, as Ned Bright the elder had done. She also thought, that, if she should be disappointed of the son, it would be too long to wait for the grandson. She resolved, therefore, to give it up, and I think she was wise in so doing; she was very civil to the boy, for the father's sake, but she did not pay her addresses to him. When the Christmas holidays came, Algernon Sydney Snape renewed his periodical offer, and Minty rewarded his patience and perseverance by accepting it.

THE OLD FOUNTAIN.

BY T. MILLER,

AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF THE SEA NYMPHS."

[My attention was accidentally drawn to the author of these stanzas, whom I accordingly sought out, and found engaged in his occupation of basket-making. I mention this fact, not to bespeak indulgence for the poem, — which is put forward on its intrinsic merits — but in the hope of rescuing an amiable and highly-gifted man from the unmerited obscurity to which he has been consigned. Other poems from the same pen will be found in this volume.
ED.]

DEEP in the bosom of a silent wood,
Where an eternal twilight dimly reigns,
A sculptured fountain hath for ages stood,
O'erhung with trees; and still such awe remains
Around the spot, that few dare venture near, —
The babbling water spreads a superstitious fear.

It looks so old, and gray, with moss besprent,
And carven imagery, grotesque or quaint;
Eagles and Lions are with Dragons blent,
And cross-winged Cherub; while o'er all a Saint
Bends grimly down with frozen blown-back hair,
And on the dancing spray its dead eyes ever stare.

From out a Dolphin's mouth the water leaps
And frets, and tumbles to its bed of gloom; —
So dark the umbrage under which it sweeps,
Blackened by distance to a dreary tomb;
With murmurs fraught, and many a gibbering sound,
Gurgle, and moan, and hiss, and plash, and fitful bound.

O! 'tis a spot where man might sit and weep
His childish griefs and petty cares away;
Wearied Ambition might lie there and sleep,
And hoary Crime in silence kneel to pray.
The fountain's voice, the day-beams faintly given,
Tell of that star-light land we pass in dreams to Heaven.

There lovely forms in elder times were seen,
And snowy kirtles waved between the trees;
And light feet swept along the velvet green,
And the rude anthem rose upon the breeze;
When round the margin England's early daughters
Worshipped the rough-hewn saint, that yet bends o'er the waters.

And some bent priest whose locks were white as snow,
  Would raise his trembling hands and voice to pray;
All would be hushed save that old fountain's flow
  That rolling bore the echoes far away:
Perchance a dove, amid the foliage dim,
Might raise a coo, then pause to list their parting hymn.

But they are gone — and ages have pass'd by, —
  The inlaid missal will be seen no more,
And beauteous forms, and many a radiant eye
  That flashed with joy and hope in days of yore,
Is darkened now, all stilled their bosom-throes,
While that Old Fountain's stream through the deep forest flows.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

I wish I could as merry be
As when I set out this world to see,
Like a boat filled with good companie,
  On some gay voyage sent.
There Youth spread forth the broad white sail,
Sure of fair weather and full gale,
Confiding life would never fail,
  Nor time be ever spent:

And Fancy whistled for the wind;
And if e'en Memory looked behind,
'Twas but some friendly sight to find,
  And gladsome wave her hand;
And Hope kept whispering in Youth's ear,
To spread more sail and never fear,
For the same sky would still be clear
  Until they reached the land.

Health, too, and Strength tugged at the oar,
Mirth mocked the passing billows' roar,
And Joy, with goblet running o'er,
  Drank draughts of deep delight;
And Judgment at the helm they set,
But Judgment was a child as yet,
And, lack-a-day! was all unfit
  To guide the boat aright.

Bubbles did half her thoughts employ,
Hope she believed, she played with Joy,
And Passion bribed her with a toy,
  To steer which way he chose.
But still they were a merry crew,
And laughed at dangers as untrue,
Till the dim sky tempestuous grew,
  And sobbing south winds rose.

Then Prudence told them all she feared;
But Youth awhile his messmates cheered
Until at length he disappeared,
  Though none knew how he went.
Joy hung his head, and Mirth grew dull,
Health faltered, Strength refused to pull,
And Memory, with her soft eyes full,
  Backward her glance still bent

To where, upon the distant sea,
Bursting the storm's dark canopy,

Light, from a sun none now could see,
Still touched the whirling wave.
And though Hope, gazing from the bow,
Turns oft, — she sees the shore, — to vow,
Judgment, grown older now I trow,
Is silent, stern and grave.

And though she steers with better skill,
And makes her fellows do her will,
Fear says, the storm is rising still,
And day is almost spent. —
Oh, that I could as merry be
As when I set out this world to see,
Like a boat filled with good companie,
On some gay voyage sent!

THE PRISONED BIRD.

BY SARAH STICKNEY.

Sing no more, thou prisoned bird,
Hail not thus the rising day;
Lighter lay was never heard
O'er the valleys far away.

Sing not thus, I cannot bear
Here to listen to thy song;
would meet thee wandering where
Woodland waters glide along;

O'er the vale, and through the grove,
Sporting like a summer bee,
Warbling, to thy ladye-love,
Flattering tales of constancy;

Mounting on the morning air,
  High above the flowery fields,
Searching all things sweet and fair,
  For the joy that Nature yields ;

Or when evening's solemn call
  Brings the wanderer home to rest,
Where the lengthening shadows fall,
  Brooding o'er thy leafy nest.

Such, thou warbler of the wild,
  Such should be thy happy doom ;
Ne'er should Nature's freeborn child
  Pine within a gilded tomb.

Like a lute that once was strung
  For the light and jocund lay,
Echoing where a festive throng
  Laughed the midnight hours away —

Like the self-same lute, when heard
  Far from scenes of revelry,
Is thy song, thou prisoned bird,
  Sweet, but oh ! how sad to me !

BEAUTY.

Where dwelleth Beauty? In the Tyrian dyes
The morning scatters o'er the orient skies:
But, like a coy and blushing maiden, soon
She hies her from the ardent gaze of noon.

Where dwelleth Beauty? In the April flower
When first it spreads its bosom to the shower:
But soon the blossom droops upon its bed,
And Beauty from the withered flower has fled.

Where dwelleth Beauty? On the placid sea —
The mirror of its sapphire canopy:
Anon dark rolling waves its face deform,
And Beauty flies before the rising storm.

Where dwelleth Beauty? In the varying shades
Which autumn flings upon the forest glades:
But when bleak winter sweeps the branches bare,
We seek in vain for Beauty's footsteps there.

In morning's blush — the flower — the ocean blue —
The autumn foliage — Beauty's form we view:
In each she dwelleth — for how brief a space! —
Her home — her home is in fair Stanhope's face.

W. H. H.

Painted by F. Stone. Engraved by C. Rolls.

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THE BOON.

BY L. E. L.

Come tell me, love, if I had power
As I have will to waste on thee, —
Not waste — for never fairy's dower
Could seem too precious thine to be :

If I had power to give thee all
The earth, the ocean, or the air
E'er girdled in their mighty thrall,
What wouldst thou, Maiden, for thy share ?

What wilt thou have ? Shall time restore
The wonders of those fallen walls,
Palmyra's giant domes of yore ?
Wilt dwell a queen in marble halls ?

Must shining columns rear thy dome
To rival midnight's starry sky ?
The quarry yields too mean a home, —
The golden mine shall thine supply.

Kings shall lay down their diadems
To glitter on thy meanest slave ;
Thy lightest step shall be on gems,
Or pearls yet dewy from the wave.

Old Egypt's valleys of the rose
Shall feed thy lamps with fragrant oil;
Thy ivory caskets shall enclose
The sweet Manilla's fragrant spoil.

The East shall send its spice and gold,
The West, its labour and its skill,
To raise for thee a fairy hold,
To win thy smile, and work thy will.

There never shall the winter lower,
But summer soften into spring;
There shall no branch mourn faded flower,
There shall no bird forget to sing.

Thou dost love flowers — the glorious dyes
That paint the eastern world shall dwell
By those that catch our April skies,—
The violet thou lovest so well.

Down dropped the wreath she bound the while,
When ceased the voice on which she hung;
She gave him one sweet serious smile,
And spoke as if a lute were strung.

"Ah!" said the maid, "an easy task,
From the wide world to choose my part;
What of thine empire could I ask,
But what is now mine own — thy heart?"

THE MAN WHO COULD NOT SAY "NO."

BY W. H. HARRISON.

Let not the reader imagine that the character introduced to him in the following sketch is an unique, or even a rare one. I am merely an individual of a numerous class, to whom I now offer the warning of my experience.

Although happily free from any nervous or organic impediment to a distinct enunciation, there is one word in the English language, which I could never pronounce. It is only a single syllable, and that consisting of but two letters, and, although, like the "open sesame" in the Eastern story, it would have extricated me from many a difficulty, it might, for any use that I could make of it, have been discarded from our dictionary.

"NO!" A word more insignificant, both as to sight and sound, there is not in all the Chinese vocabulary; and yet what a word is it in the mouth of power! How often has it

"Shut the gates of mercy on mankind."

How many fenced cities has it laid waste! How many children has it made orphans!—how many parents written childless! What a word, too, from the lips of Beauty! How many bright hopes has it withered! Upon how many fond and faithful hearts has it fallen with the crush and the coldness of an ice-berg!

Of my early boyhood I recollect very little, except that, although abundantly supplied, by indulgent parents, with toys, I had never a marble nor a peg-top which I could call my own, if the free use of a thing be necessary to constitute proprietorship; since, although "taw" was my hobby, and "peg in the ring" my delight, I could never say "NO" to a playmate who wished to borrow of me the means of indulging in my favourite games.

While under the paternal roof, however, the penalties entailed upon me by my unhappy infirmity were chiefly privatory; but, at school, they assumed a less passive character, and innumerable were the scrapes in which I was continually involved. Was an attack on an orchard or the authority of our pedagogue contemplated? my active co-operation in the plot was always considered a matter of course, since it was well known that I could not say "NO;" and although I hated green apples—for we never waited until they were ripe—as much as I loved the worthy *didascalos*, I was once brought before a magistrate, by a truculent market-gardener, for robbing him of that which I would not have walked across the school-room to pick up.

Although at an age when all the beauties that ever

smiled in the paradise of the crafty camel-driver would not have drawn from me a second glance, I was once on the eve of expulsion, and received a severely admonitory letter from the home-department, in consequence of keeping assignations with a little pug-nosed parlour-boarder of a "ladies establishment," whose grounds were contiguous to ours. Indeed, I have serious reasons to believe, that, had I been in England at the time of the concoction of the Cato-street plot, I should have been found a sleeping partner in that notable concern. From this, however, my infirmity preserved me, since, on my leaving school, it was intimated to me, that, as my father's second cousin was a lord of the Admiralty, the best possible way of providing for me, was to send me into a service in which I was sure of promotion. Now, the two objects of my supreme aversion were sea-sickness and the smell of tar, and yet was I condemned to the abominations of both, because I could not say "NO."

I will pass over, —would that I had never passed through!—the miseries of my apprenticeship to the roughest of masters,—the sea. Many of my readers have doubtless been delighted by the vivid picture given, by a modern novelist, of the humours of a midshipman's berth. I counsel them never to attempt to test the accuracy of the description by experience. It realized all my preconceived notions of pandæmonium, and I had not a moment's peace from the time I adopted, until the day I abandoned this most abominable of all modes of serving his Majesty. And yet I was a

favourite throughout the ship, since I never demurred to the orders of my superiors, while I allowed my inferiors to do as they liked.

My infirmity, however, sometimes stood my friend. It happened that, during a cruise, we descried an enemy's schooner at anchor in a small cove, under the protection of a heavy, and, as we well knew, strongly manned battery. She had long been an annoyance to our trade in those seas, and it was a great object with our commander to capture her. Still the service was of so desperate a character, that he hesitated to *order* a boarding party on the service, but caused it to be understood that the ship's boats were at the disposal of a competent number of volunteers. I will not go so far as to say, that there is nothing which British sailors cannot do; but sure I am, that there is nothing which they will not attempt; and, accordingly, the boats were soon manned.

Now, in whatever degree I may be deficient in moral courage, I know not that I had less than the average allowance of personal, or more properly speaking, animal courage. Indeed, the dread of losing *caste* is sufficiently strong, in the majority of men, to overcome most other considerations, and prevents them from being "backward in coming forward" on occasions on which danger is to be faced. Certain it is, however, that I should not have very obstinately contended for the honour of a share in the "cutting out," had not the captain of the frigate suggested to me that a fine opportunity was presented for my becoming a distinguished officer.

"Yes," thought I, "distinguished by the agreeable limp which men are apt to acquire when one leg has a joint or two less than the other."

Still, however, as the reader knows, I was not the man to say "NO;" so I took heart of grace and a cutlass, and jumped into a boatful of as brave fellows as ever handled a boarding pike.

I shall not stop to "show the manner of it;" suffice it to say, that, after a struggle of some forty minutes, gallantly maintained on both sides, we relieved the Frenchmen of the charge of their schooner, and stood out to join the frigate. The captain received us very cordially, congratulated us on the successful issue of our enterprise, and, after thanking me for what he was pleased to term my gallantry on the occasion, intimated his intention of sending me home as prize-master in the captured schooner, when I should be promoted to a "swab"—i. e. an epaulette—as a thing of course.

I was not so enamoured of a tropical climate as to say "NO" to this friendly proposal; and, accordingly, after a fine run of one-and-twenty days, found myself at Spithead, whence I immediately proceeded to London, to deliver my despatches.

On my arrival at the Admiralty, a letter, which had been lying there to be forwarded to me by a ship appointed to the station I had left, was put into my hands. In the brief interval which occurred before my introduction to their lordships, I read the epistle, and gathered from it that my maternal uncle, whom I had never seen, had died and left me heir of a nabob's wealth.

When my despatches had been perused, I was introduced to the dispenser of naval honours, complimented on my gallantry, and assured that my commission would be made out in a few days.

Now, for a man with a fine mansion and spacious park to consign himself to a prison — than which the largest ship in his Majesty's service is little better — appeared to me to be the height, not merely of absurdity, but madness. I hastened to intimate to his lordship the change in my circumstances, and to suggest that, as it was customary to give promotion on such occasions, the commission might be presented to my brother middy, Peter Peppernose, an aspiring youngster of five-and-forty, who, independently of his having distinguished himself in the late affair of boats, had eaten more salt junk and weevilly biscuit than any midshipman in his Majesty's navy. His lordship demurred, and remarked that it was unusual, but, on the other hand, added, that Mr. Peppernose had doubtless some claims, and he would see what could be done. The result was, that my friend Peppernose got his commission, and, after writing him a hasty letter of congratulation, to be forwarded with it, I set out for my newly acquired estate, and had reason to felicitate myself on my uncle's taste, which was conspicuous in every thing within and without the mansion.

If, however, in my condition of comparative poverty, the annoyances created by my infirmity were great, they were multiplied and aggravated, on my accession to my uncle's wealth, to such a degree, as to render

it questionable if I had reason to congratulate myself on my change of fortune.

I verily believe that there was not an individual in the three kingdoms, of the same name as my own, who wanted a five-pound note, that did not apply to me for one. There was not an object connected with charity, literature, or the arts, to which I was not called upon to contribute. One day I was solicited for ten pounds to build a chapel, and the next for twenty pounds to rebuild a theatre; and it was only by the timely intervention of a friend, that I was saved from becoming a director of a joint stock company, for extracting gold dust from dandelions.

In the summer I was pestered, by hordes of cockney lion-hunters, for permission to view the "mansion," as if it had been advertised for sale; and thus was I daily driven from one room to another, in my own house, like a hunted rat, until the Goths, "who would not for the world intrude upon my privacy," had satisfied their curiosities and broken one half of mine.

The autumn, too, brought its miseries. Not a day passed without the arrival of some man, whose face I had, perhaps, never seen but once, and should not have known again, self-invited to a day's shooting,—their days, be it remembered, being like the nights in some countries of which I have read, that is to say, "three months long." Indeed, I scarcely dared put my head out of my own door, during the shooting season, for fear of being made game of by some one or other of my self-bidden guests.

The effects of these inroads, not only upon my comforts but on my purse, were becoming serious; and I began to find that twice my income, splendid as it was, would never defray the expense to which I was subjected for the pleasure of being annoyed out of my life.

At this particular juncture, I was delighted by the arrival of a welcome visitor — a *rara avis* — which a friend of mine is wont to translate, "a pig with a Roman nose." It was,—I don't mean the pig,—my old messmate, Peter Peppernose, who had returned to England on his promotion, and, having learned the history of it at the Admiralty, had posted down to thank me for my intercession, and to talk over old times.

I told Peter the history of my griefs, to which he listened with great sympathy and attention. When I had finished the gloomy muster roll, he said:

"There is but one thing for you to do, in order to escape from these land-sharks. After my thirty years' hard service, the eyes of the lubbers in power have been opened to my resplendent talents, and I have been appointed to an expedition, which has for its object some further discoveries in Africa. I have permission to take a companion, and you must be the man. It is the only method, depend upon it, of ridding you of your friends here. When the carrion — beg pardon for comparing you to a dead horse — is removed, these birds of ill omen will disperse to the four winds."

I confess I was not quite prepared for so startling a

proposal as that which my friend had made to me. A voyage to the land of cockatoos and cannibals, with the chance of being served up at a black banquet — *au naturel* one day, and *rechauffé* the next—was an undertaking to which it was not easy to reconcile oneself; and yet if I remained in England, I should, to a certainty, be eaten up there, and that, revolting thought! by cannibals of my own kith and colour.

Peter urged his suit with an eloquence peculiarly his own. To have said "NO" would have been impossible, and, under circumstances in which I saw no other mode of deliverance, scarcely reasonable.

Accordingly, I reduced my establishment, — which else would shortly have reduced me — provided myself with the necessary outfit, and started for the land of polygamy and palm oil, where ivory teeth have a value that was never dreamed of by the puling poetaster who sings their praises.

After a passage of seventy days, in the good ship Rapid — for such was the ill-earned name of the tub in which we were rolled across the Atlantic — we landed at Cape Coast Castle, where we were cordially received and kindly treated by the government authorities; who, indeed, can well afford to be hospitable, since they have rarely an opportunity of repeating their civilities to the same individual, if he happen to have an European constitution.

Doubtless the reader will conclude that I was overwhelmed by the contemplation of the marvels of the country which I went to explore. No such thing. I

left human nature in England only to shake hands with her again in Africa. "But," it will be urged, "you must have perceived between the African and the European some shade of difference." I did; but it was only skin deep,—a mere question of colour. The black skin covers as much truth and treachery, as much cruelty and kindness, as warm affections, as fierce hatred, as ever lurked beneath a white one.

Nor are our sooty friends behind us, in some, at least, of the arts of civilization. I have met among them as accomplished a thief as ever left the portals of Newgate, and, crossing the herring pond, turned honest, grew rich, and married his daughter to a kangaroo. In their ideas of matrimonial felicity they even go beyond us, since, concluding that a man cannot be happy in the next world without his wives, they usually despatch two after him to bear him company.

Doubtless they practise some cruelties which are not heard of in England; but, although differing in form from those with which we are chargeable, they are not essentially less barbarous. Do we not send tender infants up chimneys at the hazard of suffocation? Do we not shut others up in close factories, and thus cause the waste of human life, by means compared with which the club and the chalice of the African are ministers of mercy?

Can we boast of being so much in advance of our African brethren in civilization, when, in our own recollection, the baiting of bulls and badgers, and the pitting of one brute biped against another were the

amusements both of gentle and simple? Nay, do we not now send monkeys up in balloons, without the consent of their parents, for the amusement and edification of the intellectual and enlightened million?

It cannot be denied that the Africans make slaves of prisoners taken in battle. We are obnoxious to the same reproach; the only difference is, that we make slaves before the battle, and they after it. Do we not, for instance, in time of war, send armed ruffians out into our highways, who, for no other crime than that of having tarry hands or a blue jacket, drag husbands from wives, and fathers from children, to brave the breeze and the bullet, thus causing sudden widowhood and orphanage by a stroke more cruel than even that of death itself?

It is true the citizens of Rabba and Hàussa get drunk upon rum, when they can get it, and upon palm-wine and native beer, when they cannot; but does it become us to tax them with their devotion to the drunken deity, while our own city and suburbs abound with temples erected for his exclusive worship?

Referring to my friend Peter's popular work in two volumes, *quarto*, for the detail of our discoveries, I shall confine myself to one or two personal adventures, illustrative of the consequences of the infirmity which I have had, through life, so much reason to deplore.

It is scarcely necessary to state that needles are the most convenient and current small change which the traveller in Africa can carry in his pocket. The reader is probably aware that, in the formation of a needle,

the eye is an important feature. It happened that a packet of some thousands, which we had unluckily brought with us, were deficient in this essential.* Polyphemus, when Ulysses had put his frontal eye out with a fire-brand, was not more blind than were they.

But if they were blind, the negroes were not; and, consequently, the needles, of the defect in which we were not aware, were returned to us from all directions, accompanied, of course, by a demand for perfect ones in lieu of them. These, unluckily, we had not in sufficient quantity to meet all the claims upon us; and we were, consequently, compelled to bring the case before the king of the country, who retained us as hostages, until the return of a messenger, whom we had despatched to the coast for a further supply.

Shakspeare has told us that a man

> "May his quietus make with a bare bodkin—"

but, had it not been for the black potentate's interference, our quietus would, it is more than probable, have been attributable to even a more insignificant implement.

His ebony Majesty treated us hospitably enough; indeed, he crammed us so unmercifully with monkeys, deliciously stewed in palm-oil, that I, more than once, entertained serious apprehensions that we were destined to share the fate of the monkeys. His Majesty, however, it seemed, had other views, with regard to

* The Messieurs Lander were placed in a similar dilemma with some "Whitechapel sharps *warranted not to cut at the eye.*" They were fortunately, however, provided with others to replace the defective articles.

myself at least; for, one morning, after a somewhat lengthened palaver, in which he dwelt, with great eloquence, upon the value of the favour he was about to confer, he offered me one of his daughters in marriage!

Had he bidden me prepare myself for the spit, the announcement would scarcely have been more appalling to my ears. The reader must know that it is no joke to refuse a king's daughter in Africa, whatever it may be in Europe; and if, under ordinary circumstances, I felt no inclination to exchange the sweets of single blessedness for the cares of domestic life, it will readily be conceived that I had no vehement desire for matrimony with so dark a prospect before me. But, alas! I could not say "NO." And indeed it required no ordinary share of courage to do so; since, in disappointing his Majesty in his predilection for a son-in-law, I might be made subservient to his taste in another way, a barbecued buckra-man being there "a dish for a king."

A wedding, in these countries, is "got up" in an incredibly short space of time; and the preparation for my nuptials proceeded with a celerity which would have been perfectly delightful to a less patient bridegroom. The third day from the making of the overture was appointed for the celebration of our union, and, in the interim, a guard of honour was assigned to me. Black-guards they were, in every sense of the word, and they never lost sight of me, asleep or awake, for a single moment; so apprehensive was my

father-in-law elect of any accident depriving him of the éclat of such an alliance.

Whatever doom might have been reserved for my friend, he was not condemned to matrimony, and was, therefore, allowed comparative freedom. The hours between my sentence and the period appointed for its execution, fled with a rapidity which proved to me that Time must be a much younger man than he is represented to be. Eclipse was a snail to him.

The bridal morning arrived: I was awakened by a tap on the shoulder, and, mentally cursing the impatience which seemed disposed to anticipate my doom, I looked up. It was Peter.

"Ned," was his address, "are you resolutely bent upon taking the leap of matrimony?"

"On the contrary," was my reply, "I was seriously contemplating a leap into the river, by way of escaping from my black bride, if I could succeed in eluding the vigilance of my jailors."

"They are scarcely likely to stand in the way of your fancy for a cold bath," rejoined Peter, "since, by a lucky accident, you left the key in your spirit case, and every rascal of them is lying dead drunk at the door of your hut. But if a walk through the bush, this fine morning, would serve your turn instead of a dip, I think we might contrive to get out of the territories of your intended father-in-law, before his myrmidons could overtake us; and, once over the border, we are sure of protection from the neighbouring potentate."

Without a moment's hesitation, and at the risk of an action for "breach of promise," I made my toilet with a despatch which would have horrified a modern exquisite; and, after picking our way over the carcases of my prostrate guards, we succeeded in gaining the bush unpursued.

Our habiliments were very soon saturated by the dews in the tangled underwood, an inconvenience, however, which was speedily remedied, inasmuch as we left almost every rag, to dry at leisure, on the thorns and briars through which we forced our way. Thus it happened, that, by the time we had cleared the bush, the bush had so cleared us, that our reception by the neighbouring prince was made doubly gracious, by our appearing before him in the costume of the country.

Indeed, the compliment we had thus paid to the national taste, elicited from the sable monarch assurances, not only of protection, but of every assistance in the way of transporting us to the coast. His Majesty kept his word; and, on our return to our white friends, we found that the needles—which, by the way, had pricked our consciences,—had been duly forwarded to the innocently defrauded purchasers of the blind "Whitechapel sharps."

Apprehensive of the approach of the coast fever, before that of a vessel destined for England, we gladly embraced the offer of an old messmate, the commander of a sloop of war, of a run down to Ascension, there to await, in a healthier atmosphere, the arrival of a homeward-bound ship.

At Ascension, the turtles are the worst used animals in it, except the marine officers; who, there being no hotel on that huge cinder heap, are the prey of all who touch at the island. The poor fellows, however, are philosophers in their way, and submit to their hard fate with so good a grace, that one would imagine that, in eating them out of house and home, he was conferring on them the greatest favour imaginable.

Here, for five mortal weeks, did we remain, feeding, like locusts, upon the fat of the land, and visiting the wonders of the Blow-hole, Break-neck Road, and Whip Valley, only to return the more hungry to victimize our too indulgent hosts. But what could we do? Invitations poured in upon us, and as the reader well knows, I was not a man to say "NO."

At length, however, the looked-for vessel arrived, and, with many grateful recollections, we quitted Ascension; my latest advices from which were in the shape of some turtle soup, prepared in the Island. My exlent friend J—, whose only vice is punning, in transmitting this acceptable present, writes, "Knowing you to be a *judge*, I send you two *cases* for *trial*, and hope you will find it as good as they have at the *Inns*."

On our arrival in England, I insisted upon the bachelor lieutenant taking up his quarters at my house, whither we accordingly proceeded, in the full expectation that, having previously apprised the domestics of my approach, we should find every thing prepared for our reception.

The rogues, however, concluding that I was either

dead or a slave for life, had constituted themselves the legatees of my personals; and, having laid their hands upon every thing that was transportable, had abandoned the premises, leaving the lawn to farmer Gubbins' sheep, and the shrubbery to his cows. On a nearer approach, we found the pigs in the green-house, the ducks in the drawing-room, and that very contemplative bird, Minerva's favourite, most appropriately at roost in the library.

My house, previously to my departure, had, as I have already intimated, been a public house, and my rascals had taken advantage of the licence "to be drunk on the premises;" for the door of the wine cellar was forced off the hinges, and its contents were "a beggarly account of empty *bottles*."

To us, who, during a dusty and hot ride, had been solacing ourselves by the certainty of finding an English dinner, and a cool bottle of claret at the end of our journey, this state of things was any thing but agreeable. Peter looked up in my face to ascertain the effect of the desolation around us upon him whom it most concerned. Our eyes met, and a simultaneous burst of laughter was the consequence.

Laughter, however, is but a bad substitute for a dinner; and, accordingly, we re-entered our calêche with the view of seeking quarters at the only inn in the village. Before we had reached the park gates, we were met by a servant on horseback, who had been despatched by a hospitable baronet in the neighbourhood, with an invitation for us to take up our abode at his

mansion, until my own, of the state of which he was aware, could be restored to a habitable condition.

It is scarcely necessary to say that, in the course of the next hour, we had cast our travelling slough, and were comfortably seated at the table of the good baronet.

He was a widower, with one daughter, who, with his sister, constituted his family. Our host was somewhat of the old school of country gentlemen, but withal a very intelligent and well informed person. His manners were frank, but not coarse, and he had the good taste to allow his guests to do as they pleased. Miss Jemima, Sir Edward's sister, was a brunette; but, whatever charms her face might once have boasted, time had improved none of them but her beard, that grew as luxuriantly as the grass in her brother's park, which it resembled in another particular, namely, certain tufts of hair, scattered, here and there, over her chin like clumps of trees. If, however, she was not as beautiful at six-and-thirty, as she had been at sixteen, she was quite as romantic; and, while the affections of other single ladies of her age overflowed upon parrots and pug-dogs, she could endure nothing but a pair of turtle doves. That she had remained so long in single blessedness might be termed her misfortune, but it was, assuredly, not her fault. Her disposition was essentially social and domestic, as, before I had been her brother's guest for a fortnight, I discovered, somewhat more to my surprise than to my gratification. She had, it was too evident, marked me for her victim, and I, who could never pro-

nounce that unlucky monosyllable of two letters, trembled for the consequences.

Not but that the feeling was, in some sort, mutual, inasmuch as I had not, after my wanderings in foreign lands, the slightest objection to settle in life; but, unluckily, while Jemima's affections pointed to myself, mine were every day becoming more exclusively the property of her niece, the baronet's daughter.

Now Eugenia was not what poets are so fond of apostrophizing,—a fine woman; but she was a marvellously pretty girl, which was infinitely more to my taste than a heroine of five feet ten. It is true, that her cheeks did not, like a peony, wear one eternal blush, "warranted to wash and keep its colour;" neither were they such as the aforesaid sinners, the poets, who compare them to a lily, might, with equal regard to "the fitness of things," liken to a sheet of foolscap. Nor were they of that happy and most orthodox combination, "pure red and white,"—vermilion and whitewash. She was fair,— delicately — exquisitely fair,— light, graceful, innocent, and eighteen.

My stay at the baronet's was protracted considerably beyond what I expected when I first availed myself of his hospitality; and, alas! while the Messieurs Seddon were repairing the ravages which had been committed in my house, love was making fearful dilapidations in my heart. It was about the time when the malady, with which I was thus visited, was at its height, that Sir Edward, Peter Peppernose, and myself were sipping our claret, upon the lawn, one delicious summer evening;

while Eugenia was walking among the flowers and shrubs, at a little distance from us, the loveliest and sweetest blossom of them all!

Happily, Peter, who, being a keen sportsman, had grown a prodigious favourite with the baronet, had engaged the latter in an earnest discussion on the most approved method of breaking pointers, or they would have remarked, that, absorbed by the contemplation of the beauteous vision, I had allowed my wine to remain before me untasted for half an hour. At last, a turn in the path hid her from my sight. By an irresistible impulse, for which I cannot account, I started up, and pleading to my companions a wish for a stroll, I walked to the spot at which Eugenia had disappeared. Pursuing the path which I imagined she had taken, my eye caught a portion of a white dress, as its wearer passed into a summer-house, erected, on an elevated part of the grounds, for the sake of the view of the circumjacent scenery. With a courage screwed up to the point of a declaration, I entered the building, and found myself in the presence,—not of Eugenia, but of her aunt Jemima!

An immediate retreat was out of the question: indeed, Miss Jemima soon rendered it impracticable, by occupying a seat so near to the door, that I could not pass without requesting her to accept the Chiltern Hundreds. She was, at first, sad, then sentimental, and, at last, pathetic. Dreading to encounter her glance, lest she might misinterpret the expression of mine, and, at the same time, compelled by courtesy to look

towards her, I had fixed my eyes upon her chin, and was mentally speculating on the probable price of bristles, when I was roused from my meditations by a deep sigh, which first started in my mind a suspicion that, in the lady's calendar at least, it was leap-year. This was followed by an ominous dive into her reticule for a square yard of French cambric, and, — but why do I dwell on the horrible details of this most agonizing scene?—in a few words,—each prefaced by three sighs and a sob, she owned the soft impeachment! Deliverance for me there was none, but in the only word which I could never pronounce!

My matrimonial prospects in Africa, though dark enough, were brilliant to this. Black was, at any rate, a good wearing colour, and negroes, not even the men, ever have beards. The crisis was at hand — I stared wildly around — when, through the window, I caught one glimpse of Eugenia,—the prize which I was on the point of losing for ever! The contrast between my charmer, and her whom I had so unwittingly charmed, occurred to me with overwhelming force. Beauty broke the spell which had bound my tongue from my childhood. With an explosion which almost split the roof of my mouth, I thundered out "NO!!!" and, taking a flying leap through the door-way, to the imminent peril of Jemima's shins and my own neck, I landed at the foot of the steps which led to the building. With the speed of light, and reckless of dahlias and rhododendrons, I rushed across the pleasure grounds, giving vent, with a rapidity and vociferation perfectly

miraculous, to all the "NOS" which I ought to have pronounced during a life of five-and-twenty years.

It was just a week after the occurrence which I have thus imperfectly described, that I was alone with Eugenia—not, credit me, reader, in the summer-house, for the horrors of the scene with Jemima haunt me yet — but in a grove of chesnut and lime-trees. Alas! the spell, from the fatal power of which I had so recently been delivered, appeared to have fallen upon my lovely companion ; for, when I pressed her to make me the happiest of men, she could not say "NO !"

OH! WHERE IS FRIENDSHIP'S DWELLING?

BY HENRY BRANDRETH.

Le temps passe, mais l'amitie reste.

Oh! where is Friendship's dwelling?
Where her temple may we find?
Where blooms that fairy flow'ret,
That green myrtle of the mind?
Is't where the kingly palace lifts
On high its marble dome?
Say, is it there that Friendship joys
To build herself a home?

Dwells she where Nature's melodists
Their little throats attune?
Loves she the cowslip meads of May,—
The leafy woods of June?
Is hers the shepherd's lowly cot
That scorns of wealth the pride?
Can Poverty and Friendship walk
Together, side by side?
Ay! there is Friendship's dwelling;—
There, who seek for it, may find
The bosom's fairy flow'ret,—
The green myrtle of the mind.

SALVATOR ROSA, AND BYRON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES OF CORFU."

THERE is one among the rich gifts strewn by Heaven in our path through life, which is more especially desired by the young and enthusiastic. I speak not of wealth;—young hearts and light spirits care little for wealth: if we possess it not, we have but to labour for our daily existence, and win, in the pursuit, employment and health;—if we possess it, we have but to be idle, and too frequently miserable. I speak not of fame, which follows not always the foot-prints of merit, and when it does, it descends at last to imprint our name on an omnibus, on a bridge, on a row of houses. No, I allude to a nobler thing—to that dangerous, that coveted gift, brilliant as the poison flower, which yet possesses a healing balm,—that quality which has never yet been described or defined, which presents its possessor with a master key to the hearts of his fellow-men;—I speak of Genius, which almost all covet, which so few possess,—and which so seldom brings happiness to its possessor.

Let us select, in illustration of this position, from the many mournful histories which crowd to memory, those of two eminently gifted beings,—each the centre of a charmed circle,—springing, the one from the palace, the other from the cottage; yet, so similar in heart, in acquirement, in all natural endowments, that, in reading the life of Salvator Rosa, the name of Byron floats spell-like over every page that offers itself to the eye.

In the year 1615, the little village of Renella witnessed the birth of Salvator. His early days were steeped in poverty and mortification, and were embittered by parental harshness. Even the times on which he fell were peculiarly disadvantageous to him, for the fine arts were subject to the domination of party spirit; yet, through all these obstacles, by the force of mind alone, did he win for himself an honoured seat among the cardinals and princes of his native land.

Nearly two centuries afterwards, Byron was born. He was the last descendant of a noble line, and had wealth in possession and in expectation. But one path to distinction was before him,—the path of song: he trod it, and won for himself a laurel as bright as ever decked the poet's brow.

When we read that Salvator could never be made to learn the reply to any one of the two hundred and thirty questions of Albert le Grand,—that even in infancy, he loved to wander alone among the rocky caverns of Baiæ, and to repose amid ruined temples,—that he was expelled from the college of the Padri

Somaschi, because he *could not* understand their dull philosophical studies, we not only acknowledge that on him Genius had laid her consecrating finger, but we think involuntarily of another, whose earlier years spurned all control, who was reckoned the idlest boy of his class, and who delighted, beyond every thing else, to roam at will through the bonnie braes, and by the rippling burns of his own dear land. Nature! thou art ever the first love of the finest spirits!

When Salvator first determined to become a painter, — and we feel that, had he determined to conquer the world, he had done it, — he threw far from him all the dull mechanism of academies and studios. That there was a regular routine of study which, at that time, all artists pursued, was sufficient to decide him to follow the dictates of his own genius. He struck at once into a new path, and, copying only Nature, was the first to combine her sternest and most desolate aspects into one delightful whole. He would have none of Claude Lorraine's sunny skies and smiling waters,— he would not paint rose-wreathed bowers and fair palaces. Life had been to him no Eden garden; — the thunderbolt and the storm,— the parched desert and the fearful rock,— the crushing avalanche and the wrathful ocean, — the stern realities of life, were what he delighted to represent. Fear was the feeling he loved to excite. He was animated by the same proud spirit,—proud in its conscious loneliness,—which led another to weave into one wreath descriptions of the lovely scenes he had himself traversed, to shadow and to gloom those

scenes by animating them with a personification of his own dark feelings, and then send forth the transcript to the world as a romaunt,—as the pilgrimage of an imaginary hero.

Rosa's paintings, even his landscapes, are pre-eminently distinguished by the impress of mind. The least stone or tree that he has sketched, has a character of strength and freedom, which no other stones or trees can boast. His robber chief is not marked by any appearance of greater physical strength, still less by any superior richness of apparel, but by a countenance of sad deep thought, by a fixed and melancholy eye, as though pondering on the sorrow that has driven him to crime, and mourning over his own degradation; such an aspect, in short, as the master poet has assigned to Conrad and to Manfred.

One spirit seemed to animate the thoughts, the words, and works of both,—the glorious spirit of freedom. Rosa, during his early struggles for bread, obtained a patron; but even before he had well succeeded in gaining the good graces of Brancacci, his wild spirit, which not even famine could tame, took alarm at the humble position he held in the cardinal's household, and he left the episcopal palace of Viterbo as poor as he had come to it. Rosa would not enter, even as a guest, the gilded saloons of Inspruck; he would not embrace the service of a prince for any reward; he was held in scorn and neglect by his own country; he left it because it would no longer yield him bread. He sought, and obtained fame and fortune elsewhere, yet

never ceased to desire, beyond all things, the suffrage of his townsmen; and no sooner was the cry of liberty raised in Naples, than he hastened homewards. Something, perhaps, stirred by his love of the picturesque and dreamings of military glory, he joyfully exchanged the quiet study and thronged gallery of the Via Babbuina, for the secret council of rude men in Masaniello's tower, and left the society of princes to enrol himself in his band. Did not Byron also, in later days, leave hall, and palace, and lady's bower, for the desolate heights of Albania, when the standard of liberty was unfurled in Greece? Greece was not his native land, but is it not as a second mother to all who study its classical literature? Besides, the true patriot makes every land, that sighs for deliverance, his own.

Rosa painted satire, and wrote satire, and spoke satire. He gave utterance to the most heterodox opinions; he lashed at tyranny when surrounded by tyrants; he affected, in spite of his haunting desire after fame, to set the opinion of mankind at nought. Reckless of giving offence, whether as a Coviello on the theatre of the Vigna de Mignanelli, he openly ridiculed the powerful Bernini, the protegé of three successive popes; or whether, in after days, he laughed to scorn the members of S. Luke, for daring to reject from their academy a friend of his, because that friend happened also to be a surgeon,—we recognise in his biting epigrams, and in his sarcastic poems, censuring all folly, all pretension, the same spirit which set criticism at defiance, and, calling up the "English Bards and

Scotch Reviewers" in caricature procession before him, dismissed each with a mocking smile and with a bitter judgment.

Rosa laughed at them, who, he well knew, loved him not; and when, in after days, his appearance on Monte Pincio never failed to draw all the idlers from the bowery shades of the Medici gardens,—when the world would have bent the knee and have worshipped him as an idol, he rejected with scorn and bitterness the dilatory homage.

Talent procures wealth to her children, and we know that wealth has often power to confer happiness; but how did Salvator,—how did Byron spend that wealth? Rosa, in the stately city of Florence, decorated a palace which extorted admiration from her merchant princes. The floors were concealed by mosses and flowers, the apartments were lined with the fragrance-dropping lemon, and with all rare exotics; the table groaned beneath rich viands and choice wines, and what was his reward? His guests sneered at him; he was in their eyes only a lowly born artist. He saw the sneer, and another drop of bitterness was added to the gall which filled the measure of his scorn for mankind. Byron's treasures were lavished for a nobler purpose, —for the redemption of the enslaved; but self was still the idol round which his plans revolved. He was to be the chief before whom all should bow. His name was to be the watchword for the rising of the fallen. His schemes were laid in his own strength, and he, too, found that money, in his hands, was dross indeed.

Oh! talent has power to confer higher happiness than wealth upon her children. The sons of Genius go forth and see a thousand beauties in the changing sky, in the pencilled flower, in every varying aspect of this lovely world, which would be unnoted by men of duller perception. For them the shining stars have a voice, for them the rich breezes of a summer evening teem with music and fragrance. If they are ill-treated, really, or but in imagination, by the world, they may draw apart, and, dwelling amid their own creations, find a deeper delight in solitude than the world can bestow; but that solitude must be guarded by pure thoughts, by hopes anchored on promises that cannot fail, by holy communings with angel guests. Let us see if the lonely and proud spirits whom we are contemplating, thus drew aside to dwell unseen; for they, too, loved solitude. Byron loved better the mountain glen than the haunts of his fellows; and the only fault which Rosa could find with a villa that was offered to him, was its vicinity to other habitations. He who sighed for every hermitage in the sterile deserts of Seravalle, could not be supposed to want companionship. He left the halls of Florence for the ancient Etruscan city of Volterra, ruined ere Rome was begun; by the lovely banks of Era, he indulged the longing after loneliness which had haunted him through life; he wandered uncontrolled through the deserted halls of the Barbajana, — but was he happy? Alas! neither in Volterra, nor in the deeper seclusion of the Barbajana, could he flee from horrible imaginings, from

spectre-forms of envy, calumny, and slander, which beset his path, and would not be sung to rest. And Byron could awaken no sweeter echoes in the olive grove, or on the lonely sea, than complaints of the worthlessness of mankind, and murmurings at the burden of life. He who would be happy in solitude, must be at peace with the world.

We have yet one or two other points to note, in which these great men, these splendid errors, resembled each other. Both were models of manly and intellectual beauty; and if Byron was the more solicitous of the two, as to the extreme *recherche* of his personal appearance, Salvator took quite as much pride in his graceful figure, and in the fine black hair which fell in redundant ringlets over his shoulders. Both were careless of bodily suffering, and of privation in any shape.

And were they happy, the one or the other, with "all appliances and means to boot?"

In the midst of Rosa's triumphs, when his paintings hung beside the Titian, whom he almost worshipped; when his coffers were overflowing, and his name the magic link which bound together a little knot of choice spirits, an anxious pining wish for the something unpossessed,—the roc's egg of the Arabian tale, rendered all valueless. Salvator could not be happy; his own merciless epigrams had excluded him from the public works in Rome, and he cared not, though Europe itself was his gallery. And Byron's exclamation was,

> "When all is won that all desire to woo,
> The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost."

Alas! that pre-eminence of intellect which places men on pedestals, as creatures to be admired and worshipped, withdraws them from the companionship, and from the sympathy of their fellows. If it give them a finer faculty for enjoyment, it also gives them an infinitely finer faculty for suffering. Rosa could draw no fairer picture of life than that of a girl seated on a glass globe, her brow crowned with the frailest flowers,—a child blowing air bubbles,—a boy setting fire to a wreath of flax, and Death spreading his shadowy wings over the group, with this sentence emanating from his bloodless lips, — *Nasci pœna, vita labor, necesse mori* — a fitting comment on the writings of him whose pages teem with the nothingness of life. Both had ever before them the vision of the tomb, and with them the tomb was the closing scene; for even Byron asked only of the future, that silence should spread for him, on the shores of Acheron, the couch of ever welcome rest.

And why were these things so? Ah! not in vain does man despise the flowers that grow around his path; — if he trample on them, should he wonder if they yield him neither beauty nor sweetness? Not in vain does he spurn at the ties which a gracious God has permitted to cling around his heart, to bind him with sweet influences to his fellow pilgrims:—if he wantonly rend asunder those ties, shall he wonder that he can no longer find support? Not in vain shall he withdraw from his fellow-creatures, and fancy himself, in his blind ignorance, better than they, because it has

pleased his Creator to invest his frail mortality with a larger portion of the divine essence, — with a richer fragment of the radiant garment worn by them in Eden, than has fallen to the lot of his fellow-mortals. Alas! alas! that the gifted should lay on an altar, dedicated to self, the offerings,—time, talent, and affection,— which should ascend to Heaven, convoyed by prayers and thanks. Well may they feel in depth of heart, and acknowledge in bitterness of spirit, that life is vanity, when time is spent in gilding a worthless shrine! Was there no ministering spirit about the path of Byron, or of Rosa,—sister, mother, or friend, who could whisper that man was not sent on earth for the sole purpose of building himself a name, — who could point to another world, and lead the spirit to a surer resting place? Doubtless the olive-branch of pardon and peace was offered; it is as likely that the sun never shone on the rock in the desert, as that means of Grace have been withheld from any one of God's creatures. But it is to be feared, and we form our opinion from their own words, that the dove returned unwelcomed, and uncherished.

Let us not be thought to speak invidiously — to disparage the gem that can never be ours. We, too, have been among the veiled worshippers that kneel around the shrine of the false god. Nor was it time that chilled the ardour of our zeal, for we still linger in the delightful spring-time of life; but there is an Ithuriel, the touch of whose spear is sharper than the touch of time, and the name of that Ithuriel is Sorrow.

At the first touch of real sorrow, we discover that our idol is powerless to save,— that painting and poësy, bright though they be, cannot dry the tears that fall over the grave where love and hope lie buried.

What lesson, then, should we draw for ourselves from contemplations such as these? We will learn not to desire that bright and fatal gift which so fearfully increases responsibility—which so seldom brings with it peace.— We will learn to be content with our own path, though that path lead through a valley, and be watered but by a rill. We may bind the broken spirit, and speak words of comfort to the mourner, although neither pen nor pencil of ours shall touch the quick chord of feeling in them who come after us. Although our name perish away utterly from earth, it may yet be recorded above. We will learn to look well to our own small talent; if it be so small, let us seek diligently to improve it:— better, far better to be the cottage lamp that shall guide one, only one benighted wanderer over the dreary heath, than to shine as the beacon light, which all admire and shun.

THE FESTIVAL.

THE FESTIVAL.

BY L. E. L.

It is a festal meeting,
For flask and fruit are there;
The wind, in its retreating,
Brings music through the air.
It is an hour for gladness,
So golden is the day,
If there are signs of sadness,
Their gloom is done away.

Tho' the past has many a token
That destruction has been here;
Tho' the column lieth broken,
And the ruined shrine be near;
The acanthus twines above them,
The wild flowers know their place;
And we only feel we love them
For their beauty and their grace.

We think not of their splendour,
They are lovelier in decline ;
And a dream, the fair and tender,
Floats o'er the fallen shrine.
If haunted by the beauty
Of Oreades long past by,
We turn with sweeter duty
To the soft eyes shining nigh.

Now God be praised that flowers
In the summer days have birth;
And for the lovely hours
He sendeth to the earth.
That ilex, whose dark sweeping
Flings down so sweet a shade,
Seems as if for its sole keeping
A fairy world were made.

Amid the wild flowers lying
There is a graceful band;
The green leaves round them sighing,
And the lute is in their hand.
They are singing sweetest singing,
It riseth on the air ;
Its way to heaven winging
As if its home were there.

Such hours are more than pleasure;
When the song itself is o'er,
It lingers like a treasure
In the heart it cheered before;
And still its memory cheereth,
And keepeth its sweet hold,
When the weary world appeareth
Too absolute and cold.

Two apart are standing lonely,
Watching each other's eyes,
As if the world held only
The space that in them lies.
You can see her graceful stooping,
As if she feared to speak;
You can see the long lash drooping
Upon her rose-red cheek.

The heaven now shining over,
Has entered in each heart:
That maiden and her lover!
How little earth has part
In the young and earnest feeling
Which, like a star, hath shone,
'Mid the spirit's depths revealing
A world as yet unknown.

This hour will pass — all passes,
On this life's fleeting scene;
But still the future glasses
All that the past has been.
This hour will pass, not perish,
From the heart which now it stirs;
For memory will cherish
The sweetest which was hers.

When silence has been broken
By a joy hope could not reach,
And words of love have spoken
Their first and softest speech.
Forgotten! — never — never —
They will soothe all after pain,
And life's loveliest things will ever
Bring back that hour again.

NUMBER THREE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHARTLEY," "THE INVISIBLE GENTLEMAN," ETC.

"My dear friend," said Sir Henry Dorton, "you talk wisely and well, no doubt; and, if your remarks were to be applied to the generality of mankind, I could agree with you; but I am an exception: my life has been ——"

"Too indolent," observed his friend, George Lessingham, "nothing more. You have cooped yourself up in this old mansion, without society, till you are in danger of becoming a confirmed hypochondriac. Egad! I don't wonder at it. With these dark oaken panels, those church-like windows, and silence, perpetual silence, all around you, save the cawing of those eternal rooks, the marvel would be to find you cheerful here! Tut man! rouse yourself! Let us order our horses, and ride away from the blue devils."

Thus saying, the gay, light-hearted young man rose from his chair, and was walking towards the bell rope, when Sir Henry earnestly requested him to resume his

seat, while he himself arose, and, striding to and fro in the apartment, spoke as follows: "These things I have hitherto kept to myself; but, come what may, it shall not be said that I was a mere hypochondriac. Listen!" Here he stood still for a moment, looking steadfastly at the countenance of his friend; but, as he continued, he again walked backward and forward, and cast his eyes downward. "Listen!" said he — "This is my birth-day — the *thirtieth* of December. I am twenty-*three* years of age. By my father's death *three* years ago, I have now possessed the title *three* years. When I was *three* years old I lost my mother. When I was *thirteen* — mark! on the *third* day of March (the *third* month) my only sister, dear, dear Emily died. She was four years older than myself. Hers was no weak mind. She was no hypochondriac. But she foretold the day of her death. Many, many are the instances that I could relate to you, in which the number *three* is to be found in strange and fearful connection with the disasters of my family in bygone years: but, in all great calamities, it is more particularly conspicuous, even as in this, this present day, which I have so long dreaded. It is the *thirtieth* of the calendar month — the *third* of the *thirteenth* lunar month — the twenty-*third* anniversary of my birth — the *third* of my coming into possession — and, how strange! even all minor affairs seem, at this moment, connected with the fatal number. Intimate as we were, yet, Lessingham, this is but the *third* visit you have paid me; and this is the *third* day since

your arrival. Resolving to have friends about me, to derive what benefit I might from society at this crisis, I invited seven; but all excused themselves except Sidney, Eldridge, and yourself. So — my visitors are — *three.*"

"This is playing at 'three and the deuce,' with a vengeance!" exclaimed Lessingham. "Now it's my turn — and I say *three*'s a lucky number. There are *three* graces, *three* cardinal virtues. Noah had *three* sons saved in the ark, when all the rest of the world were drowned."

"The *three* fatal sisters — the Eumenides;" added Sir Henry, smiling bitterly and turning on his heel.

"Beauty, mirth, and friendship!" exclaimed Lessingham. "There's a triad for you! Talk of your fates and your furies! Compare old musty mythological poetry and fiction with realities! And such realities too! All *three* at your command at this present moment, and with wreathed smiles beckoning you to the wooing."

"As the healthy may invite the sick man to the banquet;" groaned Sir Henry, and, sinking into a chair, he hid his face in his hands.

Lessingham was not deeply skilled in tracing the workings of the human mind. Their friendship had commenced in early youth, and had been, hitherto, ever warm and reciprocal, though their characters were different. "Like loves like," and "birds of a feather," &c. are old proverbs which, no doubt, possess much truth when applied to the common habits

and segregating of our kind in the mass, either for occupation or amusement; but, in that closer compact of souls denominated friendship, it may often be observed that, by dissimilarity of character, the union appears to become more perfect. Even as, in inanimate bodies of different forms, such as the concave and the convex, the contact is more complete than it could be were their projections similar, so seemeth it with such friends. The weak and timid attach themselves to the strong and bold; the gay with the pensive; and, following the metaphor to bodies irregular as the human character, the angles of the one are received, and, as it were, fit into the recesses of the other, and firmly clinging together, they receive mutual support. Thus had it often heretofore been with Sir Henry and George Lessingham; but, on the present occasion, the latter, after vainly endeavouring to rouse his friend from what he considered idle dreams, left him, and repaired to his other associates, with feelings divided between anger and pity.

"Why looks your grace so heavily to day?" inquired Charles Sidney.

"Something that perhaps I ought to laugh at," answered Lessingham; "and yet his sufferings are real, though the cause is so ridiculous. There is our friend, possessed of all that might make him happy, and rendered miserable by — by — you will scarcely believe it — the Number *Three!*"

"Number *one* has caused *me* a great deal of trouble occasionally," said Edward Eldridge; "yet do I che-

rish and make much of the unit. But number *three* I comprehend not; pray, explain."

"It is a problem that might puzzle the *three* wise men of Gotham," observed Sidney, with affected seriousness.

"We are *three*," said Lessingham, "and, consequently, form one link of the triple chain with which the blue devils have, on this day, shackled our friend's mind." He then proceeded to relate what had just passed between him and Sir Henry.

"We must rouse him!" exclaimed Edward Eldridge: "I'll destroy our fatal number by riding over to D * * and bringing back a choice spirit or two from the *th Dragoons; I know them all. Yes, we'll make a jovial day of it!"

"Well and kindly imagined," observed Lessingham; "argument is of no avail — so we must occupy him in the duties of hospitality, and make him forget."

About three hours after Eldridge had departed on his convivial purpose, the two remaining friends succeeded in persuading the baronet to ride out with them. His spirit was, evidently, still gloomy within, though he smiled faintly at their, perhaps somewhat forced, hilarity. They mounted in the stable yard, which had, in former days, been the inner court of the castle, and was still entered by the ancient gateway, which stood perfect with its massy and venerable towers, as if to scorn the modern erections and improvements that had sprung up in its presence.

The friends were passing beneath the portal, when

Sir Henry, with a sigh, observed, "We are *three!*" and, the moment after, the turret clock above them struck, "one — two" — and, at the *third* stroke, they emerged beyond the gateway. It was *three* o'clock. "I cannot proceed!" he exclaimed, in a faltering tone, letting the reins drop upon his horse's neck.

"Nay, nay, my dear friend!" said Lessingham; "As the clock struck, the hour is gone — no more to return. It is now even as those beyond the flood; and, whatever it may have had in it of good or evil for any one — it is finished. And so — now for the rest of the day. We dine at *seven* — ride till *five* — just *two* hours — no more *threes* you perceive."

"As for our number," observed Sidney; "we are only *two* friends, instead of *three*, besides yourself, which was the objection this morning. However — as you will. I want to see the farmer I spoke to about that iron grey."

"Thank you, Sidney!" murmured Sir Henry, taking the hand of his friend and pressing it. "You'll not feel hurt, I know — but — but — I am not myself today. We shall meet at dinner, or ——"

"Ay, and be merry! so, farewell till then!" replied Sidney; and, putting spurs to his horse, he galloped across the park, in an opposite direction to that in which the two remaining horsemen now began to wind their way, at a foot pace.

"Come, a canter!" exclaimed Lessingham, "this will never do! Any one would imagine we were going to a funeral instead of riding for air, exercise, and

good spirits." Speaking thus, he urged his horse forward; but, finding that he was not followed, at about two hundred yards, he pulled up, and waited the coming of his companion.

"Bear with me to-day, Lessingham," said Sir Henry: "treat me as a child, if you will; but, bear with me: I cannot conquer. These strange and numerous combinations are ——"

"Nothing," observed his friend; "the clock strikes *three* twice in every twenty-four hours."

"Look!" exclaimed Sir Henry, "there are *three* servants following us! I am not accustomed to have more than one when I ride out. Why is this?"

"Easily explained," said Lessingham: "one, you see, is my groom, and the other two are yours."

"All combines;" murmured Sir Henry, "I would rather we were quite alone."

"That we will soon be then;" said his friend; and, turning back to the servants, he, after a few words of inquiry, dismissed them all three. Then, returning to the baronet, he continued; "The cause of your having an extra follower is the same that produces your low spirits. You don't work your horses enough, so your people must exercise them; and, as they like to ride in company, you see it is all very plain."

"I'm glad they are gone," observed Sir Henry; "I feel much relieved."

"Now — do let us ride a *little* faster;" said Lessingham; "the weather is quite piercing. If we do but once get the blood into circulation, I care not

afterward, how slowly we move. You shall have it all your own way then."

It was, perhaps, more from a desire to be free from the necessity of speaking, than any hope of deriving benefit from exercise, that Sir Henry gave way to this proposal: and, for the next half hour, there was nothing heard but the sound of the horses' feet upon the turf. They had then cleared the park, and entered a high road, leading to an adjoining village.

"Hurra!" shouted Lessingham, "that's the way to chase the blues! It has done you good already, I perceive."

"Would that we could urge time along thus and bring to-morrow!" murmured Sir Henry.

"That will we do from seven to twelve, I promise you," said his friend. "Who is this coming?" The person of whom he spoke was an elderly gentleman, slowly riding towards them, and, as he drew nearer, Sir Henry recognized him as the rector of the village to which they were proceeding, then distant about a mile.

The meeting was courteous, and the clergyman, after observing that he merely came out for a short ride, said that if his company were not an intrusion, he would be happy to return to his home with them. Thus the party was again increased to the number *three*; and Lessingham soon perceived that the circumstance was not unobserved, nor without its effect on the baronet, whose lips quivered nervously, while, ever and anon, he cast a furtive glance around, as though anticipating some sudden calamity.

"This is piteous;" thought Lessingham, "but it is too weak — too ridiculous. I can relieve him certainly, by riding away. Yet — what can he dread in such society? No — I will ride with him to the old gentleman's door; and when he finds that we have arrived there in safety, surely ——"

At the instant he adopted this resolution, his horse started at some object in the hedge, and wheeling suddenly round, brought him in violent contact with Sir Henry, who uttered an exclamatory "Hah!" such as might be produced by a death-shot. The nature of the accident was evident in a moment, and it was equally plain that no one was injured; but the rector was greatly struck by the extraordinary emotion wrought by so slight a cause. Pale as a corpse sat the baronet, while his dark eyes appeared swimming in tears, and his lips quivered, though he spoke not.

"Poor young man!" thought the kind-hearted clergyman, "his nerves are in a dreadfully shattered state. He has kept much at home latterly, I know, but I had no idea of *this*." Then, moved by compassion rather than curiosity, he said, "You are not well, Sir Henry?" No reply was made for some seconds, at the end of which the baronet passed his hand across his forehead, and then, looking the rector steadfastly and mournfully in the face, he shook his head, and said, "I — am — not."

After this, not a word was uttered by any of the party till they reached the gate of the parsonage, when

the good man pressed his companions, and particularly the baronet, to walk in and take some refreshment. The latter pleaded some excuse, and then cast an expressive and almost imploring glance at his young friend.

"Shall I leave you?" asked Lessingham, in a low tone. The rector, hereupon, withdrew a few paces, as if to speak to his servant; but, in reality, to be out of hearing.

"He is a good man," said Sir Henry, "I wish I had spoken to him of this —— but — but — there is another world, my friend. My fears may be imaginary: yet, methinks, I should like to have some conversation with him. You know all I have to say, it is true; and, if you did not, I should have no secrets with you. However, for *this* day, forgive my rudeness, my weakness, my ——."

"You like not a *third*," said Lessingham; "I understand clearly, and leave you; but, shall I call for you here in half an hour or an hour, on my return?"

"It is scarcely worth while," replied the baronet, "I may have much to say to him."

"Well," said Lessingham, "I hope he'll exorcise the foul fiend. If not, we will, at dinner. So, till then, farewell!"

"Thank you, thank you!" murmured the baronet, and it seemed as if he could utter no more, for he took the hand of his friend in silence, and pressed it, almost convulsively, even as he had pressed that of Sidney, when they parted at the antique portal.

Years have rolled by since that period, and both Lessingham and Sidney are greyheaded old men; but, when they meet, they often talk of the fervent, tremulous grasp, and the unnatural coldness of that hand.

Of the commencement of the interview between the rector and Sir Henry, it need only be said that the latter therein revealed the secret of his extraordinary presentiment of coming evil, and the good man strove vainly to arouse his dormant energies to combat a phantom of the imagination.

"I cannot argue," said Sir Henry, at length, impatiently rising to pace the room; "I can only feel. The weight — the overwhelming weight is crushing me at this moment."

"It is a weight, my dear sir," observed the rector, "a weight which you have suffered to accumulate. You have cherished and brooded over the incubus in secret till it has assumed, in your eyes, a magnitude which it never, otherwise, could. Oh! that you could now see with mine! But, believe me, you will smile at such fancies to-morrow."

"To-morrow," groaned Sir Henry, and then, approaching his host, he glared upon him wildly, and in a hollow tone, which left a deep, enduring impression on his hearer, he added, "*To-morrow!* Think of what you have now said to-morrow!"

"Is it possible?" thought the rector, as the dreadful suspicion of his guest's insanity flashed across his mind. "No, I never heard that any of the family — and yet — it may be so. This point of view changes

the aspect of things greatly. It can be of no use to argue in such a case — I must fall in with his humour and — yes — that will do! I know the doctor is at home, and, fortunately, my note to him, about the books, is yet unsealed."

Pursuing this natural mode of accounting for the singular conduct of his visitor, he endeavoured to subdue every outward token of emotion, and said, "Yes, Sir Henry, I will think of it to-morrow; but, pray be seated. Let us talk the matter over coolly now. Presentiments may be sent to us, as warnings. I have certainly heard of such cases, and dare not say that something very closely approximating has not occurred in my own experience."

"Now you speak more to the purpose!" exclaimed the baronet, throwing himself into a chair.

"How provoking!" cried the rector, taking up the note before alluded to, "May I beg permission, Sir Henry, to ring the bell, and despatch this? I will not be a minute."

"By all means," was the reply; and the letter-writer, saying that he had forgotten something, added a post-script, requesting his correspondent to "come immediately to see the baronet," but to enter the room where they were, and take no notice of having been sent for.

"You were observing,—" said Sir Henry, when the messenger had left the room, "you hinted at something in your own experience — may I be allowed to inquire particulars?"

"Certainly, Sir Henry," replied the churchman, "I

have had my misgivings, my presentiments, but they have been generally of a vague nature, though, occasionally, indicating with sufficient precision, disappointments at some epoch of my usually monotonous life. I believe them to have their origin either in a bad state of bodily health, perhaps, brought on, or at least increased by overstraining the mental faculties, or else from the dread of some approaching event or great calamity which we feel will be too heavy for us. May I be permitted to ask you one question? Answer it or not as you think proper."

"Ask what you will. I will reply," said Sir Henry.

"Have you any distinct object of dread in your mind's eye?" inquired the rector; "or, perhaps, I should rather say, any glimpse of the nature of what you dread?"

"Glimpses!" exclaimed the baronet, "ay — glimpses — shadows! call them what you will. But they approach me not. They stand, or move, beckon, threaten, and mock, and chatter and laugh at me. Yet are they *ever* in the *dark* cloud — I cannot approach them: but, by them is my soul beaten down, as by distant artillery. Strive! you say. Ay — so I can, and *will* if you give me an enemy, an antagonist of flesh and blood! That however which is coming upon me, nay, which seemeth even now to laugh in mine ear, is the messenger of fate. You have heard how the fate of my family has accorded with the dreaded number — and, this day, the combinations have been too clear,

too repeated, too constant, to be the effect of accident, or what men blindly call 'chance.' What should they mean then, considering the past, but my *death*? Yes, sir — that way it points. Your question is answered."

There was more to work upon the rector's feelings in the agitated manner in which the baronet spoke than in the words themselves; and when he ceased, he again rose from his seat to pace the room, an exercise which he continued till he observed the eyes of his host fixed upon him with an expression which, it seems, he interpreted correctly, as he instantly resumed his chair. Then, with a forced calmness, he said, "Imagine it not, sir: I did hope to convince myself that these things were the offspring of a disordered intellect. But, no,—ask me what you will, I will repeat any thing — every thing. Put me to the test, and if you find any discrepancy, or can shake my conviction that I am in full possession of my reasoning faculties, you will indeed confer a benefit upon me."

"I shall not attempt it, Sir Henry," said the rector; "I do not, however, deny a momentary suspicion verging that way. You must now allow me, nevertheless, to remind you that you are not quite in good health: and when the body is out of order, the mind suffers." Here the good man went on, at some length, to expatiate on the mysterious union and sympathy frequently existing between our corporeal and mental faculties, subjects somewhat too abstruse for discussion here, and which he introduced solely for the purpose of detaining his visitor till the doctor's arrival. That

purpose was effected; but, scarcely had the medical man entered the room than Sir Henry, scanning the number of the party by an hurried glance, took a hasty leave. His horse was at the door — he sprang into the saddle and galloped off, evidently under great excitement.

"What means this?" inquired the doctor.

"Ask no questions, but follow him," replied the rector.

"I am on foot," said the medical man.

"Then let me entreat of you to lose no time—" exclaimed the rector; "return home — ride instantly to the castle and see him!"

"It was my intention to have gone there, to take a cup of tea with the old housekeeper, who has been on my list of patients," observed the doctor, slowly "but, now —— after the very pointed, and, surely I may add, *rude* manner in which he has avoided me, I shall not, immediately afterwards, intrude myself upon him."

Farther persuasion was vain. The feelings of the medical man had been wounded, and the rector did not consider himself justified in revealing the particulars of a weakness which he doubted not the young baronet himself would be ashamed of on the morrow. He therefore, confined himself to describing the case as "lowness of spirits, produced, doubtless, by bodily disorganization."

"Pah!" exclaimed the doctor; "Ennui — the rich man's familiar. If you had seen so much of it as I

have, my good sir, you would not give yourself a moment's uneasiness about this young fellow, particularly to day. He will find a remedy at home that will do more for him than I can; cheerful society — a dinner party. I met his friend, Mr. Eldridge, this morning at D * *, recruiting, as he called it, among the dragoon officers."

"Ha, indeed!" cried the rector; "I am glad to hear that. Yes, as you justly observe, society *is* a cordial for lowness of spirits."

"Well, then," said his neighbour, "let us dismiss this young man from our thoughts, though I confess that his abruptness annoyed me. At the rate he started off he is almost home by this time. What say you to a hit at backgammon?"

The challenge was accepted, and the two old acquaintances soon lost sight of every thing else but the state of the game at which they struggled for some hours, till the medical gentleman received a summons to attend a country patient.

We now return to Sir Henry. On leaving the rectory, he seems to have had a vague apprehension of being followed by the two professional gentlemen; and, therefore, struck across the country to the left, instead of pursuing the high road. Daylight was rapidly declining as he reached a barren heath, bounded, at the farther extremity, by a wood of considerable extent, beyond which lay the park surrounding Dorton Castle. He was now on his own ground. Every spot had been familiar to him from childhood; and, in

spite of the lowness of his spirits, he was sensible of that indistinct feeling of personal security communicated by well-known objects, and the idea of home. Reining in his horse, he allowed the animal slowly to thread its way through the sinuosities, formed by mound, and briar, and bush, across that black and ever darkening heath. A stranger would have urged him forward; but Sir Henry sat passively, suffering wild and hideous fancies to glide across the twilight of his mind, which now, like that of nature, was fast sinking into night. Cold, and damp, and heavy seemed the atmosphere around him, though, high in the upper air, the dark clouds passed rapidly along; but he heeded not the aspect of nature, till, suddenly —— what could it be? All was sombre around, and seemed yet gloomier by the contrast, for a faint, cold, white beam of light had fallen upon horse and rider, making them as spectral things upon the dark and barren heath. A glance upward explained the mystery. The crescent moon had looked out for an instant, and, even as he gazed, was again shrouded in silver — and, then, in darkness — "Avaunt!" murmured Sir Henry, as a shuddering sensation thrilled throughout his frame; "Let me not sink beneath these portents! Let me not quail till the crisis is upon me! Nor then will I! I feel it is at hand!"

As he reached the wood, another chasm in the moving canopy that overshadowed the earth, permitted a transient gleam of moonlight to cross his path. "This is the *second* warning," muttered he; "I will be pre-

pared;" and, as he rode forward he took a small pistol from his waistcoat pocket.

He was now riding along a wide avenue, from which three of smaller dimensions branched off, each leading to the park. He passed the first of these, recollecting that it was somewhat out of order, and reached the second, which he had resolved to take, merely because it was not the *third*. But, at the corner, he was surpised to see a tall, dark object, which on a nearer approach, he discovered to be a board, with something written thereon, although the increased darkness prevented him from reading the words. After several vain efforts, he decided that it must be a notice to trespassers, and was about to pass on, when, again the moonbeams were released. They fell on the huge black board, where he saw painted, a skull and cross-bones, and, in large characters beneath, "Take the third turn." "What means this?" thought the infatuated man; "Do my eyes mock me; or am I the subject of mirth to others? Ha! what noise is that? Horsemen! yes — *Three!*"

The gleam of moonshine that had just lighted him, now glided swiftly along the main avenue, in which he yet stood, and showed him distinctly three figures, wrapped in huge dark cloaks, advancing rapidly towards him. Instinctively he grasped his pistol — clenched firm his teeth — resolved to sell his life dearly — but, as they came on, and he more clearly saw their number, his courage failed him. Four he could have faced; but, *three!* No. It could not be! and, wheeling

round, he clapped spurs to his horse and dashed down the *second* avenue.

"Stop! stop!" shouted the horsemen. But he had got the start. They followed, hallooed, and furiously urged their steeds forward. "Follow! Follow! It's a good half mile yet! Stop him! Knock him down! anything rather then let him go on!" were the cries that he heard from his pursuers. But the voices were as those of men in terror—beseeching rather than threatening. The excess of fear alone could have made the baronet misinterpret the agonizing eagerness of those shouts, which the country people have since affirmed were heard for miles. Robbers and assassins work their deadly deeds in silence. Alas! Sir Henry's faculties were bewildered. The crisis of his fate had, he believed, arrived. He could not think. All was despair. The cries of his pursuers were to him as the yell of fiends; and he urged his steed madly forward, till the clattering of hoofs, nearer and nearer at every stroke, told him that one of the party must soon overtake him. "'Stop! Stop! for God's sake!" shrieked the advancing horseman, "Stop this instant, or you are a dead man!" The only reply to this warning was a pistol shot. The pursuer checked his steed suddenly, raised his hand to his head, and bent forward over the neck of the beast. In another part of the avenue, about twenty yards in advance, stood the baronet's horse, panting on the greensward. The saddle was empty, and the rider had disappeared!

The old turret clock had struck six, and the gay

timepieces in the modern part of the castle accorded therewith, when Sir Henry's three young friends were sitting in an elegantly furnished drawing room, waiting his return.

"I forgive him," said Edward Eldridge, "though it was a foolish thing to shut himself up with an old prosing parson. But these dragoons gave me their word to be here at half past five, M. T., that we might have an hour at billiards before dinner. Ah! there's the bell!"

"Two or three horses," said Lessingham. "Sir Henry has no servant with him."

"Ay! how's that?" inquired Sidney; and, when the cause was explained, he enjoyed a hearty laugh at the baronet's folly.

"Aha!" exclaimed a dragoon officer, entering the room with two neighbouring gentlemen; "you are merry! that's right. We have, all three, come with a determination to enjoy ourselves. How's Sir Henry? We'll give him a rousing to night—send the blue devils to Coventry;—eh!"

"Agreed, colonel," said Eldridge; "but I have a complaint to make against three of your officers," and he repeated their breach of promise.

"That's very strange!" said the colonel; "We left D * * together; and the fellows know the country now as well as any old fox, for they're always after the hounds, and rode through the wood and across the park yesterday. They told me that they should take the shortest cut, and I left them to call on my friend

here. I shall be heartily glad though, if they have missed their road, as they boast so confoundedly of their geography."

It would be useless to give the rest of the conversation; suffice it to say that the party were all in high spirits, and adjourned to the billiard room, anticipating a laugh on the arrival of the supposed benighted visitors. Even Sir Henry's absence gave them no uneasiness, and the surmise was hazarded, that, in the odd mood he was in, he might "shirk" them, and take his commons with the parson.

Thus all went on merrily till the clock struck seven, when two of the missing officers made their appearance, and reported that the third was in the castle, but had met with an accident that rendered a little attention to the toilet indispensable. This they alleged as the sole cause of their want of punctuality, and affected to treat it lightly, though an unusual degree of gravity was observable in their demeanour. The same may be said of their wounded companion, who, soon after entered the room, with a handkerchief round his head, and confirmed a tale, previously planned, about the falling of his horse.

A servant now entered to inquire if the gentleman knew whether Sir Henry meant to dine out. The question of waiting was canvassed. No one expressed uneasiness or surprise at his absence, as he had lately been "so very odd." Besides, the party was not exactly of his making, and he had frequently urged upon his three intimate friends, who were staying at

the castle, the request that they would consider themselves quite as if at home, and allow him to join them or not, as he pleased, without comment or offence. These reasons, and the "pity that a good dinner should be spoiled," carried the question; and, at half past seven, they sat down to table.

Here it seems proper to say how the three guests who arrived last had occupied their time. It is needless to tell the discerning reader that they were the horsemen seen by Sir Henry in the wood. The wounded man was found, by his companions, almost in a state of insensibility, and they were obliged to support him, one on either side of his horse, till they reached the gamekeeper's lodge. It has been before observed, that they knew the country well. Care for their comrade, of course, took precedence of all other matters; but, when he was somewhat revived, and they discovered that the ball had struck obliquely on the frontal bone, and merely effected a laceration and severe contusion, their thoughts turned towards the safety of him, whom they had fruitlessly endeavoured to stop. Of his fate there seemed little doubt; and, yet it was possible that he might have escaped, by throwing himself from his horse, as it was evident, by the firing of the pistol, that he imagined himself to be attacked. "We can be of little use to you in such a case," said one of the party to the gamekeeper. "Besides, we are engaged to dine with Sir Henry at the castle, and are already behind our time. You must take men, and lights, and ——; but I need not tell

you. Have you strength enough, or shall we send down the people from the castle?"

"I think not, sir, if you please," said the game-keeper; "they say that master's in such a low way, that every thing flusters him. Leastwise, that's what Mr. Collins, the house-steward, told me t'other day: but, if you'd be so good as to tell him, sir, that is, by himself, why, perhaps, he'll send down a hand or two, and won't tell Sir Henry; — and one or two more than we want, can't do harm, at any rate; for it's a fearsome place to go searching in, may be to find a dead man."

"I will see Mr. Collins directly," said the officer, and with his companions, he immediately set out for the castle. On their arrival there, he saw the house-steward, a venerable old man, and, taking him aside, related what had, as he feared, occurred.

"Pray do not, for the world, sir,"—begged the aged servant, "pray do not mention it to Sir Henry. On such a day as this, his birth-day, I know not what the consequence would be; — nor, sir, if you please, don't speak of it to any of the other gentlemen. It can't do any good, sir, — and, perhaps, after all, the man may have got away. God grant he may! You didn't see what he was like, sir, did you?"

No," replied the officer; "his horse was too fast for mine: but I should think he could not read well enough to know what was written on the board, for we saw him gaping at it in the moonlight, just before he set off galloping down the avenue."

"It must be some stranger!" sighed the old man. "But, be he who he may, sir, you may depend upon it, I'll do every thing the occasion requires. But pray keep it from Sir Henry, and the rest of the gentlemen; at least, till this day is over."

"Yes," replied the officer, "you are right:" and, on rejoining his companions, he requested them also to keep their own counsel, adding; "It would be too bad to throw gloom over a party, even let the worst have happened; but I dare say the fellow has escaped with a fright."

There was somewhat more than the usual consumption of wine that day during dinner; and the various dishes were pronounced excellent. At length the ceremony of placing the dessert on table was completed. The servants had taken their departure. "The ladies," and "The king,—God bless him!" had passed round in inviolable succession; and then, George Lessingham, the president of the social and hilarious board, made a set speech, in which he spoke warmly of his friend, their absent host, alluded delicately to the weak and nervous state which he had been in during the morning, and terminated by proposing Sir Henry Dorton's good health, wishing him many happy returns of the day. A man's own table is not the place where the ceremony of drinking to his health is likely to meet with interruption; but there were one or two mouths pursed up, and half muttering: "Cursed strange conduct, though!" "Hypochondria! Pah!" "Might have shown himself, at least, if he can't drink." Even

his three intimate friends now began to think it singular that the baronet had not yet returned home, knowing, by their former visits, that the rector was a man of early hours. From these causes an ominous silence succeeded the applause which, for form's sake, had followed the toast. A damp seemed to have fallen suddenly on their mirth, and the pause in conversation had already lasted to an awkward length, when the bell, which announced arrivals at the castle, rang violently. "There he is!" exclaimed Lessingham.

"Egad! he's no lover of silence," observed one of the country gentlemen; "No servant of mine should ring such a peal twice!"

"Listen!" cried Sidney, "what voices are those?"

"I hear the trampling of feet—" said the colonel, "hobnails, and stepping together, too! Surely we are not going to be attacked in our quarters!" Here one of those shrill, agonizing female shrieks, which pierce even the hearts of the sternest, thrilled upon every ear, till the very walls of the massive building seemed to undulate with the fearful cry. It arose from the hall, but so completely filled the castle, that it came, as it were, rebounding, from the most distant and inner chambers. Need it be said that the guests sprang up from the banquet, and rushed forth, as with the heart of one man!

The rest is soon told. A deep quarry of valuable stone, which had been injudiciously extended, so as to undermine the avenue, which Sir Henry strangely

persevered in following, had fallen in only two days before. The chasm was fearful to look at: but the board, with its ghastly emblem, at one end, and the precaution of locking the gate to the park at the other termination of the avenue, were judged sufficient, in that unfrequented spot, for the short time that might elapse, before the workmen could complete a substantial fence. They had already driven in the posts; and it is supposed that Sir Henry's horse was warned thereby of his danger, as the prints of his feet, where he suddenly stopped, were long visible at the brink of the precipice. The baronet could scarcely have turned from firing at his supposed enemy at that moment.

He was found, in a state too pitiable to admit of minute description, and borne, senseless, to the castle; where he shortly exhibited signs of returning consciousness. But too long a period elapsed before the arrival of medical assistance; for it was the general opinion of those in the profession, who were afterwards consulted, that, in spite of the injuries he had received, recovery might have been hoped for, but for the loss of blood. He expired on the third day after the accident.

And now, let us ask, was it his fate? Was it the malign influence of the meeting of the dreaded number in the day of the month, and his date of possession, and his own age, and that of the moon, and so forth? Could such things work together for his destruction? Wild as the supposition may seem, the gossips of the neighbourhood, and even some of the better sort, yet

thus tell the tale to the present day. Ay, and others, who should be wiser, tremble and believe! Therefore is it a question worth solving, in the present instance, where the presentiment was divulged and fulfilled.

In what mysterious tablets of the unknown and invisible world his doom may have been inscribed, is not for mortal eye to discover; but this we know, that none of the things before mentioned had any direct influence on his fate. On the other hand, it appears, from the course of the narrative, that his superstition engendered within him an almost insane terror of the supposed ill-boding number; and, by seeking to avoid its recurrence, in every shape, contrary to the dictates of reason, he fell by his own devices.

Had he suffered his friends or his servants to accompany him, the catastrophe could not have happened, as they were all aware of the danger, though it had not been mentioned to him, because, as the steward observed, "He hardly ever stirs out, and won't go alone; and, if he was told before all's made safe, it would only make him uneasy."

Reason or common sense would have induced a man, apprehensive of danger, to remain with friends who might assist or protect him. Such guidance, however, he utterly abandoned, to follow the meteor light, born of a diseased imagination, and nursed in the gloom of lonely superstition.

Instances of precisely similar infatuation may be rare; yet, scarcely wiser is the conduct of men who pursue their course of life directed by vain dreams,

hopes, and fears, unsanctioned by reason. Of those who murmur at fate, when they should blame their own wilful blindness and stubborn folly, it may indeed be said, " Their name is Legion !"

WHAT IS AN ALBUM?

BY W. H. HARRISON.

WHAT is an Album ? Ask yon cynic sage,
Whose temper, like thin wine, is soured by age.
" A volume," he will say, " where, nothing loth,
Vain coxcombs pen what they well term ' a strain ;'
The cold conception of a dull, dry brain :
Some lean impromptu of a twelvemonth's growth ;
Enigma never guessed at ; or a sonnet
Of orthodox dimensions, to the moon,
Which, if they go on scribbling thus, will soon
Be much too small for all they'd write upon it.
Perchance they try an ode, in verse disjointed ;
Or epigram, o'er six long stanzas spread,
Like their own Mordan pencils, genuine lead,
But not like Mordan's pencils, ever pointed."

TO A POET, ABANDONING HIS ART.

Friend! desert not thou the Muse!
Shun not — scorn not her control!
Thou the yellow dross may'st lose,
But thou'lt gain the wealth of soul.
What is gold, unless it bring
More than gold has ever brought?
What is gold, if to it cling
Narrower vision, meaner thought?

They who bid us bend the spirit
To a base or poor desire,
Little know what they inherit
Who unto the skies aspire.
Let them — if the body claim
All their sordid hope and care —
Leave the poet to his fame,
His shadowy joy, — his finer air.

Some there be, who feel no pain,
So the baser mark they shun,
Shouting, when their end they gain,
'Joy is joy, — however won.'
To *us* diviner dreams are given;
To *us* a sweet-voiced angel sings,
"*What were Earth without its Heaven?* —
The Soul without its wings?"

B. C.

ELLEN GRAY.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

'Twas May-day morn, nor had a lovelier day
From out the eastern chambers e'er been given:
The lark had left the heath, and flown away
Singing into the clear blue vault of heaven;
The bee went round to tell the flowers 'twas May,
The breeze and sunshine o'er the brook had driven,
Earth laughed with joy, the solemn wood looked gay,
As if its echoes yet might answer Ellen Gray.

Slow moving from a woodbined cottage door,
A mournful group in tear-bathed silence came;
Six white-robed village maids a coffin bore,
Their pallid cheeks did their deep grief proclaim;
Each on her bosom a pale lily wore,
An emblem of that virgin's spotless fame;
A white pet lamb followed a little way,
And by its bleatings seemed to call for Ellen Gray.

But there was one who loved — Oh! where was he?
That night she died, from home he frantic fled,
And in the wood, beneath the well-known tree,
On the old moss he laid his aching head,
And thus he answered to the bird or bee:
"Ye need not come here now, for she is dead;
Her hands were cold! she never spoke all day!"
Then would he pluck a flower, and call it Ellen Gray.

They passed the May-pole—but not thoughtless by,—
The last year's garlands hung all withered there;
They had no colours then, to catch the eye,
Yet many an eye gazed on them through a tear;
Blossom, and bud, and bell, and leaf were dry,
Time's crumbling hand had left them brown and sear;
Twelve months ago they decked the Queen of May,
And who? oh! who was she? They answered, "Ellen Gray."

Twelve months ago — and they were blooming there
Lovely as she — then oaken bowers were seen,
And laugh, and shout, and song, rose loud and clear,
And light feet danced adown the daisied green,
And soft cloud-sounding music soothed the ear;
And smiles were showered upon their beauteous queen,
And young and old did willing homage pay,
Before the flowery throne, graced by fair Ellen Gray.

They reached the church! the aisle looked dim and cold,
The columns' dreary shadows longer grew;
The old gray roof had never seemed so old;
The full-cheeked angels stood as if they blew
Their stony trumpets, and the dull bell tolled
In sadder tones; the deep-stained window threw
A dying splendour round, the echoes lay
Silent and mute as death, listening for Ellen Gray.

The earth fell hollow on her coffin lid:
Who hath not felt that fall? The funeral bell
Brought not such wailing woe as that sound did, —
It was indeed th' eternal long farewell, —
The grave's last darkness; age and name were hid,
And on the mould the tears in silence fell:
Just then a blackbird's song rose loud and gay,
And brought back to our ears the voice of Ellen Gray.

A hoary elm arose above her grave,
Whose boughs oft bore the silvery-footed showers;
On these the gaudy garlands drooping wave,
Though destined to be worn in happier hours;
But Death, the loveliest trophies still doth crave:
They decked her lowly tomb with choicest flowers,
And in that still church-yard, till night did stay,
And watered with their tears, the grave of Ellen Gray.

THE LAST OF THE NAME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TRUCKLEBOROUGH HALL."

I LIKE family pride;—indeed I like pride of any kind, for I like to see my fellow-creatures happy; and, by means of pride, they may be made happy for a mere trifle. But family pride is best of all: it possesses a recommendation which is often spoken of as belonging to certain goods in the linen-drapery line; it unites cheapness and durability. He that would be proud of his horses, equipage, wines, dress or establishment, must needs be at a considerable expense for these things. It is not every body that can afford to keep a carriage, but family pictures and genealogical tables eat no oats, and require no grooms to keep them in order. Then, again, how durable are the materials of family pride! Riches, we know, may make to themselves wings and fly away; a bad speculation or a wrong card may bring down the pride of a man's fortune to the very dust of poverty and humiliation; but you may rattle dice at Crockford's from morning till night, and from night

till morning again, without losing a single grandfather or grandmother, or great-grand-aunt, or forty-ninth great-grand-cousin, or any thing of the kind. What a villanous piece of twaddle is the sentiment—

> "Et genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,
> Vix ea nostra voco."

Stuff! So our ancestors are not our own because we did not make them. If my grandfather is not mine, I should like to know whose he is. In fact, nothing is so completely our own as ancestry. By some accident or other every mortal possession besides may be lost; but no pick-pocket, swindler, or housebreaker can rob a man of his great-grandfather. There was a coxcomb of a heathen philosopher, who, in a case of shipwreck, when all the crew were bewailing their losses, boasted that he had lost nothing, for he always carried all his property with him. He alluded to his wisdom; but his ancestors, if he had happened to have any, were much more his own than even his wisdom, which he was so proud of; for a man may lose his wits, but he can never lose his ancestry. It is not every body that has ancestors, but that is not their own fault, and they are more to be pitied than to be blamed; and sometimes it happens that ancestry itself becomes a trouble to those who possess it, even as many other desirable blessings do. This was the case with Meredith Throckmorton Topplestonhaugh, of Topplestonhaugh Place, Esq. His family came in with the Conqueror, which was a very proper thing for them to do; and

the whole line of his ancestors had, with a most praiseworthy propriety of deportment, done every thing to distinguish themselves which any reasonable man has a right to expect. One or two of them had been knighted on the field of battle, though it is not exactly known when or where; but that is not their fault. There is mention made of one Sir Jacob de Lacy Toppleston-haugh, knight, and also of a Sir Mortimer Marmaduke Topplestonhaugh, knight. One of the Toppleston-haughs fought with Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt. Others had distinguished themselves at Cressy and Poictiers. A Captain Topplestonhaugh fell at the battle of Bosworth, by whose especially heroic conduct on that occasion the victory is said to have turned in favour of Richmond. Honourable mention has been made also of a naval commander in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, named Captain Maltravers Toppleston-haugh, who had the command of one of the vessels which would have attacked the Spanish Armada, if they had met with it. In the civil wars, the Topple-stonhaughs distinguished themselves by taking part with royalty; and it was either then, or some time before, or some time after, that the Topplestonhaugh estate was pretty considerably diminished, and reduced to a very inconvenient degree of narrowness. Now seeing that Meredith Throckmorton Toppleston-haugh, of Topplestonhaugh Place, Esq. had so fine a collection of ancestors to look back upon, one might naturally suppose that he would be exceedingly proud and happy; and, indeed, so he was, with reference to

the past,—his actual ancestry pleased him highly; but his possible posterity sorely grieved him. He had every reason to suppose that a time was approaching when the name of Topplestonhaugh would be no more, and when all that fine collection of ancestors, which now formed the topic of his daily talk, and the object of his nightly dreams, would be utterly forgotten. Mr. Topplestonhaugh, being the owner of such a capital set of ancestors, and also of a family mansion bearing his own name, wisely considered that his only business in life was to keep up the dignity of his family. He had, therefore, been in no great hurry to marry, lest he should disgrace his ancestors; for which they ought to be very much obliged to him. Of course he married rather late in life, for in his courtship he considered rather the honour of his family than his own taste. Happy ancestors, to have such a grateful and conscientious descendant! But, alas! he was not so happy in his descendants as his ancestors were. His wife left him a widower with an only child, and that child a daughter as gay as a lark, as wild as a kitten, and as happy as a queen; but most provokingly indifferent to the glories of ancestry. Miss Arabella Theresa Selina Topplestonhaugh was, at the time of this writing, about sixteen years of age; and was affectionately fond of her father, who was, in truth, a kind-hearted man, but she did not care one single straw for Sir Jacob de Lacy Topplestonhaugh, and she took no interest in the discussion of the probable time of his knighthood; it was all the same to her

whether he was knighted by Richard I., by Tom Thumb, or by King Pepin. Children are very delightful beings, but they are much pleasanter when they conform to a parent's humour, than when they oppose it or are indifferent to it. You can hardly imagine a livelier or a sweeter child than Arabella. She had had two educations: one that was given to her within doors by means of books, samplers, and her harpsichord, — and another that she found for herself out of doors, by means of birds and flowers, and rivers and trees, and lambs, and the lofty sky. And she liked her outdoor education by far the best: she went to those lessons with greater glee, and attended to them with less weariness, and recollected them with a deeper interest and affection. Winter or summer, cloud or sunshine, it was all the same to her; she loved to roam in the fields, to gaze on the sailing clouds, to watch the gently gliding stream. All the animals in the neighbourhood knew her; the sheep did not run away from her, and the shepherd's dog did not view her with suspicious looks, for she was in the habit of noticing and talking to them. She was happy in feeding the little birds, and in watching the development of the flowers; and oftentimes on a winter's evening—for she did not ramble out in the dark—when her father has been discussing the probability that Sir Mortimer Marmaduke Topplestonhaugh might have fought against Saladin under Richard I., and how bravely he must have fought, if he fought at all,— the thoughts of Arabella have been wandering into her garden, musing upon possible cro-

cuses and snowdrops, or anticipating the re-appearance, in some favourite nook or glen, of a sweet cluster of violets. "Ah," said she, one evening, to an intimate acquaintance, "how happy Adam and Eve must have been in Paradise, to be out of doors all day long, and to have no ancestors to talk about!"

Ancestry was such a favourite topic with Mr. Topplestonhaugh, and he sympathized so deeply with the character and history of his departed ancestors, that he almost felt himself to be one of them. He was as fond of the old pictures, with their wooden looking faces, their peaked beards, their pewter coloured helmets, their everlasting wigs, and their terrible tambour waistcoats, as his daughter Arabella was of the little robin-redbreasts that hopped about the lawn, and picked up the crumbs which she threw to them at breakfast. He did not absolutely worship the portraits, but, by perpetually looking at them, and incessantly thinking and talking of the wonderful exploits and glorious times of the originals, he had, in his own imagination, almost communicated to them a degree of life and consciousness. He never, indeed, went so far as to fancy that he heard them speak, but he was in the habit of conversing with them by means of the eye; and though he could not hear their voices, he imagined he could read their thoughts. He spent so much of his time in ancestral meditations, that he absolutely wondered how those poor people could possibly exist, who had the misfortune to be born without ancestors. He had, in his dress and carriage, a very

ancestral look; he seemed to have been cut out of a picture. He had never had his portrait taken, for he thought that it would be of no use, seeing that he had no sons, and that to his grandsons he should only be a maternal grandfather, which had such an old-womanish sound with it, that he would almost as lief be an absolute old woman *in propriâ personâ*. Very marked and singular was his appearance: he was tall, thin, and exquisitely perpendicular; his complexion was pale, his forehead was large, bare, and glossy; he had some half-dozen grey hairs at the back of his head, which were tied up with a great bit of black ribbon, that seemed heavy enough to drag them all off. He wore a long coat, with broad buttons, short sleeves, and wide flaps; a long coloured chintz waistcoat, and short shrivelled velvet breeches; his long legs were clad in striped stockings, having the stripes alternately blue and white, and each of them a full inch wide; his shoe buckles, also, were immensely large. His family mansion was as singular and antique in its aspect as himself. It was a tall, flat-fronted brick building, with long windows, and thick window frames, glazed with a kind of glass, which sadly misrepresented the scenery, both in shape and colour. The house had been once much larger, but it was pared down, in order to its adaptation to the curtailment of acres which the estate had suffered. Still there remained quite room enough for Mr. Topplestonhaugh and his establishment, which was as slender and primitive as himself. There seems to have been in the Topplestonhaugh family a kind of hereditary

passion for antiquity, growing more and more intense in each succeeding generation, till it came to a climax in the person of our hero; who looked upon himself, with a kind of antediluvian lackadaisicalness, as the last of the family. The furniture and fitting up of the house remained as they had been from the first; save and except in regard to those little tricks that time is apt to play with timber, carpentry, and painting, of which Topplestonhaugh Place exhibited no small abundance and variety. Such, for instance, as doors and door-posts looking cool at each other;—there was gilt leather, indeed, round all the doors of the principal apartments, but then the gilding was all gone, and the leather was curled up in the likeness of a long stick. The mutinous condition of the window sashes was such as to suggest a question not easy to be answered, viz., which was the most difficult, to get them up when they were down, or to get them down when they were up. The panels also of the wainscotting had shrunk up, in many places leaving unseemly cracks, at which the wind made no scruple of entering, at any hour of the day or night, sometimes blowing the fire up, and sometimes blowing the candles out. The boards of the floors had been nearly worn out, but were, in some measure, preserved by the hard knots, which stuck rigidly up, like the bones of a hackney-coach horse. You may easily conceive, from the above particulars, that the house was not very comfortable; but Mr. Topplestonhaugh would not have exchanged it for the most convenient mansion that was ever raised up by

Wyattville, or knocked down by Robins. Its charm was, that it was the family mansion, built upon the family estate, which had been in the possession of the Topplestonhaughs ever since the days of the Conqueror. The establishment was well fitted to the mansion, and consisted of two departments, the male and the female. The male was Gregory, a sad pluralist, having as many places as there are days in the week; but they were almost all sinecures: he was coachman, but there was no coach to drive; butler, but his master would not trust him with the key of the cellar; valet, but Mr. Topplestonhaugh always dressed himself without assistance; gardener, but there was no garden worth cultivating, for the piece of ground that bore the name was merely a wilderness of superannuated gooseberry-bushes, and self-sown nut-trees. In fact, the only earthly use of Gregory was, to wear the family livery, — pale blue, turned up with yellow; and it must be acknowledged, that Gregory had a due sense of his own importance, and of that of his station; he was almost as proud of the Topplestonhaugh ancestry, as his master himself. Gregory was not elegant in his form, nor graceful in his carriage: his head was round, and his hair short, thick, and unbending; his body was very long, and his legs were very short, and not a bit too straight. He was, according to his own notion, a humourist; but his notion of humour was, that it consisted in a broad horse laugh at some practical joke, or special absurdity. The female part of Mr. Topplestonhaugh's establishment consisted of Alice, who was

cook, housemaid, scullion and housekeeper; a faithful domestic, but stupidly obtuse to the glories of ancestry. Alice was altogether a realist; she could not imagine what imagination meant; glory had no charms for her equal to the kitchen fire; and, if she was proud of anything, it was of her excellent cooking, and her Sunday bonnet.

As the taste of Mr. Topplestonhaugh led him not to the usual country sports of hunting, fishing, shooting, and the like, while his finances did not permit him to indulge in the amusement of feeding country squires, and, as he was too much attached to his family mansion ever to think of wandering away from it, he found all his amusement and occupation at home; and he was altogether absorbed in the contemplation of ancestry and antiquity, so that the men of a by-gone age were far more real entities to him, than the present actual inhabitants of this too modern globe, which, alas! is growing more and more modern every day. Mr. Topplestonhaugh did not, of course, see much of the world; but he had an indistinct and confused sort of idea, that there was growing up in the kingdom a multitudinous mushroom population, altogether without ancestors, to the utter discomfiture and extinguishment of the old ancestral families, that came in with the Conqueror. As if it was not enough that Mr. Topplestonhaugh should be annoyed by the general faint and indefinite apprehension of this fact, he must needs be nosed, in his own immediate neighbourhood, by a living and lively specimen of the same. Topple-

stonhaugh Place was situated on one side of a pleasant valley; and the lands on the other side, which had once belonged to the estate, had been sold away from it, and, after passing through many hands, had, at length, come into the possession of a cotton spinner; who, thinking that the pretty little lazy stream, which had done nothing, since the creation of the world, but nurse trout and gudgeons, ought to be made to work, forthwith built a factory upon it. If cotton factories had come in with the Conqueror, they would not have been so great an abomination, but their utter modernness made them most intolerable. In addition to the factory, the cotton spinner built for himself a modern mansion, immediately opposite to Topplestonhaugh Place. Mr. Sykes, such was the manufacturer's unsounding name, was a man of taste in the matter of architecture, and his new mansion showed it. Its front was of fair white stone, its windows of plate glass, its doors and window frames were of mahogany; Ionic columns and Grecian vases decorated the portico. Its furniture was of the newest taste and fashion; Axminster and Persian carpets, silk damask curtains, chairs, tables and sideboards of rosewood, magnificent Grecian lamps, and superb mirrors in profusion, showed that the owner had no more spared expense in furnishing, than he had in building his mansion. He also laid out no inconsiderable sum in adorning the land around his house, and giving it a park-like appearance. He widened the little river for a double purpose, that it might form a reservoir for his factory, and be a pleasant object to look at from the

house; and, over the widened river, he threw a stone bridge of very tasteful architecture. All this he did without the aid of ancestry, without knowing who came in with the Conqueror, or what the Conqueror came in for. It was altogether quite amazing to Mr. Topplestonhaugh, who wondered what the world would come to. The good old gentleman was not envious of his neighbour's magnificence, but he rather pitied him for his lack of ancestry: he could not imagine how any man could enjoy mahogany doors, and plate-glass windows, who did not know what his grandfather was; and he looked upon alabaster vases, and Grecian lamps, as a poor substitute for progenitors who had been knighted in the reign of Richard I.

As Mr. Topplestonhaugh was not envious, so, in like manner, he was not morose towards his new neighbour. He could not but feel how far superior he was to a man who had no ancestors, but he did not reject the man's civilities; and Mr. Sykes was a social kind of being, who was desirous of living upon friendly terms with his neighbours. The two families, therefore, presently became acquainted; but, notwithstanding all good intentions on both sides, it required some time to bring them to a mutual understanding; for their habits and manners of thinking were so opposite, that they seemed to each other, at first, like natives of different planets. Poor Mr. Topplestonhaugh was as much puzzled at Mr. Sykes as the Mexicans were at the Spaniards.

"Ah, my dear," said Mr. Topplestonhaugh to his daughter, after the first meeting of the parties, "I

dare say that this Mr. Sykes does not know who or what his great grandfather was. And what a name, forsooth!—Sykes, — Sykes, — Sykes—there is nothing to articulate, it slips through one's lips as glibly as an eel through one's fingers. Calling a man by such a name as Sykes, seems to be not much more respectful than calling a dog by whistling to him: Sykes — wheugh — Sykes — wheugh!" And, as Mr. Topplestonhaugh was rather absent at times, he went on for some few minutes alternately uttering the name of Sykes, and whistling; the effect of which was very ludicrous; so that, had not his daughter been very affectionately respectful towards her father, she certainly must have laughed outright. Indeed, she, at one time, feared lest her father, in a fit of absence, might, some day or other, whistle to Mr. Sykes, instead of calling him by his name.

Till Mr. Topplestonhaugh had visited the mansion of Mr. Sykes, and had viewed its furniture and decorations, and had heard the conversation of the family, he had not the slightest idea how intensely modern the world had become. "If," said Mr. Topplestonhaugh to his daughter, "my ancestor Sir Mortimer Marmaduke Topplestonhaugh were to come to life again, and were to be set down in the drawing-room of Mr. Sykes, he would be astonished beyond measure."

So would Mr. Sykes, thought Arabella.

Mr. Sykes had a family of three or four sons, and two or three daughters, all of them very good humoured, cheerful, and happy sort of young people; en-

joying their elegant home and the various luxuries which their father's newly acquired, and rapidly increasing wealth so readily and abundantly procured for them. They thought Mr. Topplestonhaugh a singular old gentleman — quite a character; but they could not help liking him; and they were particularly amused with his man Gregory, who, not knowing that Mr. Sykes had no ancestors, but seeing that he was much more opulent than Mr. Topplestonhaugh, took it for granted that he must be blessed with at least a double allowance of ancestry, and therefore behaved to him and to all his family with a most elaborate politeness. The entrance to Topplestonhaugh Place was through folding doors; and Gregory would never suffer any of the Sykes family to pass through the half opened door, but, in spite of a stiff rusty bolt not easily moved, he would always set open both parts of the door, and accompany their exits and entrances with a most ludicrous profusion of clumsy bows; and if, now and then, one of the young people, with the characteristic liveliness of youth, should hastily rush through the half opened door, Gregory would not be satisfied without opening the rest of it afterwards, and bowing reverently to the departing guest. If Mr. Topplestonhaugh and his man Gregory were agreeable to the new comers, it may be also supposed that Arabella was not unacceptable to them; on the contrary, indeed, she was a most especial favourite with all of them, so much so that she spent the greater part of her time with them. She liked their pianoforte better

than her own harpsichord; she liked their well trimmed lawn, and their well filled greenhouse, better than her own wilderness of gooseberry bushes; she liked the paintings and engravings which decorated the walls of the new house, better than the harsh and rugged delineations of her own great-great-great-grandfathers; moreover, she liked much better to talk about things in general, than to listen to long harangues about family and ancestry. But, notwithstanding that so much of her time was spent with the family at the new house, her father by no means missed her society, nor was he jealous of her partiality for her new acquaintance; for his own time and thoughts were always most agreeably occupied about his ancestors, and he was rather pleased with his daughter's condescension, in being so familiar with people of no family. There sprang, however, from this excessive intimacy, an evil which none of the party had anticipated, and against which, of course, they had not guarded. It may be very clearly seen that Mr. Topplestonhaugh was partial to long names, and it may be supposed that short names incurred his contempt; we have indeed a specimen of that in his treatment of the name of Sykes; a very natural inference from the above premises is, that he would regard with great horror any wilful curtailment of a name of respectable and competent dimensions. Now the name of Arabella Theresa Selina Topplestonhaugh was rather too long and prosy for the lively lips of her young companions, who had frequent occasion to speak of her, and in or-

der to accommodate her name to their usual style and habit of talk, they condensed it into the most unvenerable brevity of Bell Topple! It cannot easily be imagined how great a shock this was to the feelings of Mr. Topplestonhaugh. He was not, as has been already intimated, an ill-humoured or morose kind of man, but rather the reverse; yet, with all his amiableness of feeling, and mildness of disposition, he was not without some degree of sensibility to great abominations; and to touch the family name was to touch the apple of his eye. He did not suppose for a moment, that his neighbours had made this shocking abbreviation with any malicious design, or from any intention to offer an insult to the ancient family of Topplestonhaugh; but he was grieved and scandalised at such a deficiency of what Spurzheim would call the organ of veneration.

Mr. Topplestonhaugh was in every respect pleased with his new neighbours, save in the matter of their utter modernness, and their total inapprehension of the dignity of ancestry. Their mansion was by far too modern for his taste, but the style of their demeanour was worse still. He wished to be civil to them, because they were civil to him; and he was civil to them, but he could not forget that they had called, and were still in the habit of calling his daughter Bell Topple. The name haunted him like a vision; when he looked at the portraits of his venerated and venerable ancestors, and surveyed the goodly countenances of those sages and heroes, who had contributed their

quota to the wisdom and valour of England, the name of Bell Topple rang in his ears like a sound of ill omen — it was a kind of passing-bell to the expiring ancestral glories of the house of Topplestonhaugh. It was indeed mortifying to think that, in a few years, all that would be left of the fine old family of the Topplestonhaughs, who came in with the Conqueror, and whose name had been more or less connected with all the most striking passages in the English history, would be Bell Topple. Mr. Topplestonhaugh certainly did not wish to demolish the fine new mansion of Mr. Sykes, nor to raze his cotton factory to the ground, nor to drive the whole establishment out of the country; but still he could not help wishing that they had not haunted his imagination with such an abominable abbreviation as Bell Topple. Now this most lamentable event occurred at an early stage of their acquaintance: to what outrageous excesses they might hereafter proceed, it was impossible to say; as they had abbreviated the name of the daughter, they might also abbreviate the name of the father, and as they had condensed Arabella into Bell, what prevented their abridging Meredith into Merry? — Merry Topple! a very pleasant name forsooth!

Meditating much on these topics, and thinking how disrespectful it was to his ancestors to tolerate such havoc of the family name, he came at length to the deliberate resolution to drop the new acquaintance, or to use the intimacy more sparingly. Mr. Sykes was a very agreeable man; his house was a very pleasant one, and

all his family were very good humoured; but Mr. Topplestonhaugh felt it a duty which he owed to his ancestors to sacrifice to their honour and dignity a very pleasant acquaintance. But in this matter he had not merely to gain his own consent, he also needed his daughter's co-operation. He was too kind-hearted a man to constrain his child's inclination, or to use his authority against her will; but he had sufficient confidence in his own powers of persuasion to suppose that he could presently bring her to his way of thinking. For this purpose he entered into a serious discussion on the topic of ancestral dignity, and on the importance of preserving a respectful memory of those who have distinguished themselves in the history of the country; to all of which Arabella lent a respectfully attentive ear, though unable to divine to what end it was tending. At length, the discourse became more and more pointed; the name of Sykes was mentioned with a dignified but not ill-natured air; some commendation was expressed of the many good qualities of the Sykes family: Mr. Sykes was praised for his hospitality as well as good taste, and for the liberality with which he dispensed his magnificent income; Mrs. Sykes was lauded for her pleasant and friendly attention to her guests; and the young people were commended for their unaffected good humour and social spirit. But, after all this commendation, there came a sad drawback, counterbalancing, and more than counterbalancing all their good qualities together.

"Yet, with all their excellent points," continued

Mr. Topplestonhaugh, "they are sadly wanting in respect to family dignity. What would your ancestors have said, Arabella Theresa,—your ancestors who fought at Cressy and Poictiers, at Agincourt, at Bosworth, and, for aught that can be urged to the contrary, in the Holy Land itself,—what would they have said, if they had supposed that a time should come when a descendant of theirs should be addressed or spoken of by the family of a cotton-spinner under the name of Bell Topple?"

Arabella looked as grave as she could, and said, "I don't know, pa."

Mr. Topplestonhaugh proceeded: "Nor do I, my child, nor indeed can I imagine; but truly the abomination is almost enough to make them start from the tomb."

Arabella continued to look grave and replied, "I hope not, papa."

"I speak figuratively, child;" said Mr. Topplestonhaugh, "not that I suppose it likely that such an event should occur, but it is quite distressing to me to hear the names of people of family treated with such irreverent curtailment by people of no family. Did the Sykeses come in with the Conqueror?"

"Perhaps they were here before," said Arabella.

"Then they are the descendants of the conquered people," replied Mr. Topplestonhaugh, with much dignity, and with an air of triumph; "and it ill becomes them to treat their conquerors with disrespect."

Arabella was not so much accustomed as her father

was, to identify herself with her ancestors; therefore, with much simplicity, she replied, "We have not conquered Mr. Sykes and his family."

"Not in person, perhaps," said Mr. Topplestonhaugh; "but if we are the descendants of the conquerors, and they of the conquered, we are decidedly their superiors, notwithstanding their wealth; and they ought not to behave disrespectfully or irreverently towards us."

"Indeed, papa," answered the young lady, "they do not behave at all disrespectfully to us."

"My child," responded Mr. Topplestonhaugh, "they call you Bell Topple;—now your name is not Bell Topple, but it is Arabella Theresa Selina Topplestonhaugh; the first three you received at the font in your baptism, and the last you inherit from a long line of ancestors; and it becomes not people of so insignificant a name as Sykes to deprive you either of that which you received in your baptism, or of that which is yours by inheritance. You have as much right to your name as Mr. Sykes has to his property. What right have they to change your name to Topple? They might as well have changed it to Sykes at once."

Now the exceeding gravity of Mr. Topplestonhaugh rendered him totally inapprehensive of what was implied in the last sentence of the above speech. In like manner, also, the pretty simplicity of Arabella led her to overlook it; and she, thinking merely what pleasant neighbours she had found on the opposite side of the

valley, caring nothing for one name in preference to another, and feeling, perhaps, a little piqued that her most agreeable friends should be thus slightingly spoken of, answered, with rather more pertness than became a young lady, "I should not care if they did."

For a moment the pulse of Mr. Topplestonhaugh stood still; his heart ceased to beat, and the blood to circulate through his veins; even his few remaining grey hairs would have stood on end, had they not been held down by the ponderous piece of black ribbon before mentioned. Great was his grief, at discovering in his daughter such indifference to a name so honoured as that of Topplestonhaugh; and boundless was his astonishment at hearing so bold and frank an avowal of it. After a moment, he recovered his suspended faculties, and the first use that he made of them was to utter a deep sigh, to turn up his eyes, and to exclaim, "Monstrous!"

At that moment there came into the mind of Miss Topplestonhaugh a recollection of some talkings and walkings with one particular individual of the Sykes family; and, with this recollection, the idea, that the change of the name of Topplestonhaugh into Sykes, was, in her own case, not altogether impossible; and at this thought she was greatly confused. She blushed, and in a great hurry replied, "I did not mean that, papa."

"You did not mean what?" exclaimed Mr. Topplestonhaugh, who, till that moment, had remained in the dark, but his daughter's confusion and disavowal

revealed the fact; so that as soon as he had asked the above question, he understood his daughter's meaning. Mr. Topplestonhaugh, in his zeal for ancestry, and his abomination of all that was modern, never took into consideration the narrowness of his own means, and the opulence of Mr. Sykes; but felt grieved and humbled, that his daughter should have condescended to bestow her affections on an individual who had no ancestors. "Ah, child," said he in a tone of despondency, "I see how it is! Your youthful imagination has been taken captive by the plausible manners of these new people. You have forgotten what you owe to your ancestors, and you have no regard for the honour of your family."

Arabella trembled, and said, "Indeed, papa, you are under a great misapprehension, if you imagine that I have formed any engagement of such a nature as that to which you allude."

"Peradventure, my child," replied Mr. Topplestonhaugh, "there may be no actual engagement; but may I ask you, whether there be not one individual in that family, for whom you have a greater partiality, than for any other?"

Arabella Theresa Selina Topplestonhaugh sighed, and said, "There is."

"And which of them is it, my dear daughter?" asked Mr. Topplestonhaugh.

Arabella Theresa Selina Topplestonhaugh blushed, and said, "Bob."

Mr. Topplestonhaugh started as though he had been

shot; he sprang up in his seat,—I am afraid to say how high, for fear I should not be believed,—but it was well that he was sitting in an old fashioned high-backed chair, for had he occupied a modern one, he would have been thrown over the back of it: as it was, the high back of his seat guided him down again safely into the chair. It was long before he could recover his breath and self-possession; and when he did, all that he could say was, "Bob Sykes, and Bell Topple!!"—Poor man! he had no sleep that night, and he ate very little breakfast next morning; he walked mournfully about the house, casting most melancholy looks at the portraits of his deceased ancestors, and, at each individual portrait, he sighed and said, "Bob Sykes, and Bell Topple!" He was all the day telling his sorrows to the family canvass, and seeking the sympathy of oil colours. Gregory and Alice thought him mad or nearly so. Different people have different notions of madness: Gregory thought that every body was mad, who would not listen to his long stories, or pay attention to his elaborate politeness and graceful bows; and Alice thought every body mad who had no appetite for her cookery. On the present occasion, the cookery of Alice, and the politeness of Gregory were both thrown away; Mr. Topplestonhaugh could say nothing but, "Bob Sykes, and Bell Topple." These were for a time mysterious words to the faithful domestics, who thought, at first, that they were some charmed expressions whereby their master had been bewitched.

I don't know whether any of my readers have ever observed it, but it is really a fact, that, in nine cases out of ten, those lively light-hearted girls, who seem as merry as the little birds, and as gentle as flowers, have, at the same time, an obstinate self-will of their own, and a determinate fixedness of purpose, especially in matters of the heart, which no persuasion can turn and no authority subdue. In the present instance, this was the case with Arabella Theresa Selina Topplestonhaugh: her heart, untouched by ancestral dignity, had given its best affections to Mr. Robert Sykes; and she could no more think of renouncing the acquaintance with that family, than she could think of renouncing life itself. If her father had recommended her to go and hang herself, because she had been called Bell Topple, he would have had just as good a chance of being obeyed, as he had when he would fain have persuaded her to renounce the family of Mr. Sykes. Arabella had a very affectionate regard for her father, and was for the most part dutifully inclined towards him, but she could not see that she owed any duty to the family pictures; and, to say the truth, she loved Bob Sykes more than all her ancestors put together. Herein Mr. Topplestonhaugh and his daughter differed; Mr. Topplestonhaugh thought that Mr. Robert Sykes was a very worthy, respectable, well behaved young gentleman, but that he ought not, for a moment, to be put in competition with the ancestors of the Topplestonhaugh family. On the other hand, Arabella thought that though her ancestors might have been very good sort

of gentlemen in their way, and in their day, yet, as they were now all out of the way, they had no right to stand in the way of Bob Sykes, and she was determined that they should not.

Mr. Topplestonhaugh soon found that Arabella was bent upon following her own inclinations, in spite of the family pictures, and the long line of ancestry; he therefore wisely abstained from engaging in a conflict, in which he knew that he must be defeated. He had, indeed, no means of opposing the headstrong wilfulness of his child. Disinheriting would not signify a straw; for a week's work of Mr. Sykes' spinning-jennies was worth the whole fee-simple of Mr. Topplestonhaugh's estate. He might, indeed, have locked the young lady up in her own room; but the locks and bolts of the doors at Topplestonhaugh Place were not upon the best terms with the door-posts; and if the young lady, with her own pretty fingers, had not forced open the door, the next high wind would have done it for her. As Mr. Topplestonhaugh found that there was no possible way of preventing the evil, he set himself to devise how it might be mitigated. Gazing, one morning, on the family portraits, a bright idea came into his mind; and that was, that as Miss Topplestonhaugh was an heiress, perhaps Mr. Robert Sykes would be kind enough to take the name of Topplestonhaugh: "Robert Sykes Topplestonhaugh" would not sound much amiss; but the good man forgot that the Topplestonhaugh estate, in its present reduced condition, was barely sufficient to feed, and that not very

sumptuously, Mr. Topplestonhaugh, his daughter, his cook, and his man Gregory; there were also two cats in the establishment, but they boarded themselves out of a house in which neither rats nor mice made even a passing call.

Full of this bright idea, however, Mr. Topplestonhaugh, when matters had proceeded sufficiently far, being bent upon doing all in his power for the honour of the family, proposed to the father of the bridegroom elect, that the young gentleman, in consequence of marrying an heiress, should take the name of Topplestonhaugh.

At the word "heiress," Mr. Sykes almost smiled, and when the speech was finished, he replied, "Nay, my good friend, I think it the more regular, that the lady should take the gentleman's name, than that the gentleman should take the lady's."

"But the name of Topplestonhaugh," said the owner of it, with much gravity and simplicity, "is an ancient name, and one of high celebrity in the annals of the country, but the name of Sykes ——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Mr. Sykes, "I understand you; the name of Sykes is not so celebrated as that of Topplestonhaugh,—but really, my good sir, your name has been celebrated long enough, and it is now high time that the name of Sykes should take its turn."

"Ah, my good friend," said Mr. Topplestonhaugh, "but, how is that possible?—the good old times are all gone by: Cressy, Poictiers, and Agincourt, are not to be fought over again."

"We are not quite sure of that," said Mr. Sykes.

"At all events," replied Mr. Topplestonhaugh, "we are not likely to see another crusade; we shall have no King John to sign another Magna Charta, nor shall we be blessed with another Spanish Armada."

"Well," said Mr. Sykes, "I trust we shall be able to get on without them."

"I am sorry," answered Mr. Topplestonhaugh, "to hear you speak so disrespectfully of the good old days. I am very much afraid that such sentiments are becoming too common: antiquity is grown quite out of date; ancestral glories are fading away into utter darkness." Mr. Topplestonhaugh was quite moved as he spoke, and, with trembling lip, and tearful eye, he proceeded, saying: "All the old families are gradually vanishing away;—I am the last of my family, and when I am gone, the name of Topplestonhaugh will have departed from the earth; no one will care for the family pictures;—all those fine portraits, which have been, for so many years, the delight of my eyes, and the pride of my heart, will be regarded as lumber; they will be thrust into a dark closet, or be sold for sixpence a-piece to a dealer in second-hand furniture; and they will stand exposed to the dust of summer, and the storms of winter, at his door, in company with old warming-pans, copper coal-scuttles, rusty grid-irons, and corner cupboards; while countless hosts of thoughtless passers-by shall either heed them not at all, or cast upon them a look of contempt, little thinking that the originals fought at Agincourt, Cressy, or Poictiers!"

There was in this speech something very touching and pathetic, but still it was not moving enough to induce Mr. Sykes to have the name of Topplestonhaugh substituted for that of Sykes, in the event of his son's marriage with Arabella. Indeed, the cotton-spinner thought that his son might have found a more advantageous match; but it was tolerated, because Bell Topple was such a favourite with all the family. They were also somewhat pleased with Mr. Topplestonhaugh himself, and were not a little amused with his antiquarian crotchets; but they could not carry their complaisance so far as to sacrifice the name of Sykes to that of Topplestonhaugh.

The descendant of the heroes of Cressy, Poictiers, and Agincourt, returned to his house from this interview with Mr. Sykes, dispirited and melancholy. He gazed on the family portraits with a deeper feeling than ever; he was pathetic as to his looks, and eloquent as to his soliloquies. It was not his fault that his daughter had fallen in love with a young gentleman with a short name and no ancestors, — he wished it had been in his power to prevent it, — he almost begged pardon of the old pictures, that such a slight had been put upon them. Had he not been a man of great constitutional cheerfulness, and of much placidity of temper, he would have been absolutely weary of his life, for there was nothing worth living for, in his estimation, save the glory of ancestry.

Time went on; so did the courtship of Mr. Robert Sykes and Miss Arabella Theresa Selina Toppleston-

haugh; and the time came that the parties went to church together, and were married, and Mr. Topplestonhaugh went with them, as melancholy as if he were following all his ancestors to the grave. He looked into the register in which his daughter signed her name, for the last time, Arabella Theresa Selina Topplestonhaugh, as if he were looking on her coffin; and when he called her Mrs. Sykes, it was with such a tone, and such a sigh, as left those present quite at a loss, whether they should weep at the strength of the feeling, or smile at the weakness of the understanding.

Mr. Topplestonhaugh survived his daughter's marriage many years; and, though he took it very much to heart, I cannot say that he never held up his head after it; for he was forced to hold up his head to look at the family pictures, which he reverenced and esteemed more and more; and he was never so happy as when he was mourning over the modernness of the times, and speaking of himself as the "Last of the Name."

ON MY GREY HAIRS.

BY W. JERDAN.

Ten years agone, ye monitors,
How I abhorred your hue,
And plucked you singly from your hold,
As if I'd conquer you!
And so I did, like knight of old
Who hundreds overthrew;
And fancied immortality
More sure, the more he slew!

Those years are fled, I greet you now
The dearest guests to me;—
Why should the stem live when the bough
Falls withered from the tree?—
When keen affliction's piercing blast
Hath nipt the foliage free;
And when the storm hath torn the hopes
Of blossomings to be?

I greet you now ye clustering come,
And tell me of the past;
Of drear misfortune's saddening time,
With bitterness o'ercast;
Of friends — oh friends! — who shunned that time
As fate were on the blast —
Poor worldlings, linked unto the world
As 'twould for ever last!

Of pleasures, whose fresh-springing wealth
Bode an eternal round;
Of jocund health, wherein no space
For lapse, or wreck, was found;
Those pleasures now all viewless, spent,
Like an unearthly sound;
That health, to pain and sorrow bent,
Which craves the silent mound.

Of these ye speak, and I, Grey Hairs,
Rejoice in what is o'er;
Rejoice, because what hath been felt,
Again can touch no more.
But more rejoice, because ye point
To that untroubled shore,
Where, thinly shed on my cold brow,
We'll rest — tho' oceans roar.

My own Grey Hairs, I grateful hail
The promise ye impart;

Strength is it to the weary soul,
Balm to the aching heart.
The sunny locks of youth will fail
When joys unnumbered start;
But ye are certain as the wings
That plume Death's certain dart.

I therefore hail you, as above
Thought's sore-vexed throne ye wave;
Throw gentle shade upon the false,
And the tyrannous brave;
Bid Care's dull tide, and Passion's flood,
No longer roll or rave;
But loves, and fears, and griefs, and tears,
All centre in the grave.

February, 1835.

THE UNRECORDED GRAVE.

BY JOHN FRANCIS.

Who resteth here?
Manhood — that gloried in its pride and might?
Beauty — with cheek of love and eye of light?
Age — with its furrows and its look of care?
Youth — with its open smile and sunny hair?
Genius — with fiery glance and haughty brow,
Compelled before a mightier one to bow?

Who resteth here?
Is manhood stricken in its hour of pride?
Hath manhood fallen in the battle tide —
When banners streamed along the golden sky —
When rushed the war-horse in his majesty —
When arm met arm—when life was waged with life—
When foe sought foe, and quailed not at the strife?
Rests Manhood here?

Who resteth here ?
Beauty — with pleasant glance and lip of bloom,
With voice of music — breath of sweet perfume ?
Some gentle heart that beamed from eyes of mirth,
And shed its radiance round the happy hearth ?
Some youthful form that may no longer stand
To greet with smiles of love her fellow band ?
Rests Beauty here ?

Who resteth here ?
Genius — with saddened face and laurel crown,
Withered before the cold world's haughty frown ?
Some child of song whose name shall yet be stirred
Where music's tones and beauty's lay are heard ?
Resteth *he* here ? Oh ! let him still sleep on,
Happier than though a world's applause were won !

Who resteth here ?
Whose race is run ? whose pilgrimage is o'er ?
Whose voice is gone that may be heard no more ?
I know not — yet, methinks some mark should be
To tell the world whose resting-place we see ;
That, passing by, we may rejoice or fear,
Smile in bright hope, or shed the sorrowing tear !

AN INVITATION.

WRITTEN ON THE FIRST LEAF OF A LADY'S ALBUM.

Sons of Apollo and Apelles, haste,
Obedient to our summons! Nay what folly 'tis
To look so coy on't; — come, let's have a taste,
Sweet gentlemen! of your respective qualities.

Ye wielders of the pencil, quit your easels,
A welcome in our leaves assured of finding:
With sonnets come, ye bardlings, lank as weasels,
And make your fame as lasting as — our binding.

Come! and fear not the carping critic's snarlings
At painter's sketch, or poet's lucubration;
You'll find the ladies — bless the pretty darlings! —
The most indulgent critics in creation.

No richer guerdon could he crave, who dips,
Like me, his crow-quill in the juice of poppy,
Than these dear words, from some fair damsel's lips:
"How very sweet! do let me have a copy!"

W. H. H.

THE WOULD-BE NINON.

BY W. H. HARRISON.

Of all earth's denizens the *Would-be* race
Is the most ancient, and so multitudinous,
That it would puzzle us to find a place
In which some scores of them do not intrude on us.
We've would-be orators in countless numbers,
Whose speeches much contribute to our slumbers;
And would-be painters, fiddlers and composers:
Would-be philosophers — the dullest prosers!
And would-be novelists; and, what far worse is,
Some would-be poets;— witness these same verses!

But with these Would-bes we could fill a ream —
An endless task,— so let us to our theme,—
The would-be Ninon — that is, reader sage,
A lady, who — more lovely than the rose
In youth's bright morning— would retain in age
The charms once worshipped by a host of beaus.

THE WORLD-BE WISON.

She, cold and haughty in her triumph's hour,
  Placed her proud foot upon her vassals' necks,
Macadamised their hearts to pave her bower,
  And thought foul scorn of all the lordly sex.

Alas! she turns her from her mirror true,
  The friend who never flattered in her youth,
  But tells her now that most unwelcome truth,
That Time, who ripens beauty, mars it too.
Yet, with her conquests fresh in recollection,
We marvel not the dame eschews *reflection!*
But still she tries to prop the tottering throne
  At which her votaries were wont to bow;
  And strives, with ringlets from another's brow,
To hide the time-worn wrinkles on her own!

'Tis all in vain: yet though her case is hard,
She not despairs, but plays another card;
And, when no more she boasts the roseate hue
Of halcyon youth, our Ninon sports the blue,
And grows profoundly learned in astronomy,—
In physics, and political economy,—
In botany,—in short, in all the sciences,
  So much in these enlightened days paraded:
Alas! 'tis but to prove how vain reliance is
  On Learning's *leaves* when Beauty's *flowers* are faded.

THE GHOST OF PALERMO.

BY W. H. WILLS.

I.

Although travellers are seldom notorious for unanimity of opinion, they all agree that the national peculiarity of Sicily's inhabitants is indolence. They also assert that matters, whether of taste or science, of virtue or vice, flourish best in a metropolitan atmosphere; hence the art of doing nothing attains greater perfection in Palermo, than in any other part of the island. Once a-year, however, love of pleasure conquers love of ease, and the approach of a carnival makes each of the men actually *busy* in selecting some "bright particular star," on whom to lavish his devotions; while the fair ones betray an equal anxiety to render themselves worthy of their gallant's homage; hence the city is annually converted into a huge manufactory for sonnets and fancy dresses.

But there was one person in Palermo, whose affec-

tion for idleness passed into a proverb, even in a nation where indolence is placed among the cardinal virtues; and, by an odd freak of fortune, was thrown into a sphere where activity is most looked for;—he was a merchant. Being, however, very rich, Signior Supini was enabled to maintain a large establishment of dependents, amongst whom he carried the theory of division of labour so ingeniously into practice, that but a small portion fell to his share.

The "carnival time" of 176— seemed to have imparted a novelty to the merchant's habits, only to be accounted for by those who happened to know he had recently fallen in love. Yes, the daughter of Count Rosalvi, having emerged from a neighbouring convent, had made an irretrievable conquest over a heart which had long defied the arts of all the simpering *belles*, and intriguing *chaperones* of Palermo. Love had not only overcome the hitherto obdurate heart of the middle-aged merchant, but seemed to be slowly effecting a change in his disposition; since, to the astonishment of the whole city, it was whispered that, at the especial request of the lady Julia Rosalvi, Signior Supini intended to honour the carnival by partaking of its festivities.

Not content with such an indubitable proof of her lover's devotion, the mischievous lady had selected a character which Supini could support with the least success;—the active, spirit-stirring part of a brigand; adding a solicitation, that he would pay her an early visit, habited in his fancy dress; to which Supini was but too proud to accede.

II.

The least interesting courtship is invariably that which comes under the fashionable denomination of an "arrangement." 'Tis certain, "the course of *true* love never did run smooth." An *affaire arrangée* wants the charming perplexities, the chequered excitement of "hopes and fears," to constitute the elements of a *true* love affair.

Deeply impressed with these sentiments, the lady Julia, to obtain relief from the insipidity of Supini's attentions, had—with the assistance of an invaluable waiting woman — provided herself with a little harmless excitement, in the devotions of a captain of the viceroy's guard, remarkable for beauty of person, amiability of mind, and luxuriance of moustachio. He was, moreover, a particular friend of Signior Supini.

* * * * *

The shades of evening had closed around the island — the gondolier had ceased to ply his oar — and that prince of promenades, the Corso, was left to its pre-eminence in solitude; when Supini, duly equipped with chequered hose, green velvet jacket, cock's feathers, and carbine, entered his carriage to visit his "ladye love."

The effect of the merchant's *entrée* was somewhat obscured, as it interrupted a long lecture which the lady Julia had been patiently enduring from the count, her father; the text of which was, certain sounds resembling a man's voice and guitar, too frequently heard

under the damsel's window. The gravity of Rosalvi was completely overset on beholding his disguised friend; while Julia stammered out a compliment, awkwardly enough, between the paroxysms of a hearty laugh.

The count, having remained long enough to pass an eulogium upon Supini's formidable appearance, abandoned the lovers for a game of chess with his secretary.

The conversation which ensued was, while it lasted, any thing but lively. The daring exploits of the most daring of bandits, Francesco Abruzzi, did not prove a very amusing topic. Much time, however, did not elapse without an interruption. Supini was working himself up to a surprising pitch of enthusiasm, while describing the excellences of his recently imported French cook, — the merchant was a *gourmand*, and, despite his indolence, an indefatigable dinner-giver,— when his eloquence was suddenly accompanied by the melodious twang of a guitar. Julia bit the loveliest of lips, and blushed; the Signior tried to smile; while the ruthless serenader added his voice to the harmony.

"Some poor begging minstrel," remarked Supini. Malicious rogue! he must have guessed the musician was a rival.

"O no!" said the lady courageously, "it is only my maid practising a song for the carnival."

"She has a fine *bass* voice for a female," remarked the merchant, significantly.

It is impossible to conceive to what dire extremity

the confusion of Julia would have driven her, had not her invaluable maid opportunely entered, *with a guitar in her hand*, to announce supper.

III.

It was a lovely night — and few had better opportunities of appreciating its loveliness than the lady Julia as she sat in her balcony. The moon shone bright and full, piercing with her beams the foliage of the Rosalvi gardens. But there was one shaded spot surpassing, in Julia's estimation, all the lighted beauty of the rest of the scene, — an arbour formed of citron trees, from which the music of love had oft been wafted to her delighted ear. Fancy painted the form of her Fiorelli ; while imagination changed the warbling of nightingales into the tones of his voice. Soon, however, was fancy to give place to reality. Suddenly two persons emerged from the shrubbery. They were Fiorelli and Signior Supini, in earnest conversation. The first words she heard were uttered by the latter.

" Without more trifling, captain, tell me — will you resign your pretensions to the lady or not ?"

" In sober sadness, no !" was the reply.

" Then," continued Supini, " you will lose my friendship — and with that ——"

" A great many good dinners," interrupted the captain, sorrowfully.

" *I*, sir, am serious !" said the amateur brigand, with dignity.

Fiorelli hummed the burthen of his serenade.

"Nay, then, I must be plain: — Captain Fiorelli, you must forget the lady Julia, or your presumption shall be checked!"

"Presumption! You are jesting, Signior — but remember, I am prepared with a retort, when occasion requires, the point of which lies here!"

The handsome serenader pointed significantly to his sword.

"'Tis well," said Supini, "let us retire."

The latter portion of this colloquy was but imperfectly heard by Julia; who, having uttered an extra prayer to her patron saint, in behalf of her lover, retired to rest.

IV.

On the morning after these events, the head clerk of the firm of Von Brugher Supini and Smith, of Amsterdam, Palermo, and London, had smoked his third cigar, and posted up five pages from the journal, when he thought fit to remark upon the unusual lateness of the summons to his principal for orders.

About mid-day, the preparations for the carnival were suddenly arrested. Opera-dancers ceased to practise *pirouettes*. The lamp-hangers of the Marino suspended their suspensory operations; and hushed were the attempts of Madame * * *, the *prima donna*, to get sixty-four triplets into a bar of common time.

A deputation was waiting in the Moorish hall of divan at the palace, until his royal highness had finished perusing the score of Cimarosa's new opera,

when the chief secretary burst into his presence, with the awful intelligence that Signior Supini, the rich merchant, had been barbarously murdered, at the foot of Monte Pelegrino, near the Rosalvi gardens.

The whole city speedily became one scene of consternation. Every inquiry was promptly set on foot, and it was discovered that the deceased had been shot; but his features were so mutilated, that recognition would have been difficult, had not the brigand's disguise put his identity beyond all question. A guitar was found near the spot, together with a discharged pistol: these, with the evidence of one of Count Rosalvi's servants, too surely pointed at Fiorelli as the murderer. He was, accordingly, arrested, and incarcerated in the dungeons of the hall of justice, there to await his trial.

All the circumstances having been officially communicated to the head clerk of Von Brugher and Company, that business-like person advised his employers at London and Amsterdam, of the "transactions," as he called them, and set about making arrangements for the funeral. These obsequies were more splendid than had been previously witnessed in Palermo for years. Many of the principal nobility attended; Count Rosalvi acting as chief mourner. The grief of lady Julia was so great, that, for some time, her life was despaired of, and her recovery was slow and uncertain.

V.

Greatly as Supini had been respected in his native city, it did not appear that the carnival went off with less spirit than on former occasions. Palermo presented its usual scene of revelry and riot. The Marino, decorated with variegated lamps, and illuminated by torches, appeared, at a distance, like a Brobdignag bonfire; while its umbrageous gardens exhibited,—to use the hyperbole of a Sicilian news-writer,—a heterogeneous concatenation of splendour, a congeries of beauty, and a conglomeration of merriment, "more easily imagined than described."

It was late ere the din of mummery ceased. All the company had gone off from the gardens, and so had the fire-works. The Corso was deserted, the *Porta Felice* closed; and all the city still as the grave, except the Piazza de Marino. There a group of revellers were keeping up their orgies by singing and dancing. This was continued, until a light skiff, which seemed making for the landing-place of the custom house, hove in sight. No sooner was it discovered, than some of the party rushed into the custom-house, awoke the watchmen, and gave the alarm of smugglers; while others performed a like feat at the hall of justice.

Every caution was observed, until the boat touched the shore; but, immediately that the boatmen's oars were out of the water, the newly-roused men in office sprung upon the rowers, and, after securing four of them, and their whole cargo, lodged the kegs in the custom-house,

and the delinquents in the hall of justice; issuing from whence, they met the revellers who had given the alarm. These seemed determined to make their night's adventure complete; for, after employing as much time in exploring the interior of the "terror of robbers," as the absence of its keepers allowed, they jumped into the boat, and rowing off, bawled, a hundred times, "Buona notte! buona notte!"

The official gazette of the next morning contained a flaming "leader," concerning the vigilance of the municipal and revenue authorities. But this, unfortunately, had been scarcely published an hour, when it was discovered that the captured kegs contained nothing but water; and that the palace of justice did not contain Captain Fiorelli! A conclave of the Sicilian legislature, "in council assembled," concluded, after a protracted debate, that the whole must have been a plan preconcerted, by "some person or persons unknown," to effect the escape of the prisoner.

VI.

It was not long ere that spirit of dulness, the blue-devil Ennui, assumed his wonted influence over Palermo. In the cafés, the conversation, like the atmosphere, was all smoke. The story of Supini's murder, with its episode of Fiorelli's escape, had been discussed, and twisted, and magnified into all possible shapes and ramifications which the ingenuity of people who had nothing else to talk about could devise. There had lately been a provoking dearth of elopements;

and, although the Palermitans had long deplored the undue preference shown to Mount Etna, the looked-for eruption of Monte Pelegrino had not commenced.

At length, an article appeared in the government paper, which promised to afford subject for small-talk, during, at least, a week. It was one of those flights of editorial genius, the charm of which consists in communicating nothing,—a paragraph, opening a fine field for the imagination, quite a gem in its way. We copy it verbatim:

"It has been whispered, that the young Prince * * * is about to lead to the hymeneal altar the lovely Lady * * *."

The "reading public" of Palermo was not a little puzzled by this piece of negative news. For a time, the indefatigable activity of curiosity superseded the slothfulness of ease. Not a method was left untried, not a question remained unasked, that might tend to unravel the secret.

Shortly after, by a chain of evidence, the links of which were composed progressively of the viceroy's scullions, lacqueys, valets, and, lastly, the grand chamberlain himself, curiosity was satisfied. The following colloquy, overheard by the last-named functionary, having been handed down from him, in regular succession, to the very depths of the scullery,—always under seal of the "strictest secrecy;"—thence to purveyors and tradesmen; and, finally, after rapidly revolving in the various circles up to the nobility, it found its way, in due course, back to the palace.

"Prince," said his serene highness, to his only son; "you are going to be married."

"Am I?" ejaculated Prince Liparo.

"The count Rosalvi is wealthy. His daughter will have an immense dowry;" continued the Viceroy.

"Pray, may I ask,—as I have never had the pleasure of seeing the lady,—is she handsome?"

"She is rich;" was the only reply his highness deigned to give, and, turning from his son, imagined his task had ended. He was mistaken.

"I trust," said the prince, "your highness will forgive the mention of one difficulty;—my engagements with the Countess de * * * *"

"Cannot be fulfilled;" interrupted the vice-regal father.

"But they were made with your express sanction."

"You have now my express sanction to break them."

"But,—but,—" stammered the young prince, "I love her!"

"On the twenty-eighth, prepare to marry the lady Julia Rosalvi. This arrangement has been irrecoverably ratified;" rejoined the Viceroy, with the air of an autocrat.

As Liparo left the apartment, he folded his arms, compressed his lips, and, turning his eyes towards the angels painted upon the ceiling, registered an oath in heaven;—the purport of which, even the grand chamberlain was unable to discover.

VII.

The extreme anxiety of Count Rosalvi to provide a husband for his daughter, gave rise to no small scandal, until it was known, that, by some extraordinary provision, — *à la Salique*, — in the tenure of his property, an heir male was indispensable to its remaining in his family; and, in spite of the misfortunes that had happened to Julia's former lovers, the count felt quite satisfied that nothing short of supernatural interference, could prevent her union with Liparo.

That the nuptials might be attended with becoming splendour, the count was vigorously preparing a grand fête for the marriage-eve; the arrangements for which were so extensive, and the invitations so numerous, that not a confectioner, fire-work artist, or milliner was idle in the whole city.

On the evening preceding the fête, a stranger — remarkable for the amplitude of his outer garment, and his evident desire to escape notice—landed from a vessel that had recently entered the bay. His surprise was excited by the unusually large number of idlers on the Corso. The immense mole seemed absolutely animated with moving thousands. Lights were just beginning to twinkle from the shrine of Santa Rosalia, on Mount Pelegrino, and the heavy tones of ave-bells to warn the loiterers of nightfall, when his ears were struck by a loud, piercing shriek. This was rapidly succeeded by other cries of horror; and, suddenly, the

whole promenade was converted, from a scene of quiet enjoyment, to one of overwhelming dismay! The retreat was universal and simultaneous: — carriages were overturned — limbs fractured — and the egress through the Porta Felice disastrous in the extreme.

Every person the stranger encountered within the city gates was crossing himself while talking to his companion; and whoever was companionless talked to himself. The only audible words were: —

"Fact! Walking!"

"Who?"

"The — the (*Dominus nobiscum!*) — the ghost of —"

"Whom?"

"Signior Supini!!!"

The stranger started — hastily threw his cloak over one shoulder, and redoubled his pace towards the viceroy's palace. The grand chamberlain — who also performed the duties of court-newsman—afterwards reported that the mysterious stranger remained closeted with Prince Liparo for at least an hour.

VIII.

The next morning Von Brugher and Company's chief clerk had just fortified himself with a strong Havannah, and commenced his labours for the day, when, raising his eyes, he beheld, behind the rails of the desk — a well-known face. His pen instantly fell to the ground — he became petrified with wonder — immovable as Monte Mezagno. The only signs of

existence evinced by the unhappy clerk, was his increased perseverance in smoking. The figure moved from the desk —it was that of Signior Supini! "in his habit as he was" when disguised as a brigand. The miserable book-keeper rushed through the city, uttering cries of the most frightful distraction.

The form of Supini now became the best authenticated ghost in the pope's dominions, and orders were immediately received by the benedictine monks to concoct a fire-new exorcism, in time for the spirit's next appearance in public.

Rosalvi's long-prepared fête celebrated the wedding-eve. The ball was opened by the young prince and his future bride. Liparo gazed upon her with a show of fondness not quite delightful to his favourite countess, who was present to display her magnanimity. The lady Julia was pale, spiritless, and those who envied her, added — sullen. Liparo took her hand, to commence the dance, with a most excellent imitation of rapture, while she extended it with real coldness. There was a pause — he placed his lips as near her cheek as delicacy permitted, and — rude fellow! — whispered. The effect was electric: Julia's sadness and hauteur suddenly vanished, and she and the prince subsequently performed the part of "true lovers" so cleverly, that the unhappy countess twice fainted.

The grand feature of the evening was a *tableau vivant:* when this was announced all were impatient for the curtain to be withdrawn. The anxious moment

arrived; and—an additional figure stood among the group!! The shade of Supini had chosen the *tableau* for his next appearance; and, although the company boasted of one apostolic vicar, and several holy fathers, not one could muster sufficient courage to pronounce the new exorcism.

In ten minutes the count's house was as destitute of friends as if there had been an execution in it. The ghost, however, seemed to have marked out for especial vengeance the bride and bridegroom, together with the countess and a stranger distinguished by a large cloak and beautiful moustachios. So much did these four dread the supernatural visitor, that they were seen wending, with hot haste, up Monte Pelegrino, to take sanctuary at the shrine of Santa Rosalia — the ghost after them in full chase!

IX.

The morning, fatal to the happiness of those victims of parental cruelty — Liparo and lady Julia — duly arrived; and, with it, a considerable concourse of idlers round the *Catedrale*, an extensive distribution of *bon-bons* and wedding favours, with much jostling and huzzaing near the Rosalvi palace. But what a prodigious delay! The idlers were tired of waiting, the *bon-bons* all eaten, the wedding favours getting soiled, and no bride or bridegroom! The curiosity of the multitude was intense; in which, however, our readers shall not long participate. The marriage had already taken place! The form of Supini was no ghost, but

the real, earthly, flesh-and-blood merchant. Julia had been united to Fiorelli, and Prince Liparo to the countess.

When Supini and Fiorelli — after their quarrel in Rosalvi's garden — retired on "hostile deeds intent," a few passes had only been made, before they were attacked by a portion of the band of Francesco Abruzzi. The belligerents lost no time in becoming allies. One ruffian attacked them with such fury, that Supini received a dreadful wound on the arm. At the same instant, Francesco came up, and was so enraged at the precipitancy of his comrade, that he shot him dead on the spot! But this magnanimity did not blind his "eye to business." The rich merchant was carefully removed, on a litter, to recover from his wound, and await the payment of a pretty round sum by way of ransom. Of course, a mere captain of guards was beneath the brigand-chief's notice, and Fiorelli was allowed to depart.

The captain, however, watched the direction taken by the robbers, as long as was prudent; and had scarcely entered the city, on his way back in the morning, when he found himself conveyed to a dungeon, accused of the murder of his friend; the defunct brigand having been not only mistaken for Supini, but attended to the grave by the first nobles of the island!

The first news heard by Supini, on recovering from the stupor in which his loss of blood had left him, was the arrest of Fiorelli; and, for a "consideration," the bandit undertook to rescue the innocent prisoner; a

task which he performed, as we have seen, to admiration. Fiorelli was placed on board a vessel, and landed at Naples, to await the recovery and re-appearance of Supini in Palermo.

That time arrived; and so did Fiorelli as a stranger, and Supini as a ghost; in which character the latter succeeded so well, though without the smallest effort of his own, that he determined to perform a *coup-de-theâtre* in favour of the lovers; and, during the confusion caused by his appearance in the *tableau*, the "happy couples" made all speed to Saint Rosalia's shrine, and, then and there, took the marriage sacrament.

Abruzzi duly received the merchant's ransom; the head clerk affirming that the entry in the cash book was wholly unprecedented. Francesco promised reform; but, on inquiring the price of absolution for a sinner of his magnitude, positively declared he could not afford it.

Some time elapsed ere the bodily identity of Supini was proved to the Palermitans. He seldom encountered a priest but he was greeted with *conjuro te!* or seen by the lazzaroni and children without being saluted with "There goes the GHOST OF PALERMO!"

HOPE.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

AGAIN — again she comes! — methinks, I hear
  Her wild, sweet singing, and her rushing wings!
My heart goes forth to meet her — with a tear,
  And welcome sends — from all its broken strings.
It was not thus — not *thus* — we met of yore,
  When my plumed soul went half-way to the sky
To greet her; and the joyous song she bore
  Was scarce more tuneful than *its* glad reply: —
The wings are fettered by the weight of years,
And grief has spoilt the music with her tears!

She comes! — I know her by her starry eyes, —
  I know her by the rainbow in her hair, —
Her vesture of the light of summer skies; —
  But gone the girdle which she used to wear
Of summer roses, and the sandal-flowers
  That hung, enamoured, round her fairy feet,
When, in her youth, she haunted *earthly* bowers,
  And culled from all their beautiful and sweet: —

No more she mocks me with the voice of *mirth*,
Nor offers, now, the garlands of the *earth!*

Come back! come back!—thou hast been absent long;
Oh! welcome back the sybil of the soul,—
Who comes, and comes again, with pleading strong,
To offer to the heart her mystic scroll;
Though every year she wears a sadder look,
And sings a sadder song,—and, every year,
Some further leaves are torn from out her book,
And fewer what she brings, and far more dear;—
As, *once*, she came, oh! might she come again,
With all the perished volumes offered *then!*

But come!—thy coming is a gladness, yet,—
Light from the present o'er the future cast,
That makes the *present* bright,—but oh! regret
Is *present* sorrow while it mourns the *past*.
And memory speaks, as speaks the curfew-bell,
To tell the daylight of the heart is done,—
Come like the seer of old, and, with thy spell,
Put back the shadow of that setting sun
On my soul's dial; and, with new-born light,
Hush the wild tolling of that voice of night!

Bright spirit, come!—the mystic rod is thine
That shows the hidden fountains of the breast,
And turns, with point unerring, to divine
The places where its buried treasures rest,—

Its hoards of thought and feeling : — at that spell,
  Methinks, I feel its long-lost wealth revealed, —
And ancient springs within my spirit well,
  That grief had choked, and ruins had concealed, —
And sweetly spreading, where their waters play,
The tints and freshness of its early day !

She comes ! she comes ! — her voice is in mine ear,
  Her wild, sweet voice, that sings, and sings for ever,
Whose stream of song sweet thoughts awake to hear,
  Like flowers that haunt the margin of a river,
(Flowers that, like lovers, only speak in sighs,
  Whose thoughts are *hues*, whose voices are their
    hearts).
She comes ! — I know her by her radiant eyes,
  Before whose smile, the long dim cloud departs ;—
And if a darker shade *be* on her brow, —
  And if her tones *be* sadder than of yore, —
And if she sings more solemn music now,
  And bears another harp than erst she bore, —
And if around her form no longer glow
  The *earthly* flowers that, in her youth, she wore, —
That look is holier, and that song more sweet,
And *heaven's* flowers — the stars — are at her feet !

THE CHILD'S DEATHBED.

BY EDWARD W. COX, AUTHOR OF THE "OPENING OF THE SIXTH SEAL," ETC.

Oh! take me from this close, dark room — from this uneasy bed;
The clothes, so white and shroud-like, lie upon my breast like lead;
The ancient ebon wardrobe, and the picture on the wall,
And the ticking of the watch, mother, I'm weary of them all.

Oh! take me where the glad free air may visit me again,
And the rich evening sun-ray soothe the sullen throb of pain;
Where I may see the grass, and hear the bird upon the bough,
And feel the breath of the early spring upon my cheek and brow.

Then bear me from this dreary room, where every thing I see
Recalls some hour of anguish, or some dream of agony;

When you have bent above me, mother, and listened
to my moan,
And felt the pangs of your dying child, more keenly
than your own:

There — lay me on that primrose bank — it was my
favourite seat —
I planted it, and watered it — how clean it was and
neat!
The flowers are all neglected now — the weeds have
grown *so* fast;
I little thought that happy — happy summer was my
last!

How delicate the air is; — all the flowers are coming
out,
The glad spring flowers, to shed their stores of sweet-
ness round about;
The bee is on the wing — the merry swallow sweeps
the sky,
The gnat hums in the sunbeam, mother; all things are
glad but I.

Last spring I was *so* happy; — the linnet on the bough —
The wild bee was not half so gay; — and I am dying
now:
I crowned me with the May-bloom then, I revelled in
the flowers,
And only by the joys they knew, counted the passing
hours.

Bring me my young geranium, mother, for I want to see
My little favourite, how it grows — if any flower there be;
Ah! there's a bud, but oh! *I* shall not live to see it bloom,—
'Twill be so strong and beautiful, when I am in the tomb.

I always dearly loved the flowers; — let heaps of them be spread
Upon me in my coffin cold,—the living with the dead;
And do, dear mother, see that on my little grave is set
My own sweet lilac bush, and plant of purple violet.

My walnut tree, too, watch it well, when I am gone away;
With my own hands I planted it, upon my third birth-day.
They told me I should live to sit beneath its broad green shade,
And count the branches on its trunk, that many years had made.

I wish it was the autumn — I should not care to die,
When the rich green leaves, and the glorious flowers fade as well as I;
But in this merry month of May, when all things are awake —
Pray for me, mother, to endure, O pray, for pity's sake!

AN ADVENTURE IN SAVOY.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A FRIEND OF THE EDITOR.

I HAD been spending a few weeks at Ouchy, the port of Lausanne, on the Lake of Geneva, when, with my friend Mr. C. and a servant, I embarked in a small flat-bottomed boat, and rowed across the lake, with the intention of ascending one of the highest mountains in that vicinity. Mr. C. took with him a rifle and his dog. I had furnished myself with a stout sword-stick, not with any expectation of having occasion to use it as a weapon, but in the idea that it might assist me in climbing the mountain.

After a fatiguing row of three hours and a half, we landed on the other side of the lake, near a small village called Evian, when we discovered, to our great annoyance, that we had forgotten to provide ourselves with money, a few franks being all that we could muster; with these, however, we procured a small quantity of bread and cheese, and some bad wine. At three o'clock we commenced the ascent of the first hill,

which lay on our way: it extends, for many miles, along the margin of the lake, and is covered with a thick forest. In about an hour we reached the top, having been obliged to ascend by the courses of the mountain-torrents, which, in the summer-season, are dry.

Having rested ourselves awhile, we proceeded towards the second hill. We thus mounted three in succession, and, finally, at seven o'clock in the evening, succeeded in gaining the summit of the mountain, which was the ultimate object of our expedition. We have since had reason to believe that it is the mountain usually called the Dent d'Oche, and is upwards of half a mile high. The last part of the ascent was dangerous and difficult. For some yards we had to climb on our hands and knees, holding by the tufts of grass, which there grows amazingly coarse and strong. The cold was excessive, and our fingers were almost benumbed. The servant, Peter, had found himself quite unable to proceed, and we left him with the rifle and dog, about a hundred yards from the summit. Our prospect was beautiful, and quite repaid us for the trouble of the ascent.

On the north and west, immediately below, lay the lake, stretching to the distance of nearly sixty miles. Opposite to us, at the distance of fifteen miles, were the shores of the lake, covered with beautiful woods, and diversified with the spires of Lausanne, Vevey, and other smaller towns. Beyond the rising ground on which these places are situated, are the Swiss mountains; among which we could just catch a glimpse

of the Lake of Neufchâtel. On the left is the long chain of the Jura mountains, over which we had passed, in the Diligence, on our way from France. Behind us rose the conical mountains of Savoy, which, springing from a most beautifully green country, appeared to the utmost advantage; their tops being, for the most part, covered with snow, on which the setting sun was now shedding his last rays. We rested for a quarter of an hour, when, finding the cold more intense, we prepared to descend.

Not choosing to encounter the risk of a descent by the way by which we came, we struck into a winding path that appeared to lead to the place where we had left our servant. This path was bounded by precipices; nevertheless, we managed to proceed without much difficulty until the night closed in; when we pursued our uncertain way, now scrambling over huge rocks, with only a narrow path for our feet, and now sliding over loose stones. To return would have been certain destruction; to proceed seemed scarcely more safe. After many slips, we arrived at the place at which we had left Peter. To our great alarm we found that he had quitted the spot, and our utmost exertions to discover him were ineffectual. We therefore determined to make the best of our way to the boat, and wait till he should join us.

It was now dark, and we resolved to descend through the forest, in a direction which, from our observations while on the summit of the mountain, appeared to present an easier path than that by which we had

ascended. In order the better to maintain our footing, we proceeded arm in arm for some short distance, when we both fell a considerable depth, and were much bruised. The precipice down which we had fallen was formed by a wall that had been built to keep up the earth, and which the darkness of the night had prevented us from perceiving.

The ground now became marshy, from the cataracts, which we had for some time heard pouring down in all directions. Our exertions had caused a thirst which was almost intolerable. After a fall similar to that which I have already described, we found ourselves in a hollow, covered with long grass, and up to our knees in water, of which, although it was exceedingly impure, I drank copiously, and was much refreshed by it. Continuing our way through the wood, we discovered a light which we found to proceed from a kind of public house, chiefly resorted to by shepherds. We here inquired our way, and were told, that an Englishman, whom we supposed to be our servant, had left the house about five minutes before, accompanied by a guide; we were directed into a path which we were told would conduct to a cottage, where, they informed us, a road branched off to the shores of the lake. In about a quarter of an hour we arrived at the cottage, where we found two roads. Not knowing which to take, I approached the hedge which separated the house from the road, and called to those whom we conceived to be within. In an instant the light was extinguished, and though I repeated my call, no answer

was returned. I stepped back to consult with Mr. C., when two men sprang up from behind the hedge, and threw several large stones at us. We retreated under cover of the hedge, and menaced them as though we had fire-arms. They then disappeared, and we pursued our way through the wood, much impeded by the stones which lay loose about us, and wounded by the briars and thick underwood through which we had to force our path. At the first opening which presented itself, we perceived the same two men lying under the hedge by which we were to pass. We luckily saw them in time to challenge them, and they immediately retired. After proceeding in this way for one or two miles, in fear of attack from the persons who had evidently been following us, I was much alarmed at the sudden disappearance of my companion who had been a little in advance of me. At length I heard him call from below; and found that he had fallen into the bed of a mountain torrent. I descended as fast as possible to his assistance, and found him much bruised, but not seriously injured. We now resolved to continue our course along the cataract, rather than push our way further through the wood. Accordingly, we waded a considerable distance through the water until we arrived at another opening. Two woods here came very nearly in contact, and at the point where they met, was a pass of twenty or thirty feet in the direction of the lake. Here, under the shade of the trees, the same two men were standing, apparently with the intention of springing on us as

we passed. Mr. C. saw them first, and again challenged them. After a short consultation, I drew the sword and gave the stick to my friend, who was unarmed. We then rushed upon them, when they perceiving, perhaps for the first time, that we were armed, slunk back into the gloom, and we saw them no more.

There was no time to be lost, and we therefore again dashed into the cataract, through which we waded for two miles. The loose rocks cut our feet sadly. After repeated and severe falls, we reached the banks of the lake at one o'clock in the morning with not a dry thread about us. As we quitted the wood, we several times heard voices behind us, but, not stopping to inquire from whom they proceeded, we made the best of our way to the boat. Our man had already arrived, and was waiting for us in a house where we had left our great coats. We put off immediately, when, to our great mortification, we found that the rudder had been forcibly detached from the boat, with a view, as it seemed, of detaining us; and, the next day, we discovered that an attempt had been made to knock a hole in her bottom.

We now rowed with all our might, but the wind came on so strong, that we were unable to proceed; and, running back under cover of a small bay, we cast anchor, and slept, wet through as we were, until five in the morning. It rained during part of the time, and we awoke stiff with cold and fatigue. It occupied us four hours to row across the lake. The wind had continued blowing, and finding it impossible to make

the port of Ouchy, we drifted before the wind, and ran ashore in a small cove about a mile higher up, and reached home about nine o'clock. A warm bath relieved us from our apprehensions of taking cold, and having slept until dinner-time, we found ourselves in a great measure recovered from the fatigues of our excursion.

Our adventure caused much talk in the neighbourhood. The inhabitants of the opposite side of the lake bear a bad character among the Swiss; and those with whom we conversed on the subject, expressed their surprise that we had returned in safety. From our own observations and the inquiries which we made, we were led to suspect that our assailants were smugglers, a class of persons with which the mountains are stated to abound.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

The world — the dreary world of dreams!
Why *must* the spirit tread
All night, beside its moaning streams,
And alleys of the dead? —
Must he, who rises up to grieve,
Lie down again to weep?
— Oh! for the long and quiet eve
Which brings the heavy sleep,
That lays the faint and aching head,
At length, upon a dreamless bed!

And yet, in youth, how beautiful
Was that enchanted land!
What matchless flowers I used to cull
Within its haunted strand!
What gorgeous visions spread the wing
Amid its twilight shades;
And oh! what shapes went, beckoning,
Along its moon-lit glades!

The dewy showers and silver gleams
That sweetened all the land of dreams!

Alas, the world of rest! it takes
  Too much the day-world's part, —
Alike — to him who sleeps or wakes —
  The shows it brings the heart;
Still, as the waking eye grows dim,
  The dreaming gathers gloom, —
But sleep has not a ghost for him
  Whose world has not a tomb:
The shadows of life's outer sky
Make darkness for the dreamer's eye!

The land of dreams! — how sad it is
  Upon that silent shore,
To meet the eye whose glance, in this,
  Shall meet me never more!
Ah! why must midnight's grief or fear
  Replace the day's despair;
Or they who went, to grieve me, here,
  Come back, to grieve me, there;
Or *voices* fill mine eyes with tears,
Whose *silence* has been wept for years?

The land of dreams — the phantom-land!
  Where all things are in vain, —
What is it but the wildest strand
  Of memory's wild domain?
Beyond the drowsy sea of sleep

That unmapped region lies,
Where thousand shadows cross and creep
Beneath the sunless skies ;
And sounds — all echoes — make its air
More dreary far than silence *were!*

And oh! its dark and spectral shades,
That chill us with their glooms !
Its paths that open moonlight glades,
To bring us up to tombs !
Sad — very sad it is to stray
Within the land of dreams,
Where long, dim vistas stretch away
To far and viewless streams,
Which send a murmur to the ears,
That makes the pillow wet with tears!

And then the mournful things we meet!
('Twas scarce more sad to *part!*)
Low sighs that — once, how sweet, *how* sweet! —
Fall cold upon the heart ;
Dim, wasted forms — on earth, how bright!
Faint tones of other years ;
And smiles that, in their wan pale light,
Are sadder far than tears ;
And friends that vainly stretch the hand,
To clasp us in the dreaming land!

And yet, upon that shadowy coast
One blessed spot is flung, —

Oh ! early gained and early lost, —
The dream-land of the *young*.
There Childhood comes, who sails to seek,
At first, the phantom-shore ;
But eyes that weeping hath made weak
May find it never more ;
The mist that dims life's waking view
Shuts out those happy valleys, too !

Oh, blessed youth ! — when Fancy's art
Paints, all in colours brave,
Her landscapes on the waking heart,
And each without a grave !
For such, the dream-land — earth and air —
Is full of gladness ; yet
No desert hath it of despair
Nor valley of regret ;
But singing birds and singing streams
Make musical the land of dreams.

Lost Eden of the world of dreams ! —
Mine — mine in better years ! —
I see no more to trace thy streams
Because of mine own tears.
My soul hath lost its early gales, —
My bark is laden deep,
And painfully and slow it sails
Unto the shores of sleep, —
A weary course — from boyhood's far —
And steering by a darkened star.

And so, I touch the dreaming land
  Upon its wildest shore,
A dreary sea and dreary strand, —
  The spirit's Labrador :
Oh ! never more its flowery heights
  Stand out, to meet mine eyes ;
And most of all youth's guiding lights
  Have fallen from life's skies ;
And Hope that was my pilot *then*,
Will never sail with me again !

The world of dreams ! — there *is* a sleep,
  (Oh ! for *that* sleeping sea !)
A dark and still and stormless deep,
  That leads no more to thee ; —
Beyond *its* waters spreads the strand
  That holds the loved and lost,
The *all* of which the dreaming-land
  Can only show the *ghost* : —
How beautiful should be its light
  To eyes long used to weep !
— Why tarrieth the long, dim night
  To bring the slumber deep,
Which lays the worn and weary head,
At length, upon a dreamless bed ?

THE COUNTESS.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON.

> Sweet are the uses of adversity ;
> Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
> Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.
> *As You Like It.*

Thomas Middleton was of lowly, but honest parentage : by his integrity and application he had arrived at, what he would have once considered, the summit of his ambition — he became chief and confidential clerk in a mercantile house of great wealth and respectability. A bachelor uncle in trade made him his heir ; he then became *partner* in the firm, and finally its sole representative, with a very large and rapidly increasing fortune. He had married one of the numerous daughters of a clergyman, whose sole dowry was a very slender *trousseau ;* but she was well educated and well connected. Her health was delicate, and she died when their only child, a daughter, was but ten years of age.

In private life, Mr. Middleton was a frank kind-

hearted man, enjoying the fruits of his industry, in his own quiet unostentatious way. With the exception of the untimely death of his wife, he thought himself, and therefore he perhaps was, the happiest man in the world: he neither envied rank, nor desired fame; he had health, character, occupation, money pouring in from all quarters, many valuable friends, and a very lovely and affectionate daughter.

Harriet Middleton, at the time our story opens, was sixteen; a light delicately shaped girl, with a profusion of bright chesnut ringlets, her eye-brows and eye-lashes of a somewhat darker shade; the latter by their length softening the expression of a pair of very brilliant laughing dark blue eyes; add to these, teeth of remarkable beauty, and a fine clear complexion, and I think we have fairly made out that Harriet, independently of a hundred thousand charms of another kind, was a very attractive person.

She had been placed, after her mother's death, at a school near the metropolis; had acquired a little French, a little drawing, a little music, a very little needle-work, and a great deal of pretty dancing, together with as competent a knowledge of geography and astronomy, as most other young ladies from boarding-schools could boast of, some five-and-twenty years ago. The best part of her education was that which she had imbibed from her mother, whose precepts she treasured with veneration, and whose memory was dear to her as the breath she drew.

Her father had but few female acquaintances; here

and there a family in the city, with whom he and his daughter dined and went to the play occasionally. Then there were the Thompsons at Brompton, with a large family of girls, with whom she spent, now and then, a right merry day; and old Mrs. Johnston of Hampstead, with her comfortable house and neat equipage, who was always delighted to see her; together with the rich and hospitable Browns of Clapham, and the two Misses Smith of Kensington, staid elderly ladies, who had come into possession of the large fortune of their brother, the stationer, and who took great notice of Harriet, because, as they said, she was a wild giddy girl without a mother, and would moreover have the additional misfortunes of being very pretty and very rich.

On the final return of his daughter from school, Mr. Middleton decided upon taking a country house; but nothing could induce him to fix on any residence beyond a morning's ride of the metropolis. He heard of two spacious and beautiful neighbouring villas to be disposed of at Twickenham, and thither he and his daughter immediately repaired. They made their choice, and Harriet soon found herself mistress of a splendidly furnished mansion, with green-houses, and parterres, and shrubberies, and verdant lawns sloping down to the silver Thames, etc. etc. However, Twickenham is certainly a very pretty spot; moreover, at the young lady's disposal were placed a plain but handsome equipage, with new liveries, an enlarged and carefully selected establishment, a well chosen library; in short,

all that her indulgent father thought could contribute to her comfort and happiness.

Masters in the higher branches of education attended regularly from town; but Mr. Middleton would hear of no governess, no companion, no continued female resident in his house above the rank of a housekeeper.

The neighbouring villa did not remain long undisposed of; it was taken on lease by the Earl of Belmont, and, a few weeks after the Middletons were settled in their new and delightful abode, his lordship and his family took possession of theirs.

"Harriet, my love," said her father, on his return from the city one evening, "whom do you think I shall bring out to dinner to-morrow?"

"Whom, papa?"

"Your old friend and playmate, and my quondam ward, Frank Heartly."

"Indeed! I am so glad!" cried Harriet, clapping her hands — "it is two whole years since we saw him — is he much improved by his foreign travel?"

"In his outward man he may be," replied her father; "his inward man foreign travel might injure, but never could improve: he is now three-and-twenty, with a splendid fortune, and, for his age and his class of society, has seen a good deal of the world, and appears to me to have been touched with but little of its alloy: he is the same sensible, kind-hearted, grateful Frank as ever. He inquired very particularly about you, and supposes he must no longer call you his little

Harry, and rather *dreads*, I think, to find you sprung up into a finished boarding-school miss;—(Harriet smiled,)—but I told him that, in many respects, you were as little altered as he was. I hope he will be as great a favourite with you as ever, Harriet."

"I hope," she replied, with perfect simplicity, "I shall be a greater favourite than ever of his; and that he will find me so improved as not to need any more fault-finding, or scolding, or teaching: you know he was always very strict with me, and that I was much more afraid of him than ever I was of you, dear papa," passing her arm round her father's neck, and pressing her cheek to his.

"Then," said Mr. Middleton, hesitatingly, "you like him very well as — as a brother?"

"As an *elder* brother," replied Harriet archly.

"Yes." A slight cloud passed over the brow of the father, but it was unobserved by his daughter.

The next day, having completed her toilet for dinner, she paused, with an emotion of girlish vanity, before her long dressing-glass: "I think Mr. Frank will find me very — *much grown* at least" — she whispered to herself, suppressing the real sentiment that was rising to her lips.

She was soon on the lawn, intending there to wait the expected arrival; but growing somewhat impatient, she proceeded along the shrubbery up a gentle acclivity, commanding a view of the road. She was moving parallel with a hedge bordering a green secluded lane, which divided her father's grounds from those of the

earl, their newly arrived neighbour: her attention was attracted by the advance of a horseman, who suddenly reduced his rapid pace to a walk on observing her; their eyes met; he was a handsome, fashionable-looking young man, and his gaze was fixed on her intently and admiringly; he slightly bowed, which act of courtesy she as slightly returned, and, moving on, gained the summit of the acclivity, whence she observed her father's carriage approaching. She returned immediately to her station on the lawn.

"Miss Middleton! — Harriet!" exclaimed Frank Heartly, as he advanced towards her.

"Frank! dear Frank!—how glad I am to see you!" cried Harriet, as she bounded along to meet him; her hands were soon in both his, and she presented her cheek for the kiss, which, at meeting or at parting, he had always been accustomed to impress upon it: her cheek was kissed accordingly, but not with the usual hearty, affectionate, brotherly smack. He drew her arm through his, and she, placing her other on her father's, proceeded between them to the house, feeling so happy and light-hearted, that the remembrance of that moment never left her.

Frank paid her no compliments, but his looks and manner sufficiently evinced the pleasurable surprise he experienced, which, with the tact of her sex and age, she fully perceived and enjoyed; but she enjoyed it merely as a *triumph*.

The dinner passed in interesting and animated conversation, of which Frank's anecdotes and descrip-

tions of his continental visit, formed not the least part. Frank was the orphan and only child of a wealthy London merchant, and had been consigned to the guardianship of Mr. Middleton. Notwithstanding his wealth, he did not choose, for the present, to relinquish the mercantile profession, for which he had been educated, and his name still stood at the head of one of the first houses in London.

After dinner, they repaired to a verandah, festooned with all the flowers of midsummer, in front of which, numerous boats, both of business and pleasure, were gliding along on the river. It was a lovely evening, and the moon was just rising on a scene of much beauty. "I congratulate you, Mr. Middleton," said Frank, as he sipped his coffee; "on your choice of a villa: Twickenham is the most classical, and one of the most beautiful spots in our environs. Who is your next neighbour?"

"The Earl of Belmont has become so, since our arrival."

"The Earl of Belmont!—to economise, I suppose," observed Frank.

"I have heard as much," said Mr. Middleton; "his ancestral residence, in the South, has been some years disposed of, on a short lease, and now, giving up his house in London, he retires here, until his affairs can, in some degree, be arranged and retrieved; he has wisely avoided the watering-places, or a residence abroad. I am sorry for him; he is a man of talent and integrity, and has held situations of high trust in the country."

"Lord Delville is his only son, I believe?"

"His only one; he has two daughters, and they and the countess have been much censured for their extravagance."

"But all is not lost," remarked Frank; "the earl has an only, and an unmarried brother in the East, who, for many years, has held lucrative situations, and is supposed to have amassed immense wealth; and the brothers are on the best terms."

"That is true," replied Mr. Middleton; "the family have great expectations from that quarter, but yet those expectations are both distant and uncertain."

"I suppose," said Harriet, "it was Lord Delville I saw riding along the lane, to-day; how handsome he is!"

"He is very handsome," replied Frank; "I have met him several times, but our acquaintance has not even reached to a bow."

"I have heard they are a very proud family," said Harriet; "so I suppose there is no probability of their ever being acquainted with us." She looked towards Frank, as she spoke, but a fit of abstraction appeared to have come over him, and her father replied:

"There is certainly no probability of an acquaintance, unless they themselves make the first advances."

During the evening, Harriet was proud to show Frank the proficiency she had made in music, and played and sang some of his old favourite airs, with much sweetness and expression.

Before breakfast, on the following morning, she ac-

companied him round her little domain, and introduced him to her garden and green-house plants; in all she did, she appeared to have an anxious wish to please him, and to obtain his approbation: "Ah!" thought Frank, with a sigh of mortification; "I see that, with the total want of tact of a presumptuous boy, I have played the tutor and the brother too well, ever to become a favoured lover!"

The morning meal was not concluded, when a loud rap announced visitors; the doors of the breakfast parlour were thrown open, and, to the surprise of all, the Earl of Belmont and Lord Delville entered.

"Mr. Middleton," said the courteous nobleman, "I am but too happy, that our near neighbourhood presents me an opportunity of forming an acquaintance with a gentleman, whose name stands so high, both in his professional and private life: allow me to introduce my son, Lord Delville." Mr. Middleton, after having expressed his high sense of the honour conferred upon him, introduced his daughter, and Mr. Heartly: Frank was merely noticed by a slight cool bow from each of the visitors, and feeling himself somewhat *de trop*, retreated with his newspaper to a window, apparently to read, but, in reality, with his whole thoughts fixed on the scene and personages before him. He perceived, at once, to what the unusual condescension of this visit tended; and, as his eyes glanced from time to time over the party, he shuddered, instinctively, at the power he felt they unconsciously possessed over his future fate. The two fathers were engaged in cheerful

and well-sustained conversation on general subjects, while the younger pair appeared still more pleased with their tête-a-tête. Frank was beginning to think that they were paying an unconscionably long *first* visit, when, to his relief, they rose to depart.

"Miss Middleton," said the earl, "I am specially commissioned, by the countess and my daughters, to express their hope of your permitting them to become as good friends, as they are near neighbours."

Harriet remained standing in complete reverie until her father's return from attending his visitors to the front door; he expressed himself much gratified, but received no reply from either Frank or Harriet. "Come, Frank, we shall be late; the carriage has been waiting this half-hour."

Frank started up: "Good bye, Harriet,—good morning, Miss Middleton."

"Why, Harry," cried her father, "what's the matter?—are you so smitten with your new acquaintance, that you have not a word to throw at either of *us*, your old ones?"

Harriet blushed deeply: "Bless me! I beg your pardon!—are you going?—good bye, dear Frank;—do you come back again to us to-day?—Papa, let me wrap your throat up a little better, or you will get it sore again;—good bye,—good bye!" and the carriage drove off.

At three o'clock the following afternoon, Mr. Middleton and his daughter paid their visit to the Countess of Belmont. They found a fashionable highly-dressed

woman, still retaining the traces of great beauty. She received them with the most condescending politeness; their reception from her daughters was marked with more of distance, though equally civil. Harriet felt, and therefore appeared timid; and it was the display of this amiable defect, that alone engaged the favour of the ladies: "The girl appeared modest and humble, and therefore might improve."

The countess did not belong, by birth, to the high aristocracy of the country; she had been a beautiful stylish girl, without fortune, but well connected. The earl was allured and *secured*, as many wiser men have been before, and since: her brilliant marriage was the talk and envy of her circle; her presentation at court was the most splendid of the season; her vanity and extravagance were unbounded; she was the queen of fashion; her very glance was courted, and her word was law. It is scarcely to be expected, that such a person could bear with patience the two afflictions that now oppressed her,—the privation of wealth, and the advance of age.

Lady Katherine, the eldest daughter, was selfish and haughty, but possessed considerably more power of mind than either her mother or sister. Lady Charlotte was pretty, thoughtless, and rather good-natured than otherwise.

Within the next few days, all Harriet's friends were informed, by the delighted girl, of the grand acquaintance she had made. The Thompsons would scarcely believe it; the Browns pretended to think nothing of

it; the Smiths shook their heads, and prognosticated mischief; and old Mrs. Johnston put on her spectacles, that she might see into the matter more clearly, and, having done so, made the shrewdest guess of all, but wisely kept her discovery, for the present, to herself.

Matters proceeded rapidly at Twickenham. The ladies returned without delay the visit of the Middletons; this step was followed up by an invitation to dinner from the Belmonts, and it was almost immediately settled, that every disengaged evening, Harriet and her father should spend with them; but, in this arrangement, the countess caused it to be clearly understood, that no visitor of the Middletons was to be included. The earl's family dined once with their new friends; but it was under the proviso that no one should be invited to meet them.

But Lord Delville found excuses, daily, to pay a visit to Miss Middleton; and Miss Middleton began to watch for the accustomed hour, to distinguish his approaching footstep, and while she did so, to feel her cheek flush, and her heart throb. Alas! poor Harriet! Lord Delville was so engaging, so gentle, so respectful! his person so handsome, his manners so refined, his rank so high! He seemed to her some "bright particular star," descending from his sphere to approach her; and the brightness dazzled her inexperienced eyes so much, that they could look no deeper than the surface.

The visits of Frank Heartly became less and less frequent; a cloud was gathering over his mind and brow. He loved Harriet with all the manly and de-

voted tenderness of his nature; he had loved her from early youth, — her idea had mixed with all his future schemes of happiness, with all his hopes in life; — her extreme youth had alone prevented him from declaring himself sooner, but her image had been so long, and so closely woven with every fibre of his heart, that to separate it seemed impossible, except with life itself. On his late return from the continent, it was his intention to have made his offer, but he was somewhat checked, by the *merely* sisterly kindness of her manner, and completely so, by her evident preference of Lord Delville. He complained to no one, for he felt that he had no right to complain; but his sunken eye and pallid cheek showed the severity of his disappointment.

At the end of a very few weeks from the commencement of their acquaintance, Lord Delville, the proud descendant and future representative of an ancient and illustrious family, made an offer of marriage to the daughter of Thomas Middleton, the rich trader.

On his return home one evening, Mr. Middleton found his daughter with the traces of tears on a somewhat fevered cheek; her lips quivering with emotion; but her downcast eye beaming with hope and joy. She seated herself upon his knee, and, throwing her arms round his neck, hid her face on his shoulder.

"Harriet, my child, you have something to tell me; you seem agitated." And as he waited for her answer, he smoothed down her clustering, and somewhat disordered tresses. Without raising her head, and

scarcely knowing in what words she expressed herself, she told him of the offer Lord Delville had just made. The first feeling Mr. Middleton experienced, was one of mistrust; was it for her wealth, and that only, that the proud family of the Belmonts sought the hand of his daughter? But his paternal pride parried the thought, and, as he looked upon his lovely and innocent child, he deemed that a prince might stoop from his throne and raise her up to share it, without incurring censure. Beyond his counting-house, Mr. Middleton knew little of the world, and, until deceived, he judged others by his own kindly nature. He thought, too, of Frank; and his strong good sense could not be silenced as it suggested the probability of Harriet's happiness being far more effectually secured by a well-assorted marriage with her equal. He remained silent as these thoughts rapidly passed over his mind; he then seated his daughter in a chair beside him, and taking her hand, said, —"Harriet, my sole object is your happiness; tell me how you yourself feel in regard to Lord Delville's offer."

"I feel," replied Harriet, timidly, but firmly, "that, should you approve of it, you will make me very, very happy."

"That is enough," said the father, as he folded his daughter affectionately to his bosom; he then continued:—"The marriage has many advantages; Lord Delville himself is an amiable and highly educated young man, and his being a good son and brother, gives the best assurance of his making a good hus-

band; the character of the earl himself is not only unexceptionable, but stands very high; then there is the *rank*—which, although I should not have been inclined to make any essential sacrifice to it, I acknowledge to be an advantage, and a very great one — my Harriet a countess! one of the magnates of the land! the progenitress of a race of statesmen and heroes! influencing by the example of her virtues, not only her own circle, but from her exalted sphere, society at large! The prospect is alluring. True, the family is poor, but they have well-founded expectations, and we are rich." Mr. Middleton paused, — something he would have said of Frank, but, although he felt assured that Frank loved Harriet, he had made no such declaration, and, on that account, Mr. Middleton perceived, just in time, the impropriety of mentioning his name at all under present circumstances. He therefore finished by raising his eyes to the portrait of his departed wife, while he said: — "I think, Harriet, if your mother were still living, she would not disapprove of our decision on this important topic. I have tried to act, in all things regarding you, as though she were constantly present with me; and have always reflected how far she would be likely to approve or disapprove."

The next morning brought the earl, who was immediately closeted with Mr. Middleton. During the important conference, Harriet slipped from the breakfast-room into the verandah, which adjoined it, pacing up and down, regardless, for once, of all its beautiful

shrubs and pendant wreaths. A quick foot was advancing and springing up the steps—she ran forward, and met *not* Lord Delville, but Frank Heartly; "O it's only you, Frank!" she exclaimed in a disappointed tone.

"It is *only* I—you expected, then, some one else?"

"Yes, I—I expected—Lord Delville."

"Is it even so then, Harriet?" he exclaimed in a tone of earnest inquiry.

"*It is* even so—now Frank don't look so cross—so grave, I mean—and I will whisper to you a little bit of news, which I am sure will both surprise and please you; so unruffle your brow and open your ears!" She then playfully advanced, and putting her hand before her mouth, whispered close to his ear; Frank—I am going to be—married!"

"To Lord Delville?" inquired Frank, with a calmness that astonished even himself: Harriet nodded, while a blush and a smile and a tear, seemed all striving for mastery. Frank covered his face with both his hands, and there was a pause.—Harriet was surprised, but she almost shrieked when he withdrew them: he was ashy pale, his eyes seemed starting from his head, his lips were white and quivering, he snatched her to his bosom, and exclaimed with a hoarse and interrupted voice, "God bless you, Harriet!—may you be happy!" then threw her from him, flew rather than walked along the verandah, and in rushing down the steps nearly overturned Lord Delville, and, mounting his horse, rode off at full speed.

"Why, what's the matter with your friend this morning, Miss Middleton?" inquired Lord Delville; "he has just made an escape that would do credit to a hero of romance! — and you, too, look so pale and so trembling! something very interesting must surely have occurred — sit down," he continued, supporting rather than leading her to a seat; and, beginning to be alarmed, he hastened into the breakfast-room for a glass of water: before his return, a sudden burst of tears had relieved the oppressive emotion of Harriet, and, for a few minutes, she wept in silence; then took the water, and struggled to regain her composure.

"You must be very much surprised at this scene, Lord Delville."

"I am not at all surprised, Harriet,—if you will now permit me to call you so,—that this young man, apparently such a favourite of your father, should make love to you; I am still less surprised," he continued archly, "that, having accepted of me, you should refuse him, and that the gentleman should go off in a pet."

"The affair is not *exactly* as you guess it," replied Harriet, "but let us speak no more of it."

The conversation between the fathers was most satisfactory; no arrangements could be more liberal than those proposed by Mr. Middleton. When the conference broke up, they joined the young couple, and the earl affectionately saluted his future daughter-in-law; the whole party then proceeded to his residence, for the remainder of the day, and Harriet was

received by the ladies, with the greatest apparent kindness.

It was agreed that the marriage should take place with as little delay as possible; that, in consequence of Harriet's youth and inexperience, she should reside with her husband's family, for a time at least; that a house should be taken in town, and splendidly furnished, ready for the ensuing season; that the young couple, immediately after the ceremony, should proceed on a little tour to the South, visit the watering places, etc. where Harriet had never been; and then return to the earl's villa at Twickenham to spend the remainder of the time until the London season opened.

To all these arrangements the happy Harriet assented, and, in a fortnight after, she became the bride of Lord Delville; a flaming paragraph appeared in the newspapers, which was read, with mixed feelings of astonishment, envy and pride, by all the Thompsons, the Smiths and the Browns.

We pass over the bridal tour, during which the husband was, of course, all tenderness, and the bride all smiles and loveliness. In the first letter she received from her father, he told her, without any accompanying observation, that Frank Heartly had returned to the Continent.

The happiness of Harriet was even increased by her return to Twickenham, where she was again restored to the society of her father and her new relatives; she found the guests' apartments carefully fitted up for her in the earl's villa.

Although the characters of the countess and her daughters were precisely what have been described, the polish of good breeding was so high, — the necessity of gaining a complete control over Harriet, and of preserving that they already possessed over Lord Delville, so important,—the unsuspecting simplicity of Harriet's character so perfect, and their acquaintance so short,—that she had as yet discovered nothing in them she could disapprove of, or dislike. She had no sister, no near female relative, and the current of affection that had been so painfully checked by the early death of her mother, was again warmed in her bosom towards the mother and sisters of her husband: a closer intimacy, however, gradually disclosed, even to the unwilling and inexperienced eyes of Harriet, the defects which threatened to blight her peace, and which were the more to be dreaded from the art that concealed them. Several little circumstances soon occurred, which reminded Harriet that, — to use a couple of trite similes, — the flowery path she pressed was not without its thorns, and the bright prospect which lay before her not without its shadows.

Such of the coterie of the countess as were within reach,—and they were very few,—made it a point to call on Lady Delville: among these was a very fashionable and very lovely young woman, the Honourable Mrs. Clermont, who was, for the time, residing with a bachelor uncle whose pet she was, at Richmond; while her old East India husband had gone to Chel-

tenham to subdue his bile, and restore his complexion, after a late season of dissipation in London. She had married the old gentleman for his wealth, and expected, in spite of all Cheltenham could do, that she should soon be that most enviable of woman-kind, a young, beautiful, and wealthy widow. On her introduction to this lady, Harriet could not help admiring her extreme beauty, and the exquisite taste of her dress; but there was a something in her countenance and her manner that did not please her, although she scarcely confessed the unfavourable impression to herself. Mrs. Clermont seemed to be a great favourite with the Belmont family, and the ladies were listening with much delight to a humorous and satirical description of some nobodies at Richmond, when a heavy coach was observed coming up the avenue: bonnets with cherry-coloured ribbons were popping out of all the windows, and much noisy mirth was audible. As the coach drew up, Mrs. Clermont interrupted her story with an exclamation: "In the name of all that is comical what have you here, my dear Lady Belmont? It surely must be some cockney party who have lost their way, and take your ladyship's villa for the Bell at Edmonton!"

"What can they be?" cried Lady Katherine colouring violently, and casting a glance of doubtful inquiry at Harriet; who, advancing to the window, beheld, to her consternation, the broad, upturned, shining face of Mrs. Thompson of Brompton, who, with her four girls, was come to pay their old friend and favourite a visit of congratulation.

"O," stammered Harriet, "I,—I,—know who they are,—the Thompsons from Brompton."

"Thompsons from Brompton!" shrieked the ladies in a breath.

"Angels and ministers!" exclaimed Mrs. Clermont, "is there no hope—no way to escape?" and as the cherry-coloured detachment from Brompton bounced in at one door, the fair aristocrats glided out at another, leaving the petrified Harriet to receive *her* company.

Mrs. Thompson was a complete specimen—probably no longer to be paralleled,—of a city dame of the old school; good-humoured and good-hearted, illiterate, social, vulgar and purse-proud: her daughters were like a cluster of blooming peonies around her; fat, healthy, loud-talking and loud-laughing girls.

"Well, Harry, my lass!" cried Mrs. Thompson, giving her a hearty smack, "how are you?"

"Where are those ladies going to?" inquired one of the daughters.

"Stole away! stole away!" cried Mrs. Thompson, as the last wave of Lady Charlotte's white drapery disappeared. Harriet was affectionately kissed by her former companions, who then sat down, and, taking off their bonnets, began to wipe and fan themselves with their pocket-handkerchiefs: "What with heat, and dust, and laughing, we are all in a precious pickle," cried Mrs. Thompson; "Well, Harry, my dear—"

"O mamma! you must not call her Harry any more —she is Lady Delville now."

"Lady *Devil!*" retorted the mother, "Heaven forgive you, child, for making me swear with your ladys and your ladyships! I tell you she is our own Harry, and, if she had married a bankrupt snuff-dealer instead of a lord, she would have been our own Harry still."

"I am sure of that," said Harriet sweetly, as she pressed Mrs. Thompson's hand.

"And how do these grand folks treat you, my love? and are you happy? and where's my young lord, eh?" While Harriet was answering or parrying Mrs. Thompson's broad questions, the girls were wondering at and touching every thing about the room, picking flowers without ceremony, and peeping through keyholes into the adjoining apartments. Whether it was that she herself had become more fastidious, it is certain that the vulgarity of the Thompsons never appeared to her in so glaring a light before. She was just beginning to have hopes of their departure, when, in the midst of a roar of laughter, occasioned by some ludicrous observation of Miss Clementina, Lord Delville appeared—he looked confounded: "Is this young gentleman, my lord?" asked Mrs. Thompson as she rose, and seizing both his hands, shook them heartily: "I congratulate you, my lord, with all my heart, for having got hold of such a prize as our Harry! She's worth all your fine ladies in a heap."

"Lady Delville and myself are much indebted to you, ma'am," replied Lord Delville; and, turning to his wife, "I thought Mrs. Clermont was here?"

"She is with the countess," replied Harriet, and

his lordship, having bowed slightly to the now silent and gaping party, left the room by the door through which the ladies had taken their flight.

"Well, I can't say much for the civility of your great folks," said Mrs. Thompson somewhat disturbed; "you must send them to us to learn manners." The distressed Harriet was about offering some apology: "O no, don't say a word about it, my dear! it's not your fault: come, girls, let's pack off! good bye, Harriet — come to us as soon as you can, without any of your lords and your ladies — you shall have a hearty welcome, and a glass of wine, and a slice of cake at the *very least*."

Harriet wished them good bye, with tears of mortification in her eyes; she saw them to the door, then made her escape to her own room. Soon after she heard Mrs. Clermont's carriage drive off, and Lord Delville entered her apartment.

"What, in tears Harriet?" cried he, "I do not wonder that you feel uncomfortable, but dry your eyes and think no more about it: we must take better care for the future, and contrive some means of ridding you of these plagues."

She was late for dinner, and only entered when the family was seated; her reception was cool, and the conversation constrained: when the ladies retired to the drawing-room, the countess began, with a preliminary hem:

"You must be aware, my dear Lady Delville, that in the station to which you have been elevated, the

convenances of society are more rigid than among the class you have been accustomed to mix in; and the most essential of these observances is a decided separation, as a companion, from those whose inferior rank and education exclude them from the higher circles of society — hem!" (and she looked at Lady Katherine for her cue;) "The — the persons who visited you to-day, you must feel are not suitable acquaintances for Lady Delville; and I am sure that you will not be offended by my issuing a general order of 'not at home' to strangers inquiring only for you. I have not ventured to make this proposal without the consent of Lord Delville, and he authorises me to say that it has his entire approbation."

Harriet sighed, "I am bound," she said, "to obey and to strive to please my husband; my first duty, I know, is to him — but I dread incurring the displeasure of my father; and the desertion of all my kind old friends cannot fail to wound him."

"My dear love," said the countess, kissing her forehead, "we are all called upon at times to make sacrifices in this life: we will *manage* your father; leave him to us. And now, Charlotte, tell Mrs. Millan to bring us those models of dresses which madame *la modiste* sent us to look at this morning."

Lady Katherine's eye rested for a moment gloomily on Harriet, as her mother's words caught her ear: "Sacrifices in this life — yes — the heir of Belmont is *sacrificed* by his union with this merchant's daughter."

Thus she *thought*, but she merely *said*, that it was a pity the scene had taken place before Mrs. Clermont, who, although an intimate friend, would be sure to retail it to all her acquaintance, and would probably think it quite allowable to season it with a few of her own clever and satirical additions. "Alas!" thought Harriet, "is it for such friends as Mrs. Clermont, that *I* am forced to resign mine?"

The following day, as the ladies, with Lord Delville, were taking their afternoon stroll round the little domain, a plain yellow chariot was observed approaching: they turned to reconnoitre; Harriet well knew the light brown beaver bonnets and feathers it contained: "They are the Misses Smith of Kensington," she said timidly.

Lord Delville instantly drew her arm through his, and walked quickly to the house. The chariot stopped; the servant had received his orders.

"Lady Delville is at home, I believe?" said Mrs. Smith.

"Not at home, ma'am."

"You mistake, fellow," said Miss Priscilla, "she entered the house not a minute since."

"Not at home."

"What does this mean?" exclaimed they.

"Not at home"—reiterated the impenetrable lacquey, making his retreat. The carriage drove off, passing close by the other ladies. That day the Misses Smith visited the Thompsons, and learned from them the reception *they* had experienced; and, on the

following day, they went to the Browns to warn them against subjecting themselves to the like treatment, and they wrote to Mrs. Johnston upon the same subject.

Mrs. Johnston was one of those persons of real good sense and good breeding, who are to be found in every station; and before she received Miss Smith's note, she had herself written to Lady Delville, congratulating her upon her marriage, and expressing her regret that her increasing age (she was a remarkably healthy and active old lady) would prevent her extending her visits so far as Twickenham; but she was convinced it was unnecessary to say how honoured she should consider herself by the acquaintance of Lady Delville,—how happy she should feel by again receiving her beloved and highly-valued Harriet.

Harriet kissed the note, and showed it to Lord Delville: the result was, that Mrs. Johnston was the only acquaintance, out of those we have mentioned, and a few more in the city, that Harriet was permitted to retain, and occasionally she had the happiness of spending a day with her old friend.

The season so much looked forward to and desired by the earl's family, rapidly advanced: it was thought better to remove early, in order that they might more conveniently superintend the finishing arrangements of their splendid mansion in Park Lane; an increase of establishment and equipage was also to be decided upon; therefore, early in February they left Twickenham for their new residence.

Although accustomed to every comfort, Harriet was not prepared for the degree of tasteful magnificence that presides over the town-residences of our nobility. At that time the appearance of London was very inferior to what it is now; and certainly no foreigner, from the outside of its houses, even in its most fashionable parts, could form an idea of the luxury that reigned within. A suite of apartments were assigned to Lord and Lady Delville's separate use; they had their own servants and their own carriage.

As London began to fill, a completely new scene of life, of which before she had no idea, opened to Harriet;—the throng of visitors, the variety of amusements, the number of morning and evening engagements, the drawing-room, the opera, (Almack's did not exist at that period;) the near approach to all that was illustrious in rank, in talent, and renown; to all that was distinguished in beauty and wealth. She often asked herself if it were possible that this was the same city in which she had lived all her life, so quietly and so regularly, where going to the theatre was an incident, and a ball at the mansion-house a great event. So true is some sage's observation, that "the one-half of mankind knows not how the other half exists."

Lady Delville, the heiress of the wealthy Middleton, the future Countess of Belmont, the wife of a very leader of the *ton*, beautiful, and in the bloom of youth, might at once be pronounced, without much risk of error, a star of first-rate brilliancy and attraction; but they, who thus pronounced her, found them-

selves, to their surprise, decidedly in error: for, in spite of all these seemingly overpowering advantages, Lady Delville was *not* the fashion.

The causes that contributed to her want of *éclat* were the following:—Lady Delville held but a secondary station in the Belmont family; she was completely under their rule and governance, and they had no intention whatever that she should play the leading card; they affected to treat her as a good-natured, pretty, simple creature, and to congratulate themselves on being hampered with nothing worse, when forced by necessity to receive wealth and low birth into their family. It was soon perceived that to pay court to Lady Delville was not the way to secure the good will of her noble relatives, and it was known that she had no vote in the invitations to the countess's parties. She was wondering and shy; wanted *manner* sadly; was difficult to *draw out*, and, when *drawn out*, was not considered worth the pains, for her education had been very superficial, and in no one accomplishment did she excel.

As the period for her becoming a mother was not far distant, she was obliged to decline dancing, and the same cause contributed materially to dim the lustre of her beauty. But the greatest sin of Harriet was her deficiency in *tact;* she had only that sort of tact which prevented her from wounding the feelings of others, and from doing or saying any thing that could expose her to censure; but there is another kind of tact, which she had not — she was constantly noticing

people, whom she ought not to have noticed. Any neglected country bumpkin, male or female, whom wealth or connection had temporarily drawn within her orbit, was sure to meet with attention from Lady Delville; dependent authors or artists, not yet celebrated, always met with respect and courtesy from Lady Delville: if a chaperone was wanted, the young Lady Delville was never known to refuse, and many a scrape did she get into by tacking to her party some queer staring girl, whom nobody knew. Another instance of her want of the tact of society was her never paying court to any one, and especially avoiding all leading characters of every kind. It is not to be supposed that none appreciated Harriet; there were a few — a very few certainly — who thought they perceived in this young and timid girl, a mind capable of the highest cultivation, with a purity of heart, and a noble simplicity of thought and feeling, which uniformly compose the ground-work of characters of rare superiority.

It cannot be said that Lord Delville was ever passionately fond of his wife; he had regarded her too much from the first as *a bargain*, and was only pleased to find that his bargain had turned out so well, and that no greater incumbrance was attached to a splendid fortune, than a young, pretty, sweet-tempered, and affectionate girl. His own mind was not sufficiently acute to judge of hers; he mistook her simplicity for want of sense, her defective education for want of talent; he was neither surprised nor mortified that she made no *sensation*; it was not what he or his family ex-

pected or desired. When he united himself to the merchant's daughter, he had made up his mind to treat her with kindness, and perfect attention to her wishes: this he considered sufficient to secure to her all the happiness she was capable of enjoying; and, having so resolved, he thought himself at liberty to pursue his own schemes of pleasure, unquestioned and uncontrolled.

He was one of those willing slaves whom the seductive Mrs. Clermont bound to her triumphant chariot; he had before followed and admired her, because it was the fashion to do so; but, since his marriage, she seemed more than ever resolved to entangle him. Mrs. Clermont was, in her little way, a perfect Cleopatra: she piqued him with her railleries, vexed him with her caprices, and tormented him with her flirtations; but then a single glance, a witching smile, a marked, though momentary preference, would re-attract him.

The elder brother of her husband was a baron, in possession of the family estate; but his younger brother was a needy half-pay officer with a numerous family, who were all much chagrined at the marriage of the rich old bachelor. Colonel Clermont watched narrowly the conduct of his brother's young wife; for he was convinced that Mr. Clermont was the dupe of an artful and unprincipled woman; and he was not particular in the means which he employed to obtain such evidence of the criminal extent of her levities as would be received in a court of law.

Lady Delville's confinement was expected at the

end of May; and, from the commencement of that month, she had declined all invitations; her evenings were generally passed in her own apartments in the society of her father. The good man observed with pain that his daughter was not happy, but he wisely forbore to force her confidence: she made no complaint, but he could perceive the eagerness with which she listened for her husband's step, and the sigh of disappointment which usually succeeded her expectation. He could not help feeling with bitterness that she was neglected, and *that* at a moment when the sensibilities are most acute, and when the approaching crisis, especially towards so young and inexperienced a creature, peculiarly called for sympathy, tenderness, and support. He often saw the traces of tears on her cheek, and could sometimes scarcely recognise, in the pale and dejected countenance before him, his own once gay and happy Harriet: he saw, too, that in his presence, she strove to appear cheerful, but, from the artlessness of her disposition and manners, the struggle was painfully obvious.

One evening she seemed more than usually oppressed, and when her father rose to depart, her hand lingered in his, and at last she found courage to say: "I do not feel very well — I am unwilling to let you go — will you allow me to have this sofa made up for you as a bed to-night?"

"Certainly, my love"— and the arrangement was made.

Mr. Middleton could not sleep, and in about an hour

a slight stir and bustle fixed his attention. At length Harriet's maid entered the room, and begged him to proceed to his daughter's chamber; he did so, and found her firm and composed. "I wish you, my dear father, to despatch one of my servants for Lord Delville." She then informed him of three places,—Mrs. Clermont's was one,—where, he had left word, he might be found. "The earl is at the House of Lords; when he returns, give him the information."

"And the ladies?" inquired her father.

"They are out — I do not want — I do not wish for them — and, if possible, let no servants but my own know what is going forward."

The agitated father kissed the brow of his child, and breathed a prayer for her safety; then left the room to execute her wishes. He despatched Lord Delville's valet, who, at the expiration of two hours, returned with the information that his master was no where to be found: beside the three places mentioned, he had inquired at several others, but could get no trace of him.

At two in the morning, a presumptive heir to the earldom was born. In half-an-hour afterwards, the earl returned, and was led by Mr. Middleton to the chamber, where he kindly saluted the young mother and her child, and expressed his displeasure at the absence of the rest of the family; desiring that the ladies should not be informed of the circumstance at all, but left to find it out as they might, the following day.

Mr. Middleton returned to his sofa, and Mrs. Nurse, having watched both her charges safely asleep, lay down for an hour or two, leaving Harriet's maid on duty, by the bed-side. The valet yet waited up to let his master in. At four o'clock the well-known signal was given, and he opened the door: "O, my lord!" said the man, "I have been looking for you every where: my lady —" he stopped, terrified at the wild and haggard looks of his master.

"Speak, fellow!" exclaimed Lord Delville, sternly.

"Your lady —" the poor valet forgot, in his fright, the fine French phrases he intended to have made use of, and shortly replied: "is brought to bed of a boy." Lord Delville struck his forehead with his clenched hands, and rushed up stairs.

A single lamp was burning in the chamber, and Harriet's maid had ensconced herself in an easy chair, behind a curtain, on the side of the bed farthest from the door. She saw the door softly open, and Lord Delville, with a countenance which she declared would haunt her all her life, entered: he approached the bed, and gazed for a few minutes on his wife and child. Harriet's extreme paleness, and a slight contraction of the brow, gave proof of recent suffering, but there was a smile of heavenly calm around her mouth, which struck, like a dagger, to the heart of her husband. The infant, round which both arms of the new-made mother were fondly clasped, lay on her bosom.

A sigh, almost a groan, burst from Lord Delville; he stooped down and kissed both Harriet and her babe,

and, averting his eyes, turned slowly away, proceeding to the door, which stood ajar; he leaned his head against it for a minute; then, with an effort almost convulsive, and without looking back, rushed forward, and the waiting-woman heard no more, except the distant sound of the closing of the front door.

It is only necessary to explain, that Colonel Clermont had that night succeeded, to the utmost, in the scheme he had laid, and that the injured husband had been fully and fatally convinced of the dishonour of his wife. "Do not desert me!" were the only words the unhappy woman spoke, as, on bended knees, and with streaming eyes, she clung to her companion in guilt; and, at the moment when the scene just detailed, was passing in the apartment of his wife, Mrs. Clermont was waiting for Lord Delville, in a post-chaise, a few yards from the door of the earl's house. Before noon, the next day, they were well on their way over the Straits of Dover.

"Has Lord Delville yet returned home?" whispered Harriet.

The young woman, with much presence of mind, replied; "He has been in your room, my lady, and has kissed both you and the child."

"Thank God!" she ejaculated, and, with a lightened heart, passed her hand fondly over her infant, and again composed herself to rest.

It is impossible to describe the astonishment and consternation into which the earl and his family were thrown, on the following morning, when Colonel

Clermont called, and informed them of what had taken place. After some consultation, it was agreed upon, that the earl should communicate the painful intelligence to Mr. Middleton, in order that he might break it to his daughter. This was done: the earl, with symptoms of unfeigned distress, and with no paternal shielding or softening of the conduct of his son, revealed to Mr. Middleton this public desertion of his innocent daughter. The unhappy father seemed struck to the heart; he leaned his head upon the table, and, for a few minutes, neither spoke nor moved: at length he raised his eyes, and, clasping his hands, exclaimed:

"My child! my child!—would to God we had been content to remain in the condition of life in which it pleased Him to place us! My lord, I have no reproach to make to you, and I forbear making any to your wife and daughters, although they have not behaved well to my poor girl. The blow it pleases Heaven to inflict falls almost as heavily on your heads, as it does upon ours; may God grant strength to bear it, to her who needs it most!" He left the room, and, having given orders that, after her medical attendant had visited Lady Delville, he should be requested to speak to him, shut himself up.

It was the opinion of the doctor, that no delay should take place in informing Lady Delville of the whole truth: her inquiries for her husband had already become very anxious, and he thought that the blow, which could not be long parried, should be permitted

to fall, before her mind became too much harassed by her own conjectures, doubts, and fears.

At eight o'clock on the evening of that eventful day, as Mrs. Johnston, seated by the latticed windows opening towards her neat lawn, gemmed and perfumed by all the welcome flowers of spring, *en attendant* the preparation of the tea-equipage, and the renewal of the not yet discarded fire, was enjoying, with a few friends, the beautiful moonlight scenery around her, a carriage, which she knew to be Lady Delville's, drove rapidly by, and, sweeping round, drew up at her gate: a note was immediately delivered to her by the footman; it was from Mr. Middleton, and contained but these words, in a hand very different from his usual neat and legible writing: "We are all in great distress;—pray come to my poor Harriet!"—and, in a quarter of an hour, Mrs. Johnston was on her road to town.

She found the earl's mansion dark and shut up, with the knocker muffled; she was conducted to Lady Delville's drawing room, and was there met by Mr. Middleton, whose neglected dress, and grief-marked countenance made her fear that the worst was impending, for she thought only of the death of Harriet. It was, therefore, with the utmost astonishment, indignation, and grief, that she listened to Mr. Middleton's hasty recital of what had really occurred, and which was, indeed, to all appearance, bringing his daughter rapidly to the grave; a succession of long fainting fits had taken place during the day; she now, however, slept.

Mrs. Johnston entered her room; she slept, indeed, but the burning cheek, parched lip, half-opened eye, and convulsive movements terrified Mrs. Johnston. She took her place by her bed-side, and, through her long and dangerous illness, never quitted her.

At the end of six weeks, the patient expressed an anxious wish to return to her father's villa at Twickenham; it was complied with, and arrangements were immediately made for that purpose. She took an affectionate leave of the old earl, and a civil one of the ladies, who had been regular in their daily inquiry and visit.

As she approached Twickenham, the vivid recollection of the happy months she had passed there, as a daughter and as a bride, rushed forcibly on the mind of Harriet, and violently affected her shattered nerves and weakened frame; while folded, like an infant, in the arms of Mrs. Johnston, she wept long and silently. The air was balmy and refreshing; the household met her at the gate, half in joy, and half in sorrow; she shook hands with them all, and begged to be carried round the gardens, before being taken into the house. She was pleased to observe, that, in spite of her father's absence, her gardens and green-houses were in the most exact order, and looking more beautiful than ever: "I have to thank you, James," she said to the gardener, "for your great attention to your charge during our absence."

"Why, my lady," replied James, "if I had been inclined to be careless,—which I am sure I was not,—

Mr. Frank, who has been backwards and forwards this last month, would not have allowed me; and, indeed, since he heard, ten days ago, that you were coming here, he has been working with his own hands, inside of the house and out, to have every thing in order for you." Poor Harriet felt her heart swell, and her eyes again fill, at this speech; but she was fortunately not observed, for every body was busy admiring and talking to the baby, who had just opened a pair of laughing eyes, and was crowing at all around him.

On the following evening, Mr. Middleton had promised to be at Twickenham; and Harriet and her baby, after having been drawn round the grounds in a garden-chair, were installed by Mrs. Johnston in the drawing-room, on a sofa, opposite the trellised window opening to the lawn, while she returned to meet Mr. Middleton, and to report progress. It was twilight, and all around was still, serene, and beautiful; Harriet was alone, with the exception of the sleeping infant on her arm. "I wonder whether Mr. Heartly will accompany my father?" and then she sighed, and the recollection of the scene in the breakfast-room verandah strongly recurred to her; its meaning, she had of course never doubted, followed, as it immediately was, by the departure of Mr. Heartly to the Continent, and she had never seen him since: "Alas! how unconscious I was of his affection! and how ill, at that time, I should probably have requited it, even had I known of it!" And then the image of the handsome, the fascinating, the beloved Lord Delville, rushed over her

heart and brain, and, pressing her infant closer to her; "O! how could he desert us, my child!" she exclaimed, passionately. At that moment, a step approaching attracted her attention; it was Frank himself, slowly walking up the path. He looked thinner and paler, than when she last saw him; his countenance was thoughtful, and even gloomy; he advanced, without raising his eyes from the ground, until he was near the house, when he cast an anxious look at the upper windows, as though he thought the object of his cares must be in those apartments. All his mental preparations for the interview were overthrown, on finding her so close to him as he entered: the rosy tranquil infant, the pale, emaciated, miserable-looking young mother! — could this be Harriet — the happy, lovely, innocent Harriet,—at seventeen? "Do you not know me, Frank?" she said, as she extended her hand: — he took it, knelt, and pressed it to his lips; he could not quell his deep emotion, — a burning drop fell on the hand he held, — he looked up, and strove to speak, but the silent tears were coursing each other down the cheeks of Harriet, and, angry with himself, he turned away, and left the room. Harriet struggled to regain her composure, for she knew that her father must be near; he soon entered, accompanied by Mrs. Johnston, and followed by Mr. Heartly.

In the course of the evening Mr. Middleton communicated to his daughter, that Lord Delville had directed that the deeds of settlement should be returned; thus giving up all claims upon his wife's fortune: he

had also desired that the child should remain under the sole charge of Lady Delville. Mr. Clermont and his brother were occupied in arrangements for bringing the cause before a court of law, and the Belmont family, in their impoverished state, were in great consternation as to the result. They were about leaving their mansion in town, and returning, on a more reduced income than ever, to Twickenham.

It was decided by Harriet's physician, that, as soon as she had gained a little more strength, she should be removed to the coast for the benefit of the sea-air, bathing, and change of scene; and Hastings, that salubrious, quiet, and cheerful spot, was fixed upon. Frank was despatched by Mr. Middleton to choose a residence; and he succeeded in securing a charming marine villa, near the town, splendidly fitted up, surrounded by a little domain, tastefully laid out, in the most perfect order, and commanding a beautiful view. Harriet was anxious to leave Twickenham before the Belmonts returned to their residence there; and, within a month, with feelings of the most sincere gratitude and affection, she took leave of the kind and excellent Mrs. Johnston, who promised soon to pay her a long visit, and, accompanied by her father, Lady Delville proceeded to Hastings. She was so satisfied with her new residence that she took it for a term of three years; scarcely aware at the time, but pleased afterwards to recollect that Belmont Castle, the hereditary seat of the earl's family, was situated on the coast of Sussex, a few hours' journey from her present abode.

Having seen her comfortably settled, her father and Mr. Heartly returned to town.

It was not Harriet's wish, under her peculiar circumstances, and in her present delicate state of health, to form any new acquaintances: she had, besides, taken a distaste to society, and only thought of that in which she had moved for one season in London, with feelings almost amounting to aversion. She had, however, promised Mrs. Johnston to allow her to introduce her, by letter, to a valued friend of hers, as soon as she found her spirits equal to such an effort.

A few days after her arrival she entered the library on the marine parade, in order to make her subscription, and to select some books and drawing materials. She sent on her carriage with her child and maid for a short airing, while so employed; and waiting for their return, she was attracted by a table covered with newspapers; it was some time since she had seen one, for, in fact, they were purposely kept from her. Two ladies entered the library and took their seats near her, but she did not even look at them, for her eyes were rivetted by the following paragraph: "*On dit*—that Lord Delville is about receiving a diplomatic appointment at one of the minor courts of Germany, where it is expected he will reside for some time with his frail and lovely friend. It is averred, also, that he has relinquished all claim to share in the wealth of his deserted wife: this is as it should be; but where are the ten thousand pounds damages to come from?" With a trembling hand, Harriet laid down the newspaper,

and took up another, merely to sustain the appearance of reading.

"How the papers do ring with this Delville business!" said one of the ladies, affectedly. Harriet raised her eyes, and recognised in the speaker a person who had been much indebted *to her* in London; and for chaperoning whose dowdy daughter, she had once or twice got into a scrape. She was one of those hangers on who spoil society, English society especially; —kissing the feet of those who were a step above her in the scale of fashion, and striving unmercifully to kick down those who were a step below her. Without birth, wealth, or education, she yet succeeded in planting herself in certain circles, where she had no pretensions to be; she was callous to all affronts, and received smilingly the broadest hints, while acting in direct opposition to them.

"You know," she continued, "I was very intimate with the Belmonts last season?"

"I have heard you say so, very often indeed," replied the other lady, a middle-aged, well-dressed woman, with a benevolent but penetrating countenance.

"And of course," continued the first speaker, "I knew something of this Lady Delville."

"I have heard her very well spoken of, and much pitied."

"Why, poor thing! one can't help pitying her to be sure; but she certainly was not a match for Lord Delville: I have heard Lady Katherine say, that had he married an accomplished and fashionable woman in

his own sphere of life, this affair would not have happened."

"Why did he not then marry in his own sphere of life, as you call it?"

"Because the family wanted *money*, you know."

"Then I am very sorry they did not catch a Tartar, who with her money would have kept the family in order. Lady Delville, I am informed, has arrived here. I suppose, as you were so intimate, you intend calling on her?"

"Hem! — it is said that the Belmonts mean to take no farther notice of her; her money is no longer useful to them, for her husband has, foolishly enough, resigned all claim to it, and she will probably die off, her health being very bad, or sink back among her own set!"

"Well — mind what you are about, Mrs. Crumpley! Recollect that she is very rich, is the mother of the presumptive heir, and that, in the usual course of things, nothing can prevent her becoming Countess of Belmont: these are weighty considerations for a person *like you*." This was said in a tone of strong and contemptuous sarcasm, but taken with a civil smile and an approving nod.

At this moment Harriet's carriage drew up; the footman putting his head into the library door, inquired if her ladyship were still there. The coronetted carriage instantly attracted the attention of Mrs. Crumpley; but, on the question being asked, her eyes were turned with surprise on the hitherto unregarded figure that had sat near her, in a plain white morning

dress, warm shawl, and straw bonnet, but she could not catch a glimpse of the face, as Harriet rose and, somewhat feebly, proceeded to the carriage, assisted into it by the bowing and officious shopman.

"Pray, sir," inquired Mrs. Crumpley, "who is that—is she a late arrival?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the man, as he re-seated himself at his desk, "she has just written her name down."

Mrs. Crumpley flew to the book; the other lady, who had watched the scene, stepped up lightly behind her, and their eyes caught Lady Delville's name at the same instant.

"Ha! ha! ha! I beg your pardon for laughing, Mrs. Crumpley, but I can't help it—ha! ha! ha! good morning to you, Mrs. Crumpley."

Such incidents as these, so young as Harriet was, and so very lately accustomed to see the world on its worse side, could only contribute to render her the more disgusted with it; and her friends regretted the love of solitude, and the gloomy and misanthropic turn her mind seemed about to settle in. It was only at the most earnest entreaty of her father, that she at length consented to the introduction of Mrs. Johnston's friend.

Mrs. Wilmot was a widow without children, with a large fortune, and considerable landed property near Hastings. She had been foolish enough, or wise enough, —as the reader may choose to settle it,—thus circumstanced, to enter into no second matrimonial alliance.

Her father had been under important obligations to the late Mr. Johnston, and, strange to say, his daughter had remained sincerely grateful for them, and had attached herself warmly to old Mrs. Johnston. She was perfectly *au fait* at Harriet's history and character, and was resolved to devote to her the whole resources of her powerful mind, her excellent heart, her tact and knowledge of the world. On her entrance, Harriet immediately recognised the lady who had spoken with Mrs. Crumpley in the library.

Nothing could be more advantageous to Harriet than the formation of this acquaintance, which soon ripened into the sincerest and most lasting friendship on both sides; marked on that of Mrs. Wilmot, by zeal and devotion, and on that of Harriet, by gratitude and respect. The fine taste, and cultivated intellect of Mrs. Wilmot, developed those mental capacities in Harriet, which had hitherto lain dormant. Besides a most efficient course of reading in her own language, the treasures of the French and Italian were thrown open to her; the beauties of poetry, that highest, most veiled, and therefore least relished of the arts, she now began to comprehend and enjoy; music and painting relieved her more serious studies; of the latter, especially, she was very fond, and became, at length, quite a proficient in it.

But there was an alteration in Harriet's mind, that surprised even herself; it seemed, as it were, to awake within her; a calm and dignified submission to her lot, took place of those inward repinings, in which

she had unsparingly indulged ; if the heart-felt laugh of youth and joy had fled for ever, the tear of heart-wringing woe had also ceased. Without losing one atom of its peculiarly feminine and delicate texture, her mind was gradually acquiring firmness and solidity. In the indulgence of her best affections towards her father and her child, and towards her small, but well-selected circle of friends ; in acts of benevolence to the afflicted and the poor ; in the full employment of her time, and in the constant *heart*-exercise of the purest, meekest, and most trusting devotion, Harriet found that peace, which bitter experience had taught her " the world cannot give." Sea-air, bathing, exercise, and an excellent constitution, all contributed to restore to Harriet her former health, and even more than her former beauty, although its style and expression were altered.

By degrees, Harriet became more sought after than she had any idea of, and more the subject of conversation than she would have wished. Among the strangers who visited Hastings, many a manœuvre was put in practice, and many a solicitation made to Mrs. Wilmot, to obtain a peep at Lady Delville ; and those who had been acquainted with her in London, and also those who had overlooked her acquaintance there, all anxiously renewed it, as far as they could.

Her father frequently came down, and so did Mrs. Johnston ; Mr. Heartly more seldom, and when he did so, was usually Mrs. Wilmot's guest, with whom he had been long acquainted. He had been returned to

Parliament, as one of the city-members, and was expected to run a brilliant career; his talents were of the highest order, and he was universally courted and esteemed. "I shall hear of his marriage, next," thought Harriet.

In the course of the first winter of Harriet's residence at Hastings, Mr. Clermont's cause came on. The damages were laid at ten thousand pounds; they were awarded at five thousand; which sum, before the court broke up, was paid by Mr. Middleton's attorney into the hands of Lord Delville's, who immediately passed it into those of Mr. Clermont's agent. Lord Delville instructed his attorney to thank Mr. Middleton, and to acknowledge his having become his debtor to that amount.

Three years glided away: during this time, no written communication was received from Lord Delville to his wife, and, of course, none was made by her. She occasionally received a kind note of inquiry from the earl, in which the names of none of his family were ever mentioned, and, consequently, they were excluded from her answers.

Harriet had now reached her twenty-first year, and affairs stood in the position just described, when Mr. Middleton, while waiting one morning for his carriage, to take him down to Hastings, glanced his eye over a newspaper, and was struck by the following paragraph: "The Earl of Belmont was taken seriously ill, in the House of Peers, last evening; he was conveyed to his friend, Lord ——'s residence, without delay, and

medical aid procured: we are sorry to learn, that his lordship is considered in great danger; his family were sent for from Twickenham." Mr. Middleton stepped into his carriage, and ordered it to Lord ——'s; he sent up his card, and was instantly admitted into the earl's bed-chamber, who was gasping under a rapid and violent inflammation of the lungs: the room had been cleared by his order, and no one remained but the physician and the valet. The earl held out his hand to Mr. Middleton, and with difficulty said, "I am dying." He then turned to his valet, and by signs ordered him to draw out his desk, which stood near, in its packing case; the man opened it, and at the top lay a sealed letter, directed to Lord Delville. The earl gave this to Mr. Middleton: "Deliver it speedily; —my love to your dear daughter;—good bye, good bye!" he waved his hand impatiently, and Mr. Middleton was hurried from the apartment.

He consulted with Mr. Heartly, and it was decided, that, after the earl's funeral had taken place, Mr. Heartly should himself set off for the continent, and be the bearer of the letter to Lord Delville.

The death of the good earl took place on the following day, and intelligence of it was immediately conveyed to Lady Delville. After the funeral, Mr. Middleton went down to Hastings, and Mr. Heartly set out on his mission.

On Mr. Heartly's arrival at Baden, he went to the house of a friend of his, an English merchant, resident there: from that gentleman, he learned every particular

that he was desirous to know concerning Lord Delville, which may be thus compressed: That, on his lordship's first arrival, he was dissipated and extravagant, keeping open house for gentlemen, living in a constant routine of company, and playing high: but all this was an unnatural effort, his spirits were forced, and he was evidently but ill at ease. Mrs. Clermont was very expensive, and, in spite of his handsome salary, he soon found himself involved in difficulties. He suddenly changed his mode, and ran at once into the opposite extreme; reduced his establishment, shut himself up, was never to be seen but on business, or at court, or when he was met, unattended, on his long solitary rides, while his health seemed to become every day more precarious. All this did not suit Mrs. Clermont, and, in a very short time after the new system was established, she placed herself under the protection of a German prince, and disappeared. Two months since, Lord Delville had, by the advice of his physician, applied for a short leave of absence, and was now at Spa for the benefit of his health. The account of the earl's death had already reached Baden, and, no doubt, letters from his family, direct to Spa, had, before this, informed Lord Delville of the melancholy event. On receiving this information, Mr. Heartly made no delay in continuing his route to Spa.

It was late in the evening when he arrived there at the principal hotel, and, the following morning, after breakfast, he proceeded, accompanied by a guide, to the house of Lord Delville, now Earl of Belmont: it

was very small, and retired; a servant, in new mourning livery, opened the door; he gave in his card: the servant returned, and said, that he was desired to ask whether Mr. Heartly's visit were on business, as the earl, as yet, received no visits of ceremony. Mr. Heartly replied, that his visit was on business, and he was then shown up into a small sitting room, scantily furnished: a gentleman, *en robe de chambre*, half rose from a sofa, on which he was reclining, surrounded by magazines and newspapers. Mr. Heartly advanced, bowed, and took a seat, and then, for a moment, fixed his eyes earnestly on the invalid; he could scarcely believe that he saw before him the gallant, gay, handsome young nobleman, he had met, under such peculiar circumstances, but four years since: "I am sorry to see your lordship looking so unwell."

A cool bow, and, "I think, sir; you said you had business with me?" were the only reply.

"I am, my lord, a friend of Mr. Middleton, and am commissioned to put into your hands this note from him, and this letter from your father, the late earl." Lord Belmont's countenance changed, a vivid, but transient flush passed over it, and his hand trembled, as he received the papers. He opened the note from Mr. Middleton; it merely contained these words: "Should the Earl of Belmont have any communication to make, on the subject of the accompanying letter, he may make it freely and safely to the bearer, Mr. Heartly: Thomas Middleton." The earl then, in his turn, fixed a scrutinizing look on Mr. Heartly: "Your

name is familiar to me, and I — I believe we have met before ?"

" I had the honour of meeting your lordship at Twickenham."

" Yes, — yes, — I recollect : — excuse me for a few minutes ;" and he left the room with his father's letter.

He was absent fully half-an-hour, and on his return, traces of deep agitation were yet visible in his countenance. " Mr. Heartly, this letter is an earnest request from my late father, to do all in my power to effect a reconciliation with my wife, the daughter of your friend."

" Mr. Middleton and myself both presumed that it was so ; and Providence has willed that it should be your father's last — his dying request."

" Even so," replied Lord Belmont tremulously, and paused.

" Perhaps your lordship would wish for *time* to make your decision ; if so, I am quite at your orders,—I am here without any other object in view."

" You are very good — very considerate : have you seen Lady Delville—the Countess I should now say—lately ?"

" About a month since, I had that honour."

" Her health has been long re-established, I believe ?"

" Quite so — no one ever recollects her ladyship looking so beaut —— so well, as she does at present."

Lord Belmont sighed : " And my little son ?"

" O, he is quite a picture of health, and beauty, and

happiness! He resembles your lordship very much, but his eyes are his mother's."

Another pause, during which the earl strove, successfully, to repress his emotion. "The countess appears fond of Hastings; I suppose she finds it gay and agreeable?"

"She is fond of it; but in its gaieties she takes no share; she leads a very secluded life."

"Who are her most intimate friends?"

"She has but one at Hastings;—Mrs. Wilmot."

"Ha, Mrs. Wilmot! I have met her, and heard of her — she is a very superior woman!"

"She is in all respects worthy of the confidence and friendship of your countess."

"Well, Mr. Heartly! I will not ask you to an invalid's dinner; but, if you will call early in the evening, I shall be most happy to see you." They shook hands, and Mr. Heartly took his leave.

"Mr. Heartly," said the earl, when the conversation was renewed in the evening, "I am aware that no man has sacrificed his happiness more completely than I have done; domestic comfort, health, competency, reputation, have all been either destroyed or greatly injured. To talk of my regret would be folly; it is written, like the mark of Cain, upon my brow: to talk of my desire to have any of these blessings restored, would be equal folly. It seems that a glimpse of hope is opened to me by your mission, but it is so obscured by such deep shadows, and surrounded by so many difficulties, that I almost despair."

"How so, my lord?"

"This letter comes from my father; his request at any time, especially his last one, would be sacred to me — but I have no intimation from my wife, and I may say indeed, none from Mr. Middleton; I shall, therefore, probably *ask* and be refused."

"My lord, I do not pretend to know any thing whatever of the sentiments of your countess on the subject; I have never heard your name mentioned in her presence, and I believe that it has been never, or very rarely alluded to in her most intimate conversations with her father, since your departure: but there is one point on which I am very clear — that it is you, not your wife, who are bound to make the first advance."

"It may be so — but still, years have elapsed without the most trifling inquiry or mark of interest, without even any communication—from her at least—concerning our child; without the slightest effort to redeem her husband from his errors; not a word of comfort, while oppressed by absence from all he loved, by unavailing regrets, by poverty, and ill-health! Women are not usually made of such stern stuff, and least of all did I expect to find it in Harriet, so gentle and humble as she was."

"Gentle and humble she is now, my lord — but she is no longer what you first beheld her, the inexperienced, happy girl; nor the young and timid bride, with a new world opening to her—such a world! and without a friend or a guide to advise or direct

her. Experience and suffering have taught their usual bitter lesson, with more than their usual effect; they have taught her to know and to appreciate *herself;* they have left untouched the beautiful simplicity, purity, and tenderness of her heart, while they have unfolded the treasures of a mind of the first order. The Countess of Belmont knows what is due to her feelings as an injured wife, and to her dignity as a virtuous one; and I venture to say that if your lordship wait for her first advance — much as it may cost her — your re-union will never take place on this side of the grave."

Lord Belmont made no reply, but sat for some minutes with his hand over his face; at length he said: "Well, sir, supposing that I yield this point, yet in what view will my conduct appear to the world? Bankrupt in the hearts of all others, I turn again to sue for that of my wife; and, oppressed with poverty, I kneel to ask her for her wealth, and for all the comforts and benefits it will bestow!"

"My lord, you confound the opinion of the world with the fact itself; you and we know well that the fact will *not* be as you state it; your disinterested conduct in refusing to avail yourself of even the settlement made on you, from the time you separated from your wife, is well known, and has been smiled at by the world you dread, as rather too chivalric for this money-grasping and money-spending age. My lord, I do not mean to affect to undervalue the opinion of the world; nay, I will do it the justice to say, that,

when the whole facts of a case are before it, its opinion is almost always correct; the misfortune is, that, collectively as well as individually, it is apt to judge of the whole from a part only. The first object of a first-rate mind is to do what it believes to be right; the first object of a second-rate mind is to do what it believes will be right in the opinion of the world."

"Then I suppose you place me among the second-rates?" said the earl smiling.

"My lord," replied Mr. Heartly, evading an answer to this delicate question, "I do not see what the world *can* say against an erring husband seeking the forgiveness of his wife; and surely no time can be more proper than the present; the recent death of your father, and his last injunction may be reasonably supposed sufficient to soften the hearts of his family, and to lead them all to reconciliation and peace. In point of rank and wealth you stand as you have always stood; upon her you have bestowed your coronet with all its dignities and advantages; she, on you, has bestowed her wealth; in these mere worldly exchanges I conceive you to be equal, and, in all probability, the balance will ultimately be in your favour, when your expectations from the East are realized. I believe, too, that Belmont Castle is now vacant."

"Yes, its ten years' lease expired three months since: it is now inhabited only by two or three grey-headed domestics, who keep the old place clean and aired, and its venerable avenues free from fallen leaves — but this is all."

A few days passed over, during which the earl seemed to take a great partiality for his new acquaintance; each day brought them more and more together, until, at length, they scarcely separated. Mr. Heartly had ample opportunity of forming a just estimate of the husband of Harriet, and he deeply regretted, that a heart so well disposed and affectionate, and a mind capable of better things, should have been so warped and misled. He had great hopes that both might be redeemed, but he could not conceal from himself that Lord Belmont's health was in the most precarious and even dangerous state; by it, an unfavourable re-action was produced on the mind; his judgment was weakened, his temper rendered irritable, his opinions indecisive, and his schemes wavering. The earl had requested Mr. Heartly to stay with him a fortnight, and at the end of that time he promised to make up his mind on the delicate subject of his mission, which therefore ceased to be reverted to in the course of their conversations.

The fortnight was near its close, when, very early one morning, Mr. Heartly was roused from his bed by a note from his lordship: "Events of importance seldom come singly; I have great news to tell you—do not waste a minute."

On Mr. Heartly's arrival he found the earl still in bed; he held up a large packet:

"Read it!" he exclaimed, and sunk back on his pillow, apparently exhausted with the force of his emotions. Mr. Heartly stepped from the bed-room

into the little sitting-room, and anxiously removed the envelope: it contained two letters; one from his mother, the dowager, and the other from his agent: they informed the earl that his uncle had died on his passage home from Calcutta, but that the ship had brought on his effects and documents, among the latter his will, (a copy was stated to have been left at Calcutta,) by which he made his nephew sole heir to his vast wealth.

"I congratulate you, my lord," said Mr. Heartly, returning and taking his hand.

Lord Belmont grasped his and said, "*Now*, my friend, I will do all that you wish; I will even throw myself on my knees to my injured, my deserted Harriet." Then suddenly changing his tone, he clasped his hands, and raising his eyes, exclaimed: "God grant me but life to receive her forgiveness, and to bless my child!"

Mr. Heartly was deeply affected, for this was the first time Lord Belmont had alluded to the state of his health; he had always seemed absolutely ignorant of, or extremely careless about it.

An application was forwarded by that day's post to Downing-street, requesting permission to return to England without delay, on the plea of extreme ill health, accompanied by certificates signed by the principal medical practitioners of the Spa. Letters were written to the two countesses, and an order to the old steward at Belmont Castle; a communication was also made to Baden.

Mr. Heartly despatched the official letters, and in every way assisted, soothed, and cheéred his friend. The surprise, although, with the exception of his uncle's death, a most pleasurable one, was evidently too much for Lord Belmont's shattered nerves, and he seemed apprehensive that he should never reach England.

Harriet was seated at breakfast with her father, at Hastings, when the servant who had been sent to the post office returned. He brought three or four business-like looking letters, which he delivered to Mr. Middleton; he then presented one to the countess. The superscription was written in a hasty, trembling, crooked hand, which she did not immediately recognise; she turned it, and looked at the seal,—the blood rushed to her face, then left it as white as marble, a film seemed to float before her eyes, and it was some minutes before she could collect power to open the letter; observing that her father was quite absorbed with his communications, she broke the seal and read:—

"Harriet! my wife! *Can* you forgive me? Can you believe, that, from the fatal moment in which I tore myself away, I have never known an instant's peace?—that the images of my wife and child, such as I then beheld them, sleeping in their innocence, have never ceased to haunt and to reproach me? I have suffered, Harriet, in mind and in body, not perhaps more than I have deserved, but enough I trust to en-

title me to your pity and forgiveness. Mourning over the yet warm ashes of my father, I beseech you, for the sake of our child—for your own sake—my Harriet, I beseech you not to reject my prayer! for the time will come, and shortly, when your kind and affectionate heart will grieve at the thought of having inflicted an additional, an unnecessary wound. In a few days, I shall be at Belmont Castle;—dare I hope that I may meet you there—you, and our little one?—God bless you both!

BELMONT."

A struggling sigh and a slight rustling movement attracted the attention of Mr. Middleton, and he rose just in time to receive in his arms the pale and insensible Harriet. Assistance was instantly procured, and the usual remedies soon restored her; she embraced her father fervently, and calling for her child, shed tears of rapture over him, while Mr. Middleton perused the letter.

That afternoon beheld them, with a small suite, on their road to Belmont Castle. They reached it at nightfall, and, in consequence of the order received by the steward from Lord Belmont, found fires lit, beds made, and as much preparation as could be expected on so short a notice. With what feelings of gratitude, veneration, and hope did the young countess pass through the massive gateways, and along the magnificent avenues leading to her husband's lordly residence! She shook hands with the old servants, and spoke to

them so kindly, looked so happy and yet so tearful, that their hearts were hers as soon as they beheld her. The following day was employed in making every possible arrangement, for the comfort of the expected invalid: "He is, I am sure," said Harriet, with that buoyancy of hope peculiar to the young, "more depressed in spirits than in actual health; peace, and rest, and affection will soon restore him." The medical gentleman, who had been accustomed to attend the Belmont family, while residing in that neighbourhood, was engaged; and a physician of great celebrity at Hastings had promised to attend as frequently as possible.

The dowager countess had received a note from her son, to say that he should be in England in a few days, and that, when arrived there, she would hear again from him. It was evidently his wish, that she and his sisters should not move from Twickenham, until farther notice; however, they assembled in council on the subject, and decided on establishing themselves in Belmont Castle to receive him. They never once thought of Harriet and her rights, and of course knew nothing of the communication made to her.

It was with some surprise and consternation, that, on the second morning after her arrival, Harriet was apprised of the approach of an *avant courier*, who, on being introduced, announced that the dowager and her two daughters would be at the castle in two or three hours, and that dinner was to be prepared for them. Harriet, with the concurrence of her father,

soon made up her mind as to the line of conduct necessary to be pursued on this occasion.

On the approach of the carriage, she stationed herself in the hall, attended by her father and the servants, and, as soon as the ladies had alighted, she went forward to receive them: they appeared struck with amazement at perceiving her.

"Madam," she said to the dowager, "I am most happy to have the honour of seeing you and my sisters-in-law at Belmont Castle; I only regret that you did not give me somewhat longer notice, that your apartments might have been better prepared."

The dowager looked much perplexed, and, at length stammered out: "We are — very much astonished — very much, indeed, to find you and your father here!"

"I hope, madam," said the young countess, drawing herself up, "that the surprise is at least a pleasurable one."

Lady Katherine stepped forward: "To cut the matter short," she cried, "unless my mother enter this castle as its mistress, she does not enter it at all."

"The mother of the Earl of Belmont," calmly replied Harriet, "is, or ought to be, the most welcome of all guests at Belmont Castle; but it is only *as a guest* that even *she* can be received, when the wife of the earl is present."

"Then let us go," said Lady Katherine to her mother, "let us go to Dover and meet my brother

there: we have no authority from him to acknowledge this lady as the mistress of his castle; we have suffered enough already from the introduction of these low-born, uneducated, purse-proud people into our family; when not only *now* that he is wealthy, but at any time, the heir of Belmont might have commanded the hand of the daughter of the first peer of the realm. But we shall see," she continued, as they returned to the carriage, "whether the power of the lord of the castle be not superior to that of the lady."

During this violent speech, Harriet saw her father's colour rise, and his mild, calm eye fire with indignation; but she caught him by the arm, and whispered: "For *my* sake, my father!" He allowed the appeal, and before the carriage had driven from the door, the father and daughter had quitted the hall.

Lord Belmont, received without delay, the permission he had requested to return to England, and immediately prepared for his journey. He easily induced Mr. Heartly to become his fellow-traveller, who the more readily agreed to his request, from observing that the earl was not in a state to travel with servants only; watchful and judicious care had now become indispensable, and the great comfort he derived from Mr. Heartly's unremitting attention, he felt and acknowledged most gratefully.

They arrived safely at Dover; but the earl was in so exhausted a state, from rather a long and rough passage, that Mr. Heartly landed first, in order to provide a sedan chair to carry him to the inn: he

was rather surprised at being accosted by a servant in mourning livery, who begged to know whether he were not travelling in the suite of the Earl of Belmont.

"I am a friend of the earl, and am travelling with him."

"Then, perhaps, sir, you will be so good as to get this letter conveyed to him on board."

Mr. Heartly looked at the letter; it was sealed in black, and directed by a female hand, but he knew it was not Harriet's.

"From whom does this come?"

"From the dowager countess, who, with the two young ladies, is waiting his arrival at the hotel."

"Very good," replied Mr. Heartly, "I will take care of the letter."

While his servants were looking for a sedan chair, Mr. Heartly went to the hotel, and was soon in the presence of the dowager and her daughters.

"I do not mean," he said, as he returned her letter, "to alarm your ladyship unnecessarily; but the earl, your son, is very ill — very ill indeed; he is not aware of your being in Dover, and by no means expects to meet you here; and however great the pleasure of such a meeting may prove, it cannot fail to hurry and excite him, in his present exhausted condition. I venture, therefore, to advise that he should be brought here, and have a night's rest and refreshment, before your presence is announced to him."

The ladies were much alarmed at hearing this ac-

count, and immediately gave Mr. Heartly *carte blanche* to act as he judged best.

The invalid passed a tolerable night, and slept until rather late on the following morning. On awaking he found Mr. Heartly, as usual, seated by his bedside.

"My kind friend," said the earl, "I feel much composed and refreshed, and am anxious to get on; we have but a short and easy way to travel now."

"Short and easy as it is," replied Mr. Heartly cheerfully, "I think I have a talisman about me, that will make it appear still more so."

He opened the shutters, and having put a letter into the earl's hands, retired with his accustomed delicacy to the farther part of the room, pretending to busy himself about some packages there, while it was read. The earl kissed the characters that had been strangers to him so long, and with his weak and trembling hands broke the seal.

"Welcome, my beloved husband, to your home, your child, and your wife! At Belmont, you will find us with my father, all anxiously awaiting your return; and health and happiness, I trust, are awaiting it also. Your mother and sisters were here a few days since, and I regret that I could not prevail upon them to remain. God bless you, and bring you safe to your affectionate HARRIET!"

"Heartly!" said Lord Belmont, and in a moment

his friend was at his side; "Thank God, I shall, at least, *die* happy!—But she speaks of my mother and sisters; is it not strange they should, under present circumstances, have gone to Belmont, and still more strange that, being there, they should not have staid? I fear there has been some dissension!"

Mr. Heartly then told him of the actual presence of his mother and sisters in the hotel. The news surprised and agitated, but did not displease him; and when he was drest, and had taken some slight refreshment, Mr. Heartly went to the ladies to conduct them to the apartment.

"May I venture to suggest," said he to them, "that if there be any topic of an unpleasant nature, on which you might have thought it necessary to speak, you will avoid it for the present: his nervous irritability is very great, and it must be the object of all to keep him as tranquil as possible. He has just received a most affectionate letter from the countess, in which she mentions that you had been at Belmont, and regrets that she was not able to prevail on you to stay; *this is all she says.*"

By this time they had reached the door of the apartment, and, on entering, the mother was so shocked by the appearance of her son, that all thoughts, except of his illness, were banished from her mind; poor Lady Charlotte wept, and even the well-nursed spleen of her sister was subdued for the time. Without appearing to notice their emotion, he received them most affectionately, and when they were seated round him,

slightly expressed his regret that they had not taken up their quarters at Belmont Castle.

"To tell you the truth, my dear son, we were not aware that the castle was occupied by your wife; we did not even know that any communication had, of late, taken place between you."

Lord Belmont explained, in a few words, the advances he had made towards a reconciliation, on receiving the intelligence of his uncle's bequest, and he showed them the letter he had received that morning. "On the whole, my dear mother, it will be better that you should remain here for a day or two; I am certain of your then receiving an invitation from Harriet; this will be more gratifying to your feelings, to hers, and to my own; so let us speak no more on this subject."

He then struggled to converse cheerfully until his carriage was announced; but, when he took leave of them, he did so with so much more solemnity and tenderness than the expected short separation appeared to warrant, that Mr. Heartly felt convinced, however dexterously he had contrived to veil the truth from them, he himself saw and felt it but too clearly. On being placed in the carriage, his powers, which had been taxed to the utmost during this scene, appeared quite exhausted; he was constantly supported by Mr. Heartly, sunk into a sort of doze, and never spoke, excepting to ask if they were near Belmont.

They arrived just as the setting sun was gilding its majestic towers; Lord Belmont roused himself as they entered the gates, and looked eagerly on each

side at every well remembered spot; for it was here that he had passed his childhood.

Mr. Middleton came to the carriage door to receive them, but he was also so utterly unprepared for the death-like appearance of the earl, that his tongue could scarcely utter its welcome. Lord Belmont shook his hand and pressed it to his lips, but did not speak. He was removed from the carriage, and borne through the hall to the door of the library, in which Harriet had stationed herself, being unwilling that their first meeting should take place in the presence of witnesses: there, he desired to be set down, and, leaning only on Mr. Middleton, entered the room, the door of which Mr. Heartly immediately closed outside, and dismissed the servants.

Harriet stood trembling with agitation; at the first glance she shrieked, the next moment she received him almost fainting in her arms. A sofa was near, and on that he was laid; in a minute or two he seemed to recover; the colour came to his lips, and the light to his eyes; she knelt by him; he threw his hand over her bright and clustering tresses, and kissed her with the deepest and tenderest emotion, while her warm tears fell fast on his thin, pale cheeks. Not a word was spoken; it was a moment of feelings too highly wrought, and of too opposing a nature for words; a moment of joy and of grief, of hope and of despair.

When the first emotions had somewhat subsided, Mr. Middleton called the medical gentleman in attendance, and such means were applied as soon restored

the earl to comparative comfort and composure. His beautiful boy was then brought in, and for once he indulged in the overflowings of a parent's love.

The physician from Hastings arrived, and all was done that human means could do, to avert or to retard the impending blow. Lord Belmont submitted himself with patient tranquillity, and when, at last, laid in his bed, surrounded by every comfort that care and affection could bestow, he said to his friend: "Heartly do not look on me with that eye of pity: *I am so happy!*" He then turned to Harriet, where she sat with his hand clasped in hers, struggling to suppress her agony; exertion and agitation had given to her cheek a fevered glow, and to her eyes a restless brightness, which, though indicative of the most painful anxiety, were beautiful in themselves; she had thrown off the dress in which she had received her husband, and her careless white wrapper and unbound hair, rather added to than diminished the effect. He looked at her tenderly and admiringly, then fervently exclaimed: "O Harriet! Harriet! what a traitor have I been to myself! how have I crushed the fair wreath of happiness my fate had woven!" He then lay for some time in thought; the opiate he had taken had evidently no effect in procuring rest, but his mind appeared to be particularly acute and active, and when he spoke, it was in a low, but clear and collected voice. He desired that the whole party, including the clergyman and solicitor, who had been sent for, and the medical gentlemen, with the head servants, might be

assembled in his room. He then appointed Mr. Middleton and Mr. Heartly as guardians to his son, and fixed the jointure for his mother, an income for his sisters, and legacies for his servants; he gave, too, some directions concerning the management of the estate, and the clearance of the debts with which it was incumbered. These necessary arrangements he made with great coolness and precision; when concluded, he desired that all should withdraw, excepting the family and the clergyman: he received the sacrament; then taking the hands of Harriet and Mr. Heartly, he said: "I feel even now that I am no longer of this world — life is ebbing fast: let this, my last act, prove how far above its sordid passions and petty jealousies I have already risen! Take her, my friend! you have long loved her, disinterestedly, honourably, hopelessly; be to her, and to my boy, what I ought to have been!—God bless you both!" He joined their hands, and, with a deep sigh, sunk back on his pillow. A rapid and unfavourable change had already come on; he became lethargic, and at five in the morning expired.

Two years after this melancholy and eventful night, the young and widowed countess bestowed her hand on Mr. Heartly. The infant earl has become all that their most sanguine hopes could aspire to; and to their domestic circle have been added two lovely daughters. The settlement, originally made on Lord Delville, and which he so properly relinquished, was, by the express

desire of Harriet, continued for life to the dowager, in addition to her jointure.

The Countess of Belmont, supremely happy as a daughter, a wife, and a mother, high in the estimation of the world, and surrounded by all the enjoyments it can bestow, acknowledges, with humility and gratitude, her great and numerous blessings.

To S. G.

Dear Mrs. G., there's not a single letter,
In all the alphabet, that suits you better:
Nay, 'tis your very *type*: and wherefore? Guess.
Because 'tis first in Grace and Gentleness.

P. D.*

* Printer's Devil?

I ONCE HAD FRIENDS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHARTLEY," "THE INVISIBLE GENTLEMAN," &c.

I ONCE had friends — a thousand friends! and I might
have them yet;
But, *now*, I have a *chosen few*, whom I can ne'er forget.
The thousand — let them go and come — like swallows
to the lake,
But the few — to lose the chosen few— methinks my
heart would break!

'Tis not the kindred tie of blood, though much in that
there be;
'Tis warmth of heart and flow of soul that bind those
few to me:
The converse sweet of "auld lang syne," is memory'
delight.
And joyous hope to meet again still makes the future
bright.

What are to me the crowded halls of fashion, wealth,
or power,
Whose greatest praise is briefly scanned — to "kill"
the passing hour?
The passing hour, whose heavy tread bears down the
listless train,
Who fly from solitude with hope — yet ever hope in
vain.

If thou hast friends — a thousand friends, by wealth
or rank endowed,
And meet'st with smiles amid the gay and fashionable
crowd,
Rate at its worth the practised phrase which all to
each impart;
But, oh! enshrine the *chosen few* — *deep* in thine in-
most heart!

READING SHAKSPEARE.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

FAR in a wood's sad solitary gloom,
Two maidens sat beneath an aged tree,
In leafy summer's sweet expanding bloom:
A brook rolled by in mournful minstrelsy,
Bordered with sweetest flowers, and mosses curled;—
There they communed with him whose fame yet fills
the world.

And as the stream stole murmuringly along,
Their kindled fancies with its music rose;
And their ears caught Ophelia's dying song,
Down the deep waters sinking to a close;
A pensive willow, drooping from the land,
Lower appeared to bend, grasped by her pale thin hand.

And huge fantastic trunks, gnarled, old, and grey,
Assumed the heath-hag forms in that dim scene;
The blending boughs, the while, shut out the day,
And formed a cave, where lips of livid green—

Such seemed the leaves—were muttering mystic tones ;
The pebbled brook, too, mocked the cauldron's bubbling
groans.

And fairy visions floated gently by,—
A merry train, that haunted greenwood dells ;
Or, as they willed it, swept through earth and sky ;
Or made their homes within the wild-flower bells ;
Or down the silvery star-beams loved to glide ;
Or on the moonlight-waves in water lilies ride.

And giant shadows past in long array,
The mighty phantoms of a thousand years ;—
Spirits that filled the globe with pale dismay,
And deluged cities deep in blood and tears :
Egypt, and Troy, and scenes of early ages,
That will outlive all time in his immortal pages.

Battles and banners swept before their eyes,
And many a sceptred king and stately queen ;
Sorrow, and care, and tears, and heavy sighs,
Beneath the imperial purple robes were seen ;
And lovely nymphs, with gems and roses crowned,
To dulcet music moved, in many a mazy round.

And mask, and revel glided through the wood,
And slow processions stole along the glades ;
And the tall flowers that bent across the flood
Were changed to waving plumes and gleaming blades ;

And shout, and drum, and trumpet's fearful clang,
Rent the still air, and through the echoing forest rang.

Shakspeare unlocked man's heart, laid bare a world,
Distilled its crimes and beauties, and then flew
To his own mighty mind, and from it hurled
A new creation: forms that never grew
Beneath a mother's eye, before him moved,
And, as he chose, they lived, and wept, and laughed,
and loved.

WOMAN.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON.

The day-god sitting on his western throne,
With all his "gorgeous canopy of clouds"—
The gentle moon, that meekly disenshrouds
Her beauty when the solar glare is gone—
The myriad eyes of night—the pleasant tone
Of truant rills, when o'er the pebbled ground
Their silver voices tremble—the calm sound
Of rustling leaves in noon-tide forests lone—
The cheerful song of birds—the hum of bees—
The zephyr's dance, that like the footing fine
Of moonlight fays, scarce prints the glassy seas,—
Are *all* enchantments! But, oh! what are these,
When music, poetry, and love, combine
In woman's voice and lineaments divine!

RETROSPECTION.

BY H. D. INGLIS.

I.

I AM not old in years, but I have seen
How disappointment crowns the fairest chace
Of earthly joys, and I do truly ween
That there was wisdom in the men of Thrace,
Who looked with sorrow on an infant's face,
And o'er the cradle wept, deeming the bloom
Of infancy more sad than death's embrace,
Whose summons seemed to them no tearful doom;
But, joying o'er the dead, they danced around the tomb.

II.

I've seen hopes blasted,—fairest, brightest, sweetest;
I've seen the gayest promise turned to nought,—
The best of all below is ever fleetest,
And life and all it has will soon be brought

To an eternal close : — well, well, the thought
May be as wormwood to the child of pleasure,—
He whom the ills of life have never taught
The emptiness of life's most flowing measure,
The vanity of talent, rank, and power, and treasure.

III.

I had a friend, but he is now at rest ;
Holy and good, his spirit is in heaven,
And while on earth (how short!) he was the best
Of the earth's sons that e'er to earth were given.
Had I been wise, our friendship might have thriven,
And I, like him, might have been holy too ;
But, by my madness he, my friend, was driven
To look on me with coldness, and he threw
Me from his heart — Oh God! it was indeed my due.

IV.

I loved him to the end, and I do think
His heart was never quite estranged from mine ;
For on his death-bed, on the very brink
Of an eternal world, with thought benign,
He sent to me a blessed, precious sign
Of his forgiveness : — oh! I remember well
That evening, and I wished my spirit thine,
Thou blessed shade! in happiness to dwell,
While o'er my pillow fast the salt, yet sweet tears fell.

V.

That damned blow I struck, oh! had my hand
Been withered to the trunk — had passion slept,
Or had the cursed demon slept, who planned
The fatal deed; the many tears I've wept
Might have been spared me, and I might have kept
My friend, and, dreadful thought! perchance the hue
Of cold consumption never might have nipt
His youthful bloom, and made his years so few.

VI.

By day, by night, in solitude, in dreams,
Oft in the gayest, and most festive hall,
When all look happy, and when pleasure seems
To reign around, and to be felt by all,
I hear a voice like the accuser's call;
A shuddering thought of all the dreadful past,
Days, slumbering with the dead, beyond recall,
Comes o'er me like the withering Siroc's blast, —
But there's a sunless night, when memory sleeps at last.

VII.

But now these dreams wax dimmer in my sight,
Fast passing from the mirror of my thought;
Oh, that oblivion's dark enduring night
Would close on them for ever! — might they rot

Amid the dreamless dust of things forgot,
How brightly yet the beams of hope might play
Where all was night before, — and hope was not!
My soul might smile, and I could yet be gay,
Like the dark morn when sunbeams clear the mists away:

VIII.

Or like a mountain stream, whose waters, born
Mid nature's ruggedness, must struggling gush
Into existence through rude barriers, torn
By jutting rocks that lacerate and crush
The infant stream, that still must onward rush
In restless tumult, boiling, till at last,
Smoothly it flows through verdant plains, that hush
Its placid waters in their bosom glassed, —
Fit emblem of life's stream when all its woes are past.

IX.

The noxious vapours of a summer sky,
The gathering clouds that darken in the air,
Have vent in storms; and tho' the lightnings fly,
And thunders roll, and hurricanes may tear
The face of nature, —tho' the blast may bear
Destruction on its wings, it cannot stay;
And earth, and sky, and all again is fair;
Nature more lovely, and serene, and gay,
Her very storms but sweeping her own faults away.

X.

And could the mental storms that rage within,
Like nature's, their own cause and springs dispel ;
And could the conflicts peace and calmness win,
And change into a paradise — a hell,
And chain down memory in oblivion's cell,
And take the dread of future ills away ;
Let Chaos reign, and all within rebel,
And the storm close around, we would but say,
Welcome, dire discord, come, thy harshest music play.

XI.

But there are thoughts and blissful dreams that bring
A ray of sunshine to me, and I start,
To think that love and tenderness should cling
So closely to so desolate a heart.
Yet will these visions never quite depart, —
And grudge me not a luxury like this,
For oh ! they such a blessedness impart,
That for a while my heart is steeped in bliss,
And my soul revels in a transient Paradise.

XII.

Oh, I could love beyond what poets feign,
And I could breathe affection's trembling sigh,
But the mad turmoil of this burning brain,
And the hot lid upon this fevered eye,

I must endure, and without sympathy ;
Yet sometimes a faint gleam of hope will rise,
And the whole world is then too poor to buy
The bright illusion, sweet, even tho' it dies ;
As if a soul condemned, could dream 't were in the skies.

XIII.

Yes, I could love, and could I haply find
A heart to beat in unison with mine,
A soul to mingle with, feelings entwined
Even with my own, and eyes that weep or shine
At the same woes or joys, I would resign,
And fling dark thoughts and gloominess away,
And let fears die, and busy memory pine,
And give my soul to loving, — and, oh say !
Where is there joy like this, for a poor child of clay ?

XIV.

Heaven gave me feelings, in its kindness gave
Feelings, how nursed and cherished in my mind !
And tho' it may be that an earlier grave
May hold the heart where passions are enshrined
With seeds of many woes, yet do I find
In them life's essence, and the ills they bring
Are with such moments—hours of bliss entwined ;
Take these away, existence is a thing
So wholly vile, to it, oh who would wish to cling ?

XV.

'Twas eve, and from a rock that reared on high
Its bare head towering on old Norway's shore,
I gazed in silence round me :—save the cry
Of the scared eagle, that unhurt may soar
Its heavenward flight, and the deep ceaseless roar
Of the blue wave below, all sound was dead ;
The sun looked down in glory, shining o'er
A boundless forest of old pine, that spread
O'er rocks and wastes, that never echoed to man's tread.

XVI.

And here and there, a solitary lake,
Sleeping amid the gloominess, was seen ;
And, save the leaf the blast might chance to shake
Upon its calmness, I do ween,
That calmness ever had unbroken been —
Most like the forest-child, whom branches shield
In soft and sleeping infancy serene,
Or like a novice, from the world concealed,
Whose loveliness blooms on, unknown and unrevealed.

XVII.

Beside me was a beech, the only one
Amid the wilderness of pines around,
And there it stood majestic and alone,
Deep rooted in a rifted rock that frowned

Gigantic o'er the sea, — now have I found,
I said, a place remote, all Nature's, where
I graved a name most dear; whose look and sound
Wear such a charm, that I would gladly bear
The dangers of that path again to view it there.

XVIII.

Enough, the story of my woe is told,
My mem'ry and my feelings are laid bare,
And though I could not trust me to unfold,
And show the fulness of the woes I wear,
The hopes that agitate, the fears that tear
My inmost soul, I've said enough to tell
To you who read, and feel, — that they are there;
Give me your sympathy, and it is well,
For then I will not say to every joy, farewell!

THE BROTHERS.

A Tale.

In a little quiet village, in the mountainous district of the north of England, lived Aaron Corwin, the vicar of the pastoral parish of Ellerby. He was now an aged man, and, in that retired and peaceful spot, far away from the hurry of either the business, or the dissipation, of the populous world, he lived, with the faithful partner of his youth, and now of his old age, a meditative, devotional, and tranquilly happy life.

He was a man tenderly alive to all the important duties of his sacred office. He never turned away his face from any poor man. The stranger was fed and refreshed in passing through that unfrequented vale; and, among his own people, the sick were visited, the sorrowful were comforted, and the sinful were reproved, while his feelings of humanity found farther room for exercise, in relieving the distresses and embarrassments which occasionally befel some of the more speculative, or adventurous, among even his parishion-

ers. Those who were the daily witnesses of this good man's life and conduct, could not but be convinced, that, as in the practice of their venerated pastor there was no guile, so in his faith there was nothing affected or hollow. Selfishness, obstinacy, and discord, often gave way before the saintliness of his gospel-teaching, and the persuasiveness of his undoubted honesty, and hearty good-will.

In the maintenance of his virtues, and the discharge of his weekly duties, he received suitable and great support from the beloved partner of his long life. She was equally strict in watching over her share of their joint cares, and not less diligent in attending to her appropriate occupations. The needy she never sent empty away: and she was good to every body, and to every thing, that came within the sphere of her influence.

But sorrow enters the dwelling of the lowly, and the simple, and kind-hearted, as well as that of the proud, the crafty, and the ambitious. It pleased God to smite the house of Aaron Corwin with an affliction, that made its aged inmates wish that they had died before that fatal visitation. They had long been married without children, when at length, almost in their old days, a son was born to them, who became the very darling of both their souls; and not the less so, that, at a very early age, he showed a daring and adventurous spirit, which, though it sometimes gave his father anxious thoughts, was yet to both parents a source of joyful pride. As, however, young Harry Corwin grew

up, wild and impetuous as the torrents that swept down his native hills, his father found, with regret, that his desires were so bent upon a military life, (for "he had heard of battles,") that it was in vain he strove to turn the attention of his son to more serious pursuits, and while he was yet meditating upon some new means to put away this dream of military glory from his mind, an event occurred, which served to determine the course of the youth, in the very way of life which he had marked out for himself.

The Lord of the district chanced to visit one of the lakes in the neighbourhood, and, amongst the crowd of little boats which attended him in his gay excursion, one, in which was one of young Corwin's companions, was suddenly overset, while Harry was standing on a projecting cliff, upon the shore, watching the joyous procession on the water beneath him. He knew that this young friend of his could not swim, and instantly he leaped from the jutting crag on which he stood, and shooting down through the water like a bolt hurled from the clouds, he quickly rose again with one arm locked round the body of his friend, and bore him to the shore, amid the admiring shouts of all who looked upon the daring and hazardous exploit. The notice of the nobleman, who gave the fête, was attracted; he sent for the youthful hero, heard of his character and disposition, seconded his inclination for the army as a profession, and, in a word, took charge of his fortune.

Though Harry Corwin left his father's home soon after, he loved his parents far too well not to visit them

as frequently as he possibly could, and when, at length, he was ordered on a service, which, for many a day took him from their sight, their hearts were, if possible, yet more firmly knit to him, by the affectionate letters, which he lost no opportunity of sending, from the strange lands which he visited. It was in the spring of 1759, that Henry Corwin, on a short leave of absence, revisited his father's house, which he had not seen for seven years. He had left it a stripling, he returned in the prime of vigorous manhood; his judgment improved by experience, his manners by travel, and his heart as warm and as affectionate as ever. His parents blessed God, and wept for joy; and happy, happy was his mother's heart, when, on the Sunday, she walked to their little village church, leaning on the arm of her gallant son, dressed in his captain's uniform, which he had put on that day to please her.—Nor is it for erring man to judge too harshly of the parental pride and fondness which made her mind wander, perhaps, for moments, on that day, from the thoughts which should have been given wholly to God, to dreams of the joy and the pride of this world. Yet was that Sabbath day's vain glory often remembered, and repented of with tears of anguish, when the hour of the avenger came, for there is no sorrow like the bitter memory of past delight.

Henry left his father's house to join his regiment, which was proceeding to Canada, and in the September following he shared, upon the heights of Quebec, the fate of the gallant Wolfe, whose death, like that

of Nelson, overshadowed with the cypress the laurels of British victory. Corwin lived long enough, after he had received his death wound, to desire a brother officer to write to his parents, and to tell them that his last earthly thoughts were of them and of his two little children, whom, now bereft of both father and mother, he left to their protection, under that of God.

It was this letter, written thus by his direction, that turned the vicarage of Ellerby into a house of mourning and deep sorrow. The aged man and his wife looked upon the earth with anguish, for the hope that they had had therein was taken away, and in the first bitterness of their spirit they could not pray, for their hearts could not say unto God "Thy will be done." But the heart which has been accustomed to devotion cannot *long* be overwhelmed with the darkness of desolation. Old Aaron Corwin served a Master, who, in the hour of trouble, never yet forsook his servant, and, after a brief season of mental struggle, a more softened remembrance of pain and sorrow succeeded; he wept, and prayed for the peace of God to quiet his spirit, and it was given him. His wife, too, knelt and prayed beside him, and the burning fever of her anguish passed away; but her heart, her mother's heart, was broken, and she wept continually.

Henry Corwin had married while he was abroad, and had two children, both boys. Their mother died in giving birth to the second, and their father, fearful of the effect of the climate of the north of England upon the children in the early spring, had left them in

Devonshire upon his return to England, when he visited his parents. They were now, without farther delay, sent for to the vicarage, and received with affectionate sadness. The old people rejoiced that even thus much was still left to them, but they wept to think that this was *all* that was left to them, of their "brave young man." The good old lady struggled to cheer her heart for the sake of her dear grandchildren, but it was in vain. The cord was broken, and would not be restored. And when she took them away to her own chamber, or to the summer-house in the garden, to teach them their little lessons, she could but look upon them and shake her head, and still weep for her gallant son, once the pride of her old age, but whose body was now mouldering in a foreign grave. Grief softens and subdues the heart of the young, but it too often kills the heart of the old. The eyes of Alice Corwin grew blind with weeping: the strength of her frame departed, and one evening, after her husband had long knelt praying by her bedside, she took his right hand between both her own, and speaking more distinctly than she had done for many days, she said, "God be gracious to my dearest husband, farewell for a little while — I am happy, for I am going to be with Christ, and to meet our son." And so saying she expired.

The condition of the old man would now have been deplorable and desolate indeed, but for his grandchildren, whose education served for his daily employment, and their lively prattle amused him when he

took his staff, and went forth for his and their afternoon walk.

It is difficult, perhaps altogether impossible, to dive into the original springs of human character. The two boys were treated in all respects as one. They slept in the same bed, ate of the same food, received the same instruction, yet they grew up with dispositions as opposed as summer is to winter. Henry, the elder, had all the impetuosity of his father, without any of his generosity of spirit. Amongst his companions he was the noisiest of the gay, the boldest of the adventurous, the fiercest of the angry, and the most desperate and determined to clutch whatever was withheld from his desire. Aaron, the younger, on the contrary, even from a child disliked the rough encounter of his play-fellows, and as his youthful understanding grew mature, he became more and more fond of solitude and meditation. His simple but ardent spirit most rejoiced when he wandered alone upon the hills and misty mountain tops. His fearless foot was familiar with every rugged eminence, or craggy nook, that afforded a wider view, or sheltered a wilder mountain flower; and even when these could not be enjoyed, when shadows, clouds and darkness hung like a curtain round the gloomy hill-tops, still he loved to go

"Up to the heights, and in among the storms."

There the feelings of devotion which he had imbibed from his venerable instructor, swelled out into loftier

thoughts, and mightier and more exalted emotions. The power of God seemed visible to him upon the everlasting hills. And when the storm was gone, and the bright blue sky smiled out again above his head, then

> "From the sun, and from the breezy air,
> Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame,
> And he, with many feelings, many thoughts,
> Made up a meditative joy, and found
> *Religious meanings* in the forms of nature."

He was indeed a passionate admirer of nature. She was, as it were, his mother, and he proved a good and dutiful child. It was amongst his greatest pleasures to arise and gaze upon the rising sun, and in the tranquil evenings, as it glided behind the western hills, he used to go forth and bless its departure. He was skilled in fossils and plants, a diligent observer of the stars and winds, while the atmosphere, and all its curious phenomena in those hilly regions, were his chiefest and most cherished delight.

* * * * *

Time rolled on, and the vicar of Ellerby was now past fourscore years of age, when it seemed to him high time that his grandsons should go to the university. They had means enough, from the property which their father had acquired by his marriage, and a sum of money which had fallen to him while on foreign service, and which had been accumulating since his death. Their grandfather, too, had stored them with sufficient learning to enable them to commence their academical career with credit; so, Henry

being in his nineteenth, and Aaron in his eighteenth year, he bade the lads prepare for their departure.

The elder brother received the command, as may be supposed, with joy, for he felt that he was about to enter upon the world, the bustle and the pleasures of which he so longed to enjoy. The younger heard it with regret, for he contemplated with apprehension and dislike the very things to which his brother looked forward with anticipating delight; and he was loth, moreover, to quit the scenes of his boyish rambles which he loved so much. But, if all the truth is to be told, it was not these alone he loved, and sighed to part with. On the evening, when the determination was announced to them that in three days more they were to go, Aaron sought the dwelling of the beautiful and gentle young Ellen Armthwaite, the very sweetest girl in all the parish of Ellerby, to tell her that which, though it had often trembled on his lips, he had never before dreamt of venturing to give utterance to, the simple story, namely, that "he loved her." Now Henry, his brother, loved Ellen too, not indeed with such love as Aaron's, but he admired the beauty of her person, and the touching tenderness of her deep blue eyes. Besides, his pride was piqued that his brother should be preferred before him in the regard of so fair a maiden, whom every one was forward to proclaim the flower of their grandfather's flock, the lily and the rose of Ellerby. Therefore had Henry set himself to win the heart of Ellen away from his brother Aaron, and he succeeded. For, alas!

the bold and outspoken are often more successful with the vain pretence of love, than the silent and the timid, with deep, and therefore respectful sincerity.

Of all this, Aaron was yet ignorant, but that evening meeting revealed much of it to him. Ellen, indeed, had too much sense and gentleness to answer him otherwise than with gratitude, and strong, though maidenly, assurances of the utmost warmth of *sisterly* affection; but she rejected his love-suit in that decisive way that leaves no room for hope, and the next day he could see that Henry already knew the nature of their interview, and that there was triumph flashing in his eyes. His heart yearned to say "thou hast dealt unkindly with me, O my brother!" but he held his peace, and buried his thoughts in his own bosom.

The old man looked on at the preparation for their departure with silent sadness, frequently looking up to Heaven as if asking for support; but when all was ready, and they waited only for his blessing and farewell, he took them into his study, which he habitually used for an oratory, and throwing his aged arms about them, he implored God "to bless them and preserve them from all evil, for His dear Son's sake.

"And now, my children," he continued, addressing himself more immediately to themselves, "hearken to the last counsel I have to give you, for it may be, nay, I feel it must be, that I shall see your faces on earth no more. Henry, beware lest the love of the world, and the pleasures and the vanities thereof, lead thee away from the love of God and of his righteous-

ness; for that way, I see too surely, thy peril lieth. — Aaron, for thee I have a different fear: gird up the loins of thy mind, and do thy diligence to discharge thy duties faithfully to God, thy fellow-men, and thyself, lest thou become a dreamer of dreams, instead of a doer of good works; for in that there is real peril also.—Flee then from your besetting sins, and ask of God, who giveth wisdom without upbraiding, alway to bless you, yea, and ye shall be blessed. And yet with chastening of your hearts also, that you may receive all things with meekness and fear, as well as thankfulness; and put your whole trust in the dear might of Him who died to redeem you from all evil. Once more, my children, embrace me, farewell, farewell, dear pledges of my own lost Harry—the prayers of an old man, and the grace of God be ever with you!"

So saying, old Aaron Corwin parted with his grandchildren, and from that time seemed to think his earthly business ended. He had engaged another clergyman to assist him in the duties of his parish, and he went out no more except to church. Before the young men had completed the first year of their residence at the university he fell, like a shock of corn ripe for the sickle, and was buried in the grave which had received his wife.

The parting words of their grandfather had made a deep impression upon both the young men, but a more permanent one on Aaron, because he embarked in no courses which were likely to banish the remembrance of it from his mind.

In the vacations of the academic year, he returned to Ellerby, and in the quiet retirement which he loved, found a thousand things which continually reminded him of the good old man, and his many earnest and affectionate lessons.

Henry, on the contrary, led away by the ardour and the vanity of his character, without any one now whose rebuke might be a check upon his conduct, plunged into all the dissipation which his means would afford. But we must go back, for a moment, to his first departure from home. Later on the same evening on which Aaron Corwin had made his unsuccessful suit to Ellen Armthwaite, the setting sun cast upon the surface of "the lover's well," in the neighbourhood of Ellerby, the shadow of two figures seated by its brim. Both forms were slender, and one was feminine. Her hair, and beautifully pencilled brows, were dark as night, but they served only to heighten, by contrast, the soft splendour of her large and deep-floating blue eyes. The face and arms were slightly embrowned with the healthful hue of exercise, but her neck and bosom, where the breeze blew back her snowy kerchief, were of a delicate and downy whiteness, which gave indications of a gentler blood and breeding than was to be looked for in the rustic nymphs of the village. It was Henry and Ellen. His arm supported her; his shoulder was the cushion to her cheek. He too had pressed his suit, and he had *not* been unsuccessful. The first love-beat of the youthful heart was at that moment throbbing in Ellen's

breast, and Henry was kissing the tears from her glowing cheek, but they flowed the faster for the very kisses, because she remembered that it was his leave-taking that won her to suffer them at all. When she saw him last before he went, she wept, and far more bitterly, as she hung upon his neck. "Do not," she said, "do not, dearest Henry, forget me, when you mingle in the bustle of the world, and I am far away. I shall continue every day to see the places which you have made so dear to me, by being in them with me. O dearest Henry! if you should forget me, I shall die!" Henry said, what all men say on such occasions. At the moment, his vow of unceasing affection was a true one. He did his best to persuade her that all fear was vain and groundless. He promised, he vowed, he swore eternal love. Ellen neither swore nor vowed, nor promised, but she kept the vow which the false swearer broke.

In his loose, extravagant and foolish career at the university, Ellen Armthwaite was utterly forgotten, or if ever momentarily remembered, it was with something of shame, for the simplicity which had led him ever to pay her any attention; nor was he conscious even of the extent of his perfidy, believing, no doubt, that absence, and the lapse of time, would have produced the same effect upon her, as it had done on himself. Alas! he little knew how different is the faithful simplicity of a virgin heart, in the deep retirement of a mountain village, from that veering vicious thing which exists in the breasts of men of the world, who

have no real heart at all. Ellen Armthwaite did *not* forget his promises, but cherished them with long-enduring fondness, whilst there was the remotest possibility of hope remaining; and when all shadow of hope was gone, her heart was broken, and she who had long been pining, drooped and died. Oh! if men did but know the pangs which even the lightness of their conduct occasions, they *could* not, unless they were very fiends, continue to act thus! But they never *can* know what a woman feels on desertion, or even any approach to slight. It is not in our nature to feel such things with the same intensity that they do — the early doubt — the gradual, and even slow, decline of hope, and at last the sickness of suspense and hope deferred, sinking into the despair of certainty.—Surely the hearts cannot be human that inflict these tortures on the beings who love them to very madness, and, as it were, as a punishment for that very love!

Aaron Corwin had left the university, had been ordained, and through the kindness of the patron of the vicarage, who entertained an affectionate esteem for him, as well as deep respect for the memory of his grandfather, had obtained, what from his earliest days had been the object of his fond desire, the little church and glebe, where he had passed the happy hours of his boyhood. Among the earliest of the occasional duties he was called upon to perform in the parish of Ellerby, was the solemn service which consigned the object of his first and fondest love to the sacred ground in which it was to wait the resurrection to eternal life.

It will not be supposed that in the frequent visits which Aaron paid to Ellerby, he had not perceived that Ellen's heart was breaking. He did perceive it, and earnestly represented her forlorn situation to his brother; but Henry thought lightly, or did not think at all, of what was told him respecting her. And at last, half angry, half in jest, he bade Aaron marry the girl himself, and cease to trouble him about her. "Brother," said Aaron, solemnly, "once that might well have been, but you — you have made it impossible. Do not now add cruel mockery to the injury, and the sin you have already committed." A little spark kindleth a great flame. The words of reproach were met with words of scorn. The brothers parted in anger, and they did not meet again for many years. Henry repaired to London, and, as he possessed both abilities and vivacity, he moved for a short time with some distinction in the gay circle to which he attached himself. It was his misfortune to be flattered by some one that he had talents for writing for the stage. He listened, as who will not when their vanity is flattered, and he wrote a bad play, which was remarkably successful, and there were no bounds to the extravagance of his hopes. He wrote another, which in the opinion of the judicious was a much better play, for he had ability enough to profit by experience, but the chances went against him this time, and, chiefly owing to some tipsy brawlers in the pit, his play could not be heard. He was almost frantic with rage and vexation, and when some of his *good-natured* companions jokingly

suggested, that as his first play had succeeded so far beyond its merits, he might balance that against his present failure, he sought relief from his ill-suppressed chagrin in the excitement of the gaming-table. Here he was again unsuccessful, yet, with that strange infatuation which so constantly lures on the losing gambler to stake again, in hope of fortune changing in his favour, he persevered, until, after a few months, and with of course occasional slight alternations of what he called good luck, he was stripped of every shilling of his fortune that had survived his career of dissipation at the university.

Then first he felt, in all their bitterness and degradation, the hollowness and the miserable folly of the pursuits he had loved, and the associations he had formed. The people he had called his friends, when they saw him afar off, passed over on the other side. His mistress laughed in his face, and turned away to seek some wealthier suitor. He was shunned as an evil thing, — a tiresome person, who made people melancholy. All this he saw, but his heart was hardened, and he did not repent. He did not receive his adversity as the chastisement of Heaven, or humble himself before the dread tribunal, the laws of which he had so shamefully violated, but returned scorn for scorn to his former companions, and turned away with loathing from mankind.

That stern pride, which, though it be not of the armoury of the Christian, is yet often made an instrument to serve good purposes, in the hand of Him, who

out of evil educeth good, was not without avail, to save Henry from the mean truckling to vicious courses, which is too frequently the next stage in the career of those, who proceed, as he had done, to the point at which he was now arrived. But if he was preserved from this, he fell into a mood of mind which, for the time, was more terrible and dreadful. He sold all his moveables, and went to live in a garret; and there, while the sun shone brightly, and gay crowds were in the streets, he shut himself up in gloomy solitude and moody silence, bordering on madness. But when the storm was abroad, in its fierceness, he went forth, and as the blinding sleet pelted in his face, his curses might be heard, mingling with the scarcely wilder howling of the wind.

The fever of his spirit, ere long, communicated itself to his frame. He was stricken with sickness, after sitting, long and unconsciously, in the clothes which had been drenched in one of his wild walks, and delirium soon followed.

It was but a few weeks before this, that Aaron Corwin had heard of the altered circumstances of his brother, and from that time forth, his conscience smote him with bitter reflections on the great sinfulness of the wrath, which he had so long suffered to abide within his breast, and that, too, against his own brother. His soul was troubled by day, and in the night season he found no rest, by reason of the thought, that he had neglected to seek out his brother, and to be reconciled unto him, and strive to save him from

the evil, and extricate him from the peril, whereby he understood he was surrounded. These meditations pressed upon his mind continually, insomuch, that at last he determined to come to London, and seek him out in his adversity, and speak peace and comfort to his wounded spirit, if he would hear him. When, after much inquiry and diligent search, Aaron did at length find out his brother, he lay upon a miserable bed, in his comfortless garret, in the wild delirium of brain fever, mad as the raging sea, and pouring forth the most fearful blasphemies and imprecations. Terror and pity, fear and sorrow, fell upon the heart of Aaron Corwin, at the sight. His knees smote against each other, and he was obliged to leave the room, until, by prayerful meditation, and asking of aid from the Most High, he made himself firm in the strength of God, for the duty he had to perform. When he approached his brother's bed-side, the unhappy man screamed out, and became yet more furious than before; not so wholly unconscious of reality, as to forget the features of his brother, he mingled up his appearance with the horrid phantoms of his own diseased imagination. He fancied himself in hell, and that Aaron was come thither to torment him. It would be harrowing, and useless, to dwell longer on the dreadful scene. The physicians, whom Aaron had called in, advised that he should not appear in his brother's sight, but he remained in the room with him, and when his brother slept, he sat beside his bed and watched,

or knelt and prayed that God would look upon him with mercy, and relieve him in his anguish.

Aaron had now been with his brother seven days, when Henry one afternoon fell into that sort of deep, almost lethargic, slumber, which generally forms the crisis of severe fevers. Aaron knew that the state in which his brother awoke was almost certain to be decisive of his life or death; and as he sat beside his bed in the deep stillness of the night, the feeble candle shedding a dim uncertain light over the chamber, a solemn awe came upon his spirit, and kneeling down, with his hands stretched out upon the bed, in which the sufferer was lying, he bowed his head and prayed audibly, that his brother might awake restored in body and in soul, and be spared in mercy for a season of repentance and reconciliation, and newness of life. His words ceased, and as he yet knelt in mental supplication, he felt that drops were falling upon his extended hands. He looked up, and oh! how his heart melted within him, when he saw his brother — his very brother — risen from his pillow, bending over him, and dropping the first offerings of an awakened and contrite heart, upon the hands that were extended in supplication for him to the throne of grace.

Aaron arose and clung to his embrace, and Henry fell upon his neck and kissed him, and they wept together long, and in silence; for one was too happy, and the other was too weak, to speak.

In about a month Henry was sufficiently recovered

to accompany his brother to Ellerby, but he never again attained to vigorous bodily health. In soul and spirit he became altogether a new man; but while he remained in bed, and during his journey to the country, his conscience seemed to burn within him at the remembrance of his past life. He was racked with the stings of remorse, and, in spite of the efforts of Aaron, spiritual despair seemed about to take possession of his mind. But when they had arrived at home, and Aaron led him away into the still seclusion of the grassy churchyard of Ellerby, and both the brothers stood by the foot of old Aaron and Alice Corwin's grave, and at the side of Ellen Armthwaite's, then Henry's heart melted wholly within him, and a passion of tears relieved his throbbing, seared-up brain, and at length he was able to say to his brother, "Now I feel again as I did when I awoke from my deep fever-sleep, and heard you praying for me in the night season: — come now into the church, and pray for me again — and God be merciful to me a sinner."

From this time forth Henry complained no more of the darkness of despair, but sorrow for his sins had struck deep into his heart, and during the greater part of the two years which he lived in his brother's house after his return to Ellerby, the fervent prayer heard in the silent watches of the night, and the pillow found in the morning moistened with his tears, testified the depth and the sincerity of his repentance. But he sorrowed not as one without hope, and the peace of God which passeth all understanding, calmed

his conscience and illumined his faith, before he fell asleep in Christ.

Aaron Corwin still lives, a grey-headed pastor, with his children's children about his knees, for he married two years after Ellen Armthwaite's death. And as in boyhood he was one whom the holy forms of young imagination, chastened and refined by early religious principles and impressions, had kept pure, so, now that he has passed the appointed limit of threescore years and ten, his life is still, as it had then been, serious, tranquil, meditative, but more earnestly, more vitally pious, and therefore more happy. J.

SONNET.

The gloomy king of Yemen's locust band —
Hath not his star declined? The fervid day
Of Islam's youth in triumph passed away, —
The scimitar, the sceptre in his hand:
The turban's folds by Europe's winds were fanned;
Asia and Afric bowed. Long, long that sway
Was undisturbed; and calm the empire lay,
And pilgrims ever trod the arid sand.
But lo! the Crescent waneth. On the walls
Wrested of old from Christendom, and yet
The throne of Islam, desolation falls;
And totter column, dome, and minaret.
The Prophet's sword no more the Earth enthrals, —
The fallen star in utter night hath set.

F. R. C.

REFLECTIONS ON THE RHINE;

COURSE OF THAT RIVER EMBLEMATICAL OF THE STREAM OF HUMAN LIFE.

BY JAMES JOHNSON, M.D. PHYSICIAN EXTRAORDINARY TO THE KING.

What Goth or Vandal navigator or nomenclator was it, who filched its good name from the lovely Rhine, just as it was ending its glorious course in the ocean, and branded that beautiful stream with the barbarous and unutterable epithets of Whaal, Maas, Ysell, and Lech? Or did that noble river put an end to its existence by its own suicidal hand? No river in Europe —not even the Rhone—can boast of greater antiquity, or higher descent, than the Rhine. Born among the virgin snows and crystal glaciers of the Rhætian Alps, it meanders, in infantile gambols, through many a flowery dell, and dark ravine, in the defiles of the mountains, till it rests, for a while, on the placid bosom of Constance.* There it collects strength and volume from numerous tributary streamlets, as the youth, in

* The course of the Infant Rhine, through the *Via Mala*, on the Splugen Road, is one of the wonders of the world. The stream is often three or four hundred feet beneath us, dashing and foaming along in its subterranean conduit, between perpendicular precipices, separated only sixty or eighty feet; the road winding in some places along the verge of the horrid chasm, and sometimes crossing it on narrow bridges.—J. J.

Alma Mater, accumulates knowledge from a thousand sources, and concentrates it in the granary of the mind. Baptized anew in its second cradle — the Boden See — the adolescent Rhine darts forward joyously on the journey of life, eager to visit new scenes, and encounter rare adventures.

At Schafhausen, it "comes of age," leaps from its minority over a tremendous precipice, with a song of thunder — and rushes into the turmoils, dangers, and toils of love, war, and commerce, with all the enthusiasm and inexperience of youth! The scenes of joy and sorrow — of weal and woe — of rampant war, and smiling peace — of heroic love and barbarous tyranny, which the Rhine has witnessed between Bâsle and Cologne, during the last three thousand years, would fill an hundred volumes! But the torrent of the Rhine, which was so often tinged with human gore — which so often heard the shriek of terror, and the shout of triumph, has rolled into oblivion the records of many an eventful story, between the victories of Cæsar Germanicus over the barbarian Gauls, and of the imperial Gauls over the Germanic Cæsars!

If the polished bosom of this river could reflect the chequered series of events that have occurred on its banks, from the first conflict of Vandal hosts and Roman legions, on its borders, down to the eventful æra when its scared and echoing rocks heard —

> "The fiery Frank and furious Hun
> Shout in their sulphurous canopy,"

the historic panorama would be intensely interesting.

But the Rhine, like its emblem, man, having run through the giddy mazes of youth, and climbed the dangerous heights of ambition — having witnessed and experienced the visionary dreams of love, the corroding cares of power, and the empty enjoyments of wealth — begins, even before it reaches Cologne, to lose the grace and flexibility of its movements — the poetry and romance of its composition! The stream has become slow by age, and turbid by intercourse with the world—its banks stale, flat, and uninteresting. It has ceased to "build castles in the air," and all its —

"Golden visions and romantic dreams,"

have vanished like a cloud before the rising sun! * Farther on, it loses member after member of its family, till, shrinking into insignificance, ashamed of its decrepitude, and tired of its existence, it sinks in the Syrtes of its own ambition, and buries itself in the mausoleum of sands which it has constructed by the labour of ten thousand years!

The analogy which the course of the Rhine bears to the life of man, is very remarkable. The parallel might be drawn much closer, for no other river in the world supplies so many points of similitude or com-

* I have been twice up, and thrice down the Rhine. I prefer the ascent of the river by steam, to any other mode. The vessel does not move too fast against the stream to render any part of the scenery indistinct, and both banks are seen to equal advantage. During the steam voyage, the whole of the ascent forms a moving panorama of singular beauty — the combinations of scenery ever varying, and therefore for ever new. The tourist should take a short trip through Holland before ascending the Rhine, for the same reason that the gourmand takes bitters before dinner. — J. J

parison. It may be said that, in one respect, the analogy fails entirely. Man dies and disappears — the Rhine runs on its course for ever. But let it be remembered that every single drop in the river is merged in the ocean at last, as every human being ultimately reposes in the grave. There is a source of supply to each — to the stream of the river, as to the stream of time. Individuals are mortal, but the species is imperishable.

The analogy might even be pushed beyond the grave. The waters of the Rhine, (portions of them at least,) are exhaled from the ocean — ascend into the clouds — are wafted away to distant shores — descend in rains or dews — and swell the streams of other rivers. Many nations still believe that the disembodied spirit of man, sooner or later, animates some other form of created being — or even returns, in the end, to its first corporeal tenement. It is possible, and even probable, that some of the waters of the Rhine, after rising in vapours from the sea, descend again in snows among its parent Alps, and revisit, once more, its embattled and vine-clad banks — thus, as in the metempsychosis, running the same eternal round, *per omnia secula seculorum!*

Painted by F. Corbaux.

Engraved by R. Garland.

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THE PET SQUIRREL.

My own little pet,
How oft have we met,
Here, in this woodland among the sweet flowers;
Why should we sever,
Since neither can ever
Hope to find brighter, or happier hours?

I must away,
Ere the close of the day,
O'er the blue depth of yon fathomless sea:
Thou wilt be sleeping,
Where night dews are weeping,
When the cold billows are breaking round me.

Friends who have met,
Should never forget
Scenes where their joys, and their sorrows have been:
Look then around thee,—
'Twas here that I found thee,
Here too, we part in this forest of green.

Yet, ere I go,
With my heart full of woe,
Take the last pledge my affection to prove ;
If, when I chained thee,
Captivity pained thee,
See, how I break every link but my love !

Go, and be free,
Like the bird and the bee,
Sport in the sunshine among the sweet flowers;
But sometimes return to
The spot our hearts yearn to,
For this was the scene of our happiest hours.

SARAH STICKNEY.

THE MONTHS.

I.

From your high dwellings, in the realms of snow
And cloud, where many an avalanche's fall
Is heard resounding from the mountain's brow,
Come, ye cold winds, at January's call,
On whistling wings; and with white flakes bestrew
The earth, till February's reign restore
The race of torrents to their wonted flow,
Whose waves shall stand in silent ice no more;
But, lashed by March's maddened winds, shall roar
With voice of ire, and beat the rocks on every shore.

II.

Bow down your heads, ye flowers, in gentle guise,
Before the dewy rain that April sheds,
Whose sun shines through her clouds with quick surprise,
Shedding soft influences on your heads;
And wreathe ye round the rosy month that flies
To scatter perfumes in the path of June;
Till July's sun upon the mountains rise
Triumphant, and the wan and weary moon
Mingle her cold beams with the burning lume
That Sirius shoots through all the dreary midnight gloom.

III.

Rejoice! ye fields, rejoice, and wave with gold,
When August round her precious gifts is flinging;
Lo! the crushed wain is slowly homeward rolled:
The sun-burnt reaper's jocund lays are singing;
September's steps her juicy stores unfold,
If the spring blossoms have not blushed in vain:
October's foliage yellows with his cold:
In rattling showers dark November's rain,
From every stormy cloud, descends amain,
Till keen December's snows close up the year again.

J. R.

THE DIRGE OF ISOBEL.

BY DELTA.

I.

As if in sympathy, the low-toned wind
Sighs through the dark boughs of these funeral shrubs,
That, with their glossy and perennial leaves,
O'ershade her lowly tomb. The sinking Sun,
Now when day's bustle to repose is hushed,
Sends back from the fair west a farewell ray
To kiss and crimson o'er the sculptured stone
Which mourns the early loss of Isobel,
And tells the age which found her ripe for Heaven!

II.

All things around are joyless; the old walls
Of that moss-mantled abbey; its green roof—
Of past times typical; and its rent spire,
Whereon the ravens chatter dismally;—
Through iron railings dark protrude the boughs,
Unpruned and wild, of cypress, and of box
And holly; from the turf rank hemlock springs,

The nettle and the dock their leaves entwine
O'er yellow mouldering bones; and coffin-planks,
Strewn here and there amid the lichened stones,
Like sign-boards, emblematize mortality.
The rustle of the woods is here more dull;
The lowing of the wandering kine remote
Hath an unearthly tone; and life itself,
Methinks, seems here but as a leaf, which once
Hath floated down the waters to the sea;
Yea, even the little birds seem here to sing,
Loath and afraid, — all, save the Redbreast lone,
That to the ruined walls, and silent graves,
From out the depth of sombre eventide
Pipeth a low, sweet melancholy hymn.

III.

And lowly art thou laid, and art thou gone,
And shall we list the music of thy steps
No more? — nor hearken to that gentle voice,
That voice whose accents murmured halcyon days?
Although before me scowls reality —
Although before me blacken the harsh rails —
The writing be inscribed, and green the turf,
So like a ray of immortality
Wast thou, I dare not think that thou art dead —
That, o'er thy senseless clay, rave the wild wind
Of midnight, — and that thou no more shalt take
Portion or part in aught beneath the sun!
Yet, but a few short months ago, and who
Like thee could thread the mazes of the dance,

Or, to the music of the gay guitar,
Pour forth the artless song? From thy bright eye
Beamed health; from thy white forehead joy and hope;
Thy sunny tresses, waving in their glee,
Spake length of days; and round thy sylph-like form
Hung Beauty, like a guardian sent from Heaven,
To lead thy steps unscathed to Age's bower.

IV.

Fair wast thou as a star; yet not alone
To outward beauty, to external grace,
Thy lustre was confined; within, within,
— Half shaded by the veil of modesty, —
Glowed the refulgent mind, whose living light
Bathed in its heavenly hues all earthly things.
Life was to thee but love; the evening sky —
Cameleon-hued, with castellated clouds
Grotesque, in shape and shade magnificent, —
Was to thee a deep feeling; the green fields,
Rejoicing in the genial smiles of Spring,
Spake to thee of their innocence; the stream,
Rolling through woodlands from its mountain home,
In its meanderings murmured peace; the groves,
Green tabernacles reared by Nature's hand,
Were fraught with consecrated gloom; the Sun
In purple and gold bemantling eventide —
Night's courier star, looking, with angel eye,
From the blue south — the broad dilated Moon
Climbing from off the ocean into sky —
All preached the great Creator's power. Thy soul,

'Mid Summer's gorgeous bowers, or 'mid the storms
Of Winter, when the hills were robed in snow, —
When through the lattices the wild winds moaned,
And small birds came to thee to sing for crumbs —
Was ever filled with the deep consciousness
Of that Intelligence divine, which rules
The changing landscape, — and, oh dreamer sweet!
Oft as subduing Music's dulcet tones,
Entranced in spirit, it was thine to drink;
Imagination on the sands of Hope
Pictured Elysian realms, where Beauty's face
Is only seen, and Nature's pulses throb
To the divinest key of harmony.

v.

Grief — grief — there are no sounds but those of woe
Within the dwelling of thy love, — the wail
Of widowed hearts, and deprivation's sob!
At all times thou hadst smiles for all that live;
Thy soul was like the great sea steeped in calm;
And no malicious humours e'er disturbed
The quiet flowing of thine innocent blood;
Envy and Discontent thy presence fled
Like shades the morning sun; and Happiness
Was scattered round, reflected from thy cheek;
Tears hadst thou for the wretched; Charity
Dwelt in thine open soul and liberal hand.
Oh grief! that thus thy lustre should be quenched
So quickly, as a rose-bud by the rude
Wild wind is broken; or, at early eve,

As sails a tempest o'er a rising star,
Blotting its beauty from the sight of Earth.

VI.

Poor child of sixteen summers! thou art now
— Rapt from the sunshine and the sins of earth, —
An inmate of the dark and narrow house,
And takest no part, and hast no consciousness
Of aught that occupies this upper world!—
Still, for a moment, I would throw me back
Upon the glowing past, and picture thee,
As when in meteor brightness and decline,
Thy beauty evanescent charmed my sight.—
In all thy girlish pride I see thee now —
Thy shape of symmetry, thy swan-like neck,
Thy budding bosom, and thy rounded arms —
In this white hand a lily, and in that
An outspread volume. Tresses flowing, dark
And glossy as the raven's summer plume,
O'ershade thy modest forehead, high and pale;
While from thy long silk eyelash darts a beam
Of beauty and divine intelligence.—
'Tis past — like morning mists dissolved in heaven —
'Tis past — like snow-flakes melted in the stream —
'Tis past! — where roses bloomed on thy soft cheek
A dull red fluttering hectic streak appears,
The forerunner of death; a languor steals
O'er each bland feature; and, like snow that thaws
Before the west-wind's gentle breath, thou wanest
Away — away from this terrestrial scene!

VII.

Oh! 'tis a grievous parting pang, to leave
Our native home, and sail to foreign climes,
Where not a face is friendly, and where all,
By dreary contrast, tell us of the joys
That ne'er shall bless us more: — but still more sad,
And oh! more awful far it is to leave
Home—friends—and sunlight—and familiar scenes—
And sink into the dark night of the tomb,
When life its gorgeous chart to bless the eye
Is opening, and a length of happy days
By Hope is pictured 'mid futurity: —
Such fate was thine: when wintry storms were past,
And the young Sun, with renovating glow,
Shone o'er the land, awakening herb and flower
From their deep sleep, and clothing the bare field
With tender green, thou Isobel, didst die;
And they who hailed thee 'mid their youthful sports,
And called thee queen, behold thy face no more!

VIII.

Sweet girl! too rapidly thy sun hath set —
Thy span was like a meteor's, bright and brief;
And waned thy flower away upon its stalk
Ere half unblossomed. — Isobel, farewell!
Only a brief space loveliest shalt thou be
Among the unforgotten dead, for thou
Wast as a vernal violet, from its nook
Of shadow, wooing sunshine; and so fast

Die off the memories of all earthly things
From this world's crowded streets; but ne'er by me,
Image of gladness, shalt thou be forgot!

IX.

Thy dirge is now on every tongue: — alas!
When a few fleeting months have circled o'er,
Ere from the groves drop the autumnal leaves,
Thy story shall be old — a thing gone by —
A trace on memory's tablet faint and dim.
Before the undulation of thy turf
By Time is levelled, changed to matrons sage,
(How altered from the past!) and mothers meek,
Shall be thy giddy, gay companions all;
But ah! how scattered by the wand of Fate!
A few amid these dear-loved native scenes,
May see their sun declining tranquilly,
But many — and by far the most — remote
On foreign isle or continent, at eve
When day's abstractions all have sunk away,
May dream of school-days' bright-green summer bowers,
And turn with horror from the wrecks of life —
Life, which is pregnant with continual change,
Sunshine and shower alternate. Thou to them,—
Musing perchance 'neath twilight's golden star,—
Shalt be a phantom, 'mid the dreams of youth,
Tinging the past with bright etherial hues,
And mingling sweets in Recollection's cup;
Thy form shall come to them, in lonely hours,

Awakening sad but pleasant thoughts, and they
Will look in vain, amid the things of life,
To find thy likeness. — Can it be that, then,
Some of them even may hearken to thy name,
Forgetful half, as 'twere an alien sound?
(It may be) — and that, hand in hand, with thee,
Shone o'er the unclouded summer holidays! —
Dread type of transience! They, too, shall decline,
One after one — till all have passed away —
One after one — like roses in the sweep
Of a September wind, at intervals,
And join thee in the silence of the grave!

X.

Farewell! too early denizen of Heaven!
Perhaps this dirge is hymned in selfish woe,
For why should we lament — save for ourselves —
That from this rude world, like Elijah rapt,
Thou now tread'st down the amaranthine flowers,
A happy wanderer 'mid the bowers of bliss: —
Yet will a natural sorrow melt the heart;
And thus to me, touched by thy loveliness,
Thy worth, and quick decay, a pensive joy
It yields, amid the stirless calm of even,
While, like a glory, Hesper, from the south
Looks down upon the woods and mountains blue,
To lean on thy sepulchral stone, and muse
On life, and all its dread uncertainties!

AMMIEL THE APOSTATE,

A Tale of the Babylonish Captivity.

BY W. C. TAYLOR, L.L.D.

When Nebuchadnezzar was stricken with lunacy, and "driven from men to eat grass as oxen," the Babylonish empire, founded by his valour, and sustained only by his wisdom, began to crumble into ruins. Chiefs of mountain tribes withdrew their precarious allegiance; tributary monarchs not only asserted their independence, but prepared to contend for empire; military commanders employed their divisions in cutting out kingdoms for themselves. The new dynasties had one common principle; they resolved to puzzle posterity, by assuming titles consonant to their hopes rather than their possessions: "a king of kings" was an individual of really less importance than an old highland chieftain; "a boundless empire" was a territory of less extent than the county of Middlesex; and "an army of unnumbered myriads" scarcely equal to a regiment of militia. The monarchs were all, of course, brothers to the sun and moon, lords of the

planets, regents of the universe, with a long *et cetera* of other titles that would equally illustrate human presumption and human folly. Subsequent historians, Greeks, Persians, and Hebrews, gave faith to these denominations; each chose a dynasty for himself, which it pleased him to represent as paramount; and hence the accounts we have of central Asia, in the period between the fall of the Babylonian and the foundation of the Persian empires, have as little similarity as the annals of England and the annals of Japan. Leaving chronologers to reconcile the conflicting claims of dynasties, we shall turn to some of the domestic incidents in that troublous period, deriving our information from the Jewish traditions collected by the Rabbins, after their return from captivity. Should the narrative, in some places, contradict Mirkhoud and Herodotus, we beg our readers to remember that these respectable historians every where contradict each other.

The Jews, brought captive into Babylon, "wept by its waters, when they remembered their beloved Zion;" but tears were deemed too great an indulgence for a vanquished nation, and their sorrows afforded incessant mirth to their savage conquerors. Weary of enduring taunts and jeers more galling than bondage itself, many fled to the wilds of eastern Persia, to the Armenian mountains, and even to the deserts of Arabia. Dreadful was the fate of those who were intercepted in their flight; ingenuity was exhausted in devising torments for their execution; many, however, encountered every

hazard to obtain the privilege of singing the Lord's song uninterrupted, even in a strange land. The vigilance of the watch over the captives, like every other department of the state, became relaxed after the illness of Nebuchadnezzar; those who had fled opened communication with their brethren, and invited them to share in the security of their retreats. Abner, a descendant of the royal house of David, had been treated less harshly than his brethren of the captivity, having had the good fortune to conciliate the favour of Melzar, the steward of the royal household, by whom he was employed to superintend one of the king's gardens in the plains of Shinar. But Melzar was removed from power when his imperial protector became incapable of directing the state, and his place was given to the licentious Balthazar, who was infamous for his vices even in that city of iniquity. Abner and his wife Zillah had borne a more than ordinary share of their country's calamities; five brave sons had fallen in the impotent struggle to sustain the throne of Zedekiah; one daughter had sought a voluntary death to escape a worse fate; the other, O grief of griefs! had become an apostate, and, in the arms of her ravisher, abandoned creed, name, and nation. Years had elapsed, but the wretched parents heard nothing of the lost Miriam, and, by a kind of tacit agreement, they never spoke of her, and dreaded to make any inquiry. Of his numerous family, no one remained to Abner but a youthful grandson, who had just attained his tenth year. Ammiel was a noble

boy ; his elastic step, his intelligent countenance, and the spirit that flashed in his dark eye, attracted universal admiration. Balthazar saw him, and immediately proposed to take him into the imperial household, and employ him as a guardian of the *harem*. Abner was struck with horror at the proposal ; he resolved to fly with his grandson to the Carduchian mountains, where several of his compatriots had already found refuge.

Seven days had elapsed since Abner, Zillah, and Ammiel had fled from the banks of the Euphrates ; the eighth morning found them in the midst of a wide and barren plain, watered by salt springs that destroyed vegetation. A scorching sun blazed over their heads, no tree or shrub was near to afford shelter, no healthy stream could be found to cool their parched lips. They toiled on, silent, for each dreaded to increase the other's agony, by giving utterance to the despair that was fast mastering their souls. At length Ammiel sunk exhausted on the sand, and Zillah, who was scarcely able to support her tottering limbs, addressed her husband :—

" Lord of my life, the last of a royal race is about to perish before thine eyes ; delayest thou then to use the dread powers of thy royal line — to speak the hereditary spell that binds the viewless beings of air to disclose their secrets to the descendants of Solomon ?"

" Alas ! Zillah !" replied Abner, " you know too well what reason I have to dread evoking the Bath

Kol;* never have its boding sounds announced any thing but sorrow to the house of David. Rememberest thou not——"

"Oh! recal not the memory of that fatal hour, but look, look on this speechless, helpless child, and say if any other means may be found to stay the life now fluttering on his lips."

As she spoke she fell beside Ammiel, and lay incapable of motion.

"God of my fathers! pity and forgive me in this hour of strong temptation!" exclaimed Abner, and he named the name graven on the seal of Solomon, the Shem Hamphorasch which controls the superior intelligences.

As he spoke, a thick mist veiled the surrounding objects, a dubious screen in whose wreathings the eye vainly sought to trace a definite form; "a spirit was before him, but he could not discern its lineaments," and a voice, sounding like "the moaning of the wood pigeon," came to his ears:—

"Thy thoughts are known; listen, but speak not,—the winged tribes of air discern the pure from the impure; wouldst thou know the road to a mountain, follow the gazelle as she seeks her lair; the tiger's cub shall sport with the fawn until time awakens his native ferocity — Ammiel shall live to the day when his last wish shall be gratified; fear for him when most

* "The daughter of the voice;" this, with the Hebrews, was the poetical name of the echo; the Rabbins have applied it to supernatural communications.

prosperous; it is the bright day that hatches the serpent."

As the voice died away, the mist slowly dissolved, and the sun once more illumined the wilderness. Abner remained lost in thought, until roused by the painful sting of a hornet; he raised his hand to brush off the insect, but it flew away to a little distance, and settled close to the head of a small stream, which Abner had tried at some distance from its fountain, and found strongly impregnated with brine. He went to the spot where the hornet had pitched, and found the water pure at its source. To bathe the beating temples and moisten the parched lips of his wife and grandson was the work of a moment; they raised their languid heads, they drank and were refreshed. As they left the fountain, a gazelle bounded over the plain, and, guided by its native instinct, found the pure water. It then proceeded slowly in a northern direction, and Abner knew that the animal marshalled them the road they should pursue.

Some years passed away. In one of the deep valleys of the Carduchian hills stood two cottages, surrounded by cultured fields, that spoke of peace and prosperity. At the door of one sat Abner and Zillah, eagerly watching Ammiel's return from the chace; in front of the other was Adah, the daughter of Pharaz, one of the earliest fugitives from Babylonian insult. Adah, too, looked anxiously towards the path by which Ammiel was expected to return; his choicest spoils were always laid at her feet, and her approving smile was

the huntsman's dearest reward. Pharaz, however, looked with suspicion on the enterprising Ammiel. "He is," he would say, "a son of Jacob, but he has the soul of Esau:" and, in sooth, there was in his eagerness for sport, frequently a mixture of destructiveness, that made his hunt "a mimicry of war." The shades of evening had begun to fall, when Ammiel was seen winding his way up the glen; his horse bore signs of severe exhaustion, but he seemed to have suffered little from fatigue himself. There was a new dignity in his bearing, a look of stern excitement, where the pride of recent triumph mingled with a feeling of gratified hate. He did not, as usual, first approach Adah, but, turning to where his grandfather stood, he bounded from his steed, exclaiming, "To-day, my first spoil is for you," and he drew from his robe a gory human head. Adah and Pharaz had approached to inquire the success of the gallant hunter, but they recoiled in horror from this ghastly sight. Abner spoke not, but eagerly looked in his grandson's face, waiting for an explanation.

"I had struck down a deer with my dart," said Ammiel, "as it bounded from a covert, and when I went to secure the animal, a Kurdish horseman, who appeared to have been chasing it, came out from the same thicket and hastily commanded me to retire. I refused, and he dashed upon me with levelled spear. We fought for life, and I prevailed. When he fell, I cut off his head to prevent the body from being recognized by his brethren, who might else, in their

eagerness for revenge, have disturbed the tranquillity of our happy valley."

"And it was nobly done," said Abner; "blessed be the Lord, manhood has not departed from Israel——"

Pharaz interrupted his aged friend: "Insult not a God of mercy, by invoking his name to a deed that has made a child fatherless, and a wife a widow," said he, pointing to the mark incised by a Kurd of ancient days on his cheek, when first hailed by the name of father. "Beware," he continued in words that found a fearful echo in Abner's bosom, "beware when you wake the slumbering ferocity of the tiger!"

Ammiel darted at the speaker a look of savage fury, but his eye glancing on Adah, he suppressed his passion by a vigorous effort, and again repeated that the deed had been done in self-defence. Pharaz appeared, at length, to be satisfied, and allowed Adah, as usual, to bear home a share of the hunter's game.

From the moment that his hand had been stained with blood, a great change was wrought in the character of Ammiel;—he became stern and taciturn; in his conversations with Adah he spoke not of domestic felicity, as in days of yore, but of glory, of power, of wealth, of magnificence, and those baubles with which ambition tempts the young enthusiast to wade through deeds of slaughter. At length, he confided to her his determination of escaping from the valley, to seek fortune in adventurous fields; promising that he would return to claim her as the partner of the happiness he

was determined to win. Adah remonstrated even with tears, but her lover remained inflexible. He next proceeded to Abner and Zillah, not to solicit permission, but to announce an unalterable resolution. Abner made no effort to change his grandson's purpose; the Bath Kol's prediction respecting the tiger had been ever present to his mind, since the day that Pharaz had recalled it to his memory; he bowed his head in strong emotion, and then, raising his eyes to Heaven, exclaimed: "This blow is hard to bear; nevertheless, O God, thy will be done!"

As the power of the Babylonians sunk on the western frontiers of Persia, that of the Turanians rose in the east. Afrasiáb, the monarch of this new race of conquerors, had added fanaticism to the natural ferocity of his soldiers; the Magian priests declared that the monarch was an incarnation of the Powerful, sent upon earth to subdue all nations to Ormuzd and Ahriman. Afrasiáb consequently claimed and received divine honours; his soldiers fought as if in presence of a God, and believed that he conferred a seat in Paradise on all who fell in his cause. This is a domestic narrative, not a critical history, else we might dwell on the strange confusion that has arisen from giving the same name to the ancient caste of priests in central Asia, and to the followers of the philosophic reformer who overthrew their spiritual despotism. The Magians, before the days of Zoroaster, were, like the Brahmins, hereditary priests, whose power over the other castes was absolute; and they

were maintained in their supremacy by their alliance with the warlike caste of the Medes. Cyrus was the leader of a political and religious revolution that subverted the authority both of Medes and Magians. After his death the struggle was renewed, but the reformation was, at length, consummated by the philosopher Zoroaster, and the warrior Darius Hystaspes, or, as they may more properly be named, Zerdusht and Gushtasp. It is necessary to make these remarks, that the Magian religion of the Turanians may not be confounded with the comparatively pure faith of the Persians; it resembled rather the Brahminical abominations of India, and, indeed, seems to have been derived from the same source, for recent investigations have shown that the religion of the Hindús and their dominant castes came together from the Turanian countries, north of the Paropamisan chain.

Ammiel entered the service of Afrasiáb, and found many of his brethren in the Turanian army, who were eager to glut their vengeance on the Babylonians. It needs not to repeat the often told tale of war and desolation; Afrasiáb's army beat down all opposition, from the banks of the Oxus to those of the Tigris. Ammiel's daring courage had, more than once, turned the tide of victory, and his creed was the only obstacle to his attaining rank and power.

As yet the Turanians possessed no city; but their stationary camps were gradually assuming a permanence and stability that soon destroyed their nomade habits. Ammiel, on his return from an expedition in

which his bravery was the theme of universal praise, presented himself in the inclosure that contained the royal tent: we might almost have said palace, on account of its fixity and size. Every eye was turned on the youthful hero; even the ladies of the harem cut holes in the felt hangings, to obtain a view of one who, in the bloom of youth, had eclipsed the fame of ancient warriors. Afrasiáb came forth in all the barbarous pomp of his age and nation; priests marched before him, flinging clouds of incense from their censers, and singing hymns in his praise; warriors surrounded him, clashing their swords on their shields with barbarous dissonance; a crowd of attendants strewed the earth with carpets and rich robes, that dust might not pollute the divinity that hedged in their king. His reception of Ammiel was unusually gracious; he required not from him the nine prostrations which would violate the laws of Moses; he ordered him to be clothed in a robe of honour, and led round the camp on one of the royal steeds, while a herald proclaimed, "Behold part of Afrasiáb's gratitude to a faithful servant!"

The procession was at an end; Ammiel was again summoned to the palace; the governess of the harem, a sultana who had outlived her charms, and was therefore deemed fit to act the part of dragon, had expressed a great anxiety to see and converse with him. Inquiries respecting his parentage were made and answered, and Ammiel heard with astonishment that he had found his aunt in the tents of Afrasiáb. Miriam

expressed, and indeed felt a tender interest in her nephew's welfare; time had destroyed the beauty that supported her former schemes of ambition, but she trusted that some of the power that had escaped her might be won back by her nephew's influence. Apostacy, however, was necessary to his elevation, and all her eloquence was exerted to induce him to become a renegade. Nor was the task difficult: ambition, in Ammiel's bosom, had, of late, been blended with avarice; and that passion, at once the meanest and the most daring, the basest and the bloodiest, influenced him to surrender his faith in his father's God, on the altars of wealth and power. On the same day that the indelible Magian marks were punctured on his shoulder, Ammiel was appointed to the satrapy of the northern province, and the command of the army on the Tigris.

The Kurds, from their mountain fastnesses, had watched the progress of the Turanians with anxious jealousy; they saw them seize the plains that they had long regarded as their own plundering grounds, and the robbers resolved to wage war with the tyrants. In this desultory warfare, where individual valour was of more avail than refined tactics, Ammiel's enterprise and spirit shone conspicuous; he frequently pursued the Kurds into their own savage regions, and the Carduchian mountains no longer afforded protection to the plunderers.

Returning from a successful pursuit of these marauders, Ammiel found himself, one evening, near the

entrance of the valley where he had spent his youth. The tide of domestic affections, so long checked, rushed in full force through his breast, and he hasted to visit the revered Abner and the beloved Adah. Leaving the main body of his followers at the entrance of the valley, he took the well-known road to his grandsire's cottage, accompanied by a faithful attendant. Strangers were at the door; they informed him that Zillah was dead, and that Abner, together with Pharaz and Adah, had removed farther up in the mountains, through fear of the Turanian invaders. Ammiel followed the path pointed out by the strangers, and, ere night had fallen, reached the new habitation of the fugitives. Adah recognized her lover with a thrill of joy, in which neither Abner nor Pharaz participated; they saw with sorrow a son of Israel wearing a foreign dress, and speaking with the accent of a stranger. He recounted his achievements; Adah, in admiration of his bravery, forgot the misery that his exploits had brought on widows and orphans; but Abner wept that these deeds were not performed in defence of the rightful inheritance of the house of David, and Pharaz questioned the legality of a follower of Moses fighting in support of the impious pretensions of Afrasiáb. He described the splendour and magnificence of the Turanian court, but Adah cared only for retirement; her dearest wish was "to blush unseen," and she thought it happiness, "to waste her sweetness on the desert air." Abner and Pharaz, who remembered the pomp and ceremony of the court of

Jerusalem, felt disgusted rather than dazzled by descriptions of barbaric wealth and savage extravagance. Ammiel could scarcely hide his feelings of disappointment; he had eagerly returned to claim the sympathies of those whom he held dearest on earth; he was among them with the painful conviction that he was not of them. Night closed round the cottage, whose inmates were, for the last time, to enjoy a peaceful sleep.

With the dawn of morning, Ammiel prepared to return to his followers, but, before his departure, he deemed it right to tell Abner of his meeting with Miriam. The old man started as if stung by a serpent.

"The apostate lives then," he exclaimed, "lives, still false to her country and her country's God. Accursed be the hour in which she was born! Accursed be——"

"Oh, curse her not!" exclaimed Adah, flinging herself at the old man's feet, while Ammiel, a prey to bitter emotions, was unable to utter a word; "Curse not the child of thy beloved Zillah; I sat by the side of her dying bed, and heard her, with faltering accents, beseech pardon for the outcast, and, as we may yet hope, the penitent Miriam."

Abner's passions were excited beyond what his age could bear; he was sinking to the earth, when his grandson hasted to support him. In his hurry, he flung back his robe, and the fatal mark of idolatry was visible on his arm. A bitter shriek from Adah announced the unexpected calamity; Abner saw the

sign, and exclaiming "Ichabod! Ichabod!" extricated himself from his grandson's grasp, and fell senseless to the earth. His heart was broken.

Brief space was allowed to Ammiel for contemplating the desolation he had caused. Pharaz forbade him to touch the body of a true believer, and Adah, with sobs, faltered out an eternal farewell to the idolater. The rightful tone of superiority assumed by Pharaz awoke some of the worst feelings in the young man's bosom; flinging some gold on the ground, he commanded Pharaz to inter Abner with the ceremonies due to his rank, and declared that he would severely punish disobedience. He then retired, scarcely casting a glance at Adah, who remained overwhelmed with grief and horror.

The Kurds learned with rage that the leader of the Turanians, who had driven them from their favourite haunts, and chased them into their most secluded retreats, belonged to the race of Jews, whom they had permitted to seek refuge in their mountains. Thirsting for revenge, they determined to extirpate every child of Israel in the Carduchian hills, and, ere long, Ammiel learned that his career had been as fatal to his nation as to his family. Again he led his army into the mountains, with the determination of rescuing the remnant of the Israelites. He brought safety to a few, but not one of them thanked him for the life he had preserved; their hatred of apostacy was stronger than gratitude. He could hear nothing respecting Adah and her father; his emissaries found the cottage

destroyed, and the beasts of the wild couching on the deserted hearth.

Years rolled on; Ammiel, in the schemes of ambition, seemed to have forgotten the days of youthful innocence; but there were hours, even in the highest excitement of the camp and the court, when the thoughts of former days overcame him even to weakness, and he loathed the rewards for which he had apostatized. Among his brethren in the service of Afrasiáb, there were many that, like him, had forsaken the God of Israel, but there were also some who had remained faithful to their God and their country, despising honours and enduring shame. Among these was Ajún, who had been a pupil in the school of the prophets, and who loved to repeat the divine promises of the restoràtion of Israel, which had so frequently been pronounced by the inspired messengers of the Almighty. He frequently related Isaiah's announcement of a prince bearing an Iranian name, Khoreesh or Cyrus, whom God had named to be the ruler of Asia and the deliverer of the chosen people. Busy rumour brought an obscure intimation of this prediction to the ears of Afrasiáb; he had, some time before, given his daughter in marriage to Siyáwesh, an Iranian or Persian prince, and the Magi, who hated Siyáwesh on account of his hostility to the sacerdotal power, persuaded Afrasiáb that the prediction referred to him and his offspring. The vizier Pirán Wisah, Siyáwesh, and Ammiel had long been united by the strictest bonds of friendship; which, indeed, may be fairly

accounted for by their interests having never come in collision. Late one night, Ammiel was surprised by a visit from his aunt Miriam; she informed him that it had been resolved to murder Siyáwesh, who was then at a distant hunting seat, and to administer poisonous drugs to the princess Ferangíz, for the purpose of destroying her unborn child. Ammiel hasted to convey the intelligence to Pirán Wisah; it was agreed that the vizier should rescue Siyáwesh, while Ammiel should convey the princess to a place of safety. By the aid of Miriam, Ferangíz was safely taken from the harem, and conducted by Ammiel to a village in the mountains, but Siyáwesh was overtaken by the messengers of death before he could receive the vizier's warning.

Afrasiáb was filled with wrath, when he learned that Ferangíz had been removed out of his power. It was long before he discovered the culprits, but when he learned that they were the governess of his household and the favourite general of his army, his rage knew no bounds. He summoned Pirán Wisah, on whom suspicion had not fallen, and ordered him to put the culprits to death. The vizier remonstrated, and pointed out the dangers that might result from the discontent of the soldiers, by whom Ammiel was all but adored; he succeeded in saving the nephew, but the fate of Miriam was sealed.

Ammiel, enraged by the loss of his last relative, quitted the service of Afrasiáb, and, with a company of his attached followers, became the leader of banditti;

or rather, as such chiefs were viewed in the East, the head of an independent army, ready to fight in any cause that promised either pay or plunder. For several years, Ammiel and his followers were the terror of central Asia; no particulars of their exploits have been preserved, except that they protected Ferangíz and her son Koresh or Cyrus from all the attempts of Afrasiáb; and, when the boy attained his fourteenth year, brought him to the Iranians, who gladly received the son of Siyáwesh as their sovereign.

Returning from one of his expeditions, Ammiel was accidentally separated from his train. A fierce storm arose, and he vainly sought a shelter from its fury. He wandered along the banks of the upper Tigris, which had been devastated by incessant wars, until his steed sunk under him. He struggled forward on foot, but the elemental strife, and the fatigues of his toilsome journey, overcame his strong frame, and he fell exhausted on the ground. How long he lay in this state, he could not determine; when he recovered his senses, he was resting on a bed of leaves in a Jewish hut, and an unknown female was bathing his temples with some aromatic liquid. When he attempted to speak, she put her finger to her lips and intimated that speaking was an exertion beyond his strength. His attendant was young, and there was something in her features that reminded him of his unforgotten Adah. She was evidently not the sole tenant of the cottage; from his bed he could see flitting shadows, and hear whispered

inquiries respecting his condition. During the slow progress of his recovery, he saw no face, however, but that of the young girl, and she studiously avoided every effort to engage her in conversation.

The leisure of a sick bed afforded time for reflection; the thoughts of Ammiel were sufficiently gloomy; the pious lessons of Abner and Zillah came to his mind, the hours when he and Adah offered their daily homage to the God of Israel, the pride he had once felt in the history of Judah's glory, and the hopes he had indulged of aiding in its restoration: for him these existed no longer; he had abandoned his nation and his God; what now was his reward? A brilliant career, whose glory was fast fading from memory, as new adventurers came forward to claim distinction; wealth, that had long since become the prey of an ungrateful tyrant; and power, whose possession had been painful, and whose loss was irretrievable.

One evening, while his guardian was absent, he found himself strong enough to rise; he staggered to the door of the hut, and his eyes rested on a new and lovely landscape. During his insensibility, he had been removed to the right bank of the Tigris, near that range of hills, where, at a later age, the Emperor Trajan proposed to found a city. Before him was a grove of palms, sloping down to the river, with an underwood of those beautiful shrubs, that still constitute the chief ornament of the Pachalick of Bagdad. He heard the sound of voices from the grove, and approached to listen. Jewish maids and matrons were

singing a portion of that noble elegy, in which Jeremiah, with unequalled pathos, has pictured the woes of Jerusalem; the national sins that caused the calamity; and the hopes that God would not cast off his people for ever. Ammiel's heart was touched; overcome by his feelings, and still weak from recent illness, he was forced to throw himself upon the earth, where he lay deeply bewailing his lost estate. While in this condition, he involuntarily remembered the scene in the desert when his life had been miraculously preserved, and, unconsciously, he repeated the spell-word which, so many years before, had fallen unheeded on his ear, but which memory had nevertheless preserved, by one of those powers of the mental economy which philosophy fails to explain. At once he felt that he was not alone; his senses, indeed, received no impression of an outward existence; he saw, he felt, he heard with his soul. The voice of the Bath Kol spoke within him:

"The lost one shall be found,—the wounded shall be healed,—peace dwelleth in Jerusalem,—salvation cometh from Zion,—the interpretation of dark sayings dwelleth in the cavern of the prophets."

There was an interval of silence; it was broken by the sound of approaching footsteps; the evening sacrifice had been offered, and the Jewish maids and matrons were returning to their homes. They found Ammiel reclining on the ground, weak but not insensible; one matron approached him, she called him by his name. It was Adah.

Several days had passed, and Ammiel had recovered

sufficient strength to travel. "Farewell, daughter of Pharaz," said he, as he prepared to take his departure, "thy husband's house must not longer be polluted by the presence of an apostate; he is of a priestly race, and may offer for a sinner the sacrifice of expiation; and farewell to thee, youthful Zillah, reflect upon the words of my royal ancestor: 'Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth,' and if an example to warn and appal be wanting, think of me. To thee, Abihu, I cannot say farewell; last night, the Bath Kol whispered to my soul that I should see thee again in our restored temple, Heaven hasten the happy time." As he spoke, he arrayed himself in the tattered robes of a pilgrim, and, casting a look of disgust rather than regret at the glittering armour that lay piled in a heap, departed.

The cave of the prophets was a wild chasm, in one of the mountains between Jerusalem and the Jordan; it had often afforded shelter to the inspired teachers, whose awful warnings had exasperated an impious prince and people. Abner had frequently related to his grandson the traditions connected with this secret retreat, and Ammiel directed his course thither, with no other guide than the remembrance of these narratives. He reached the asylum in safety, and lived there, a penitent hermit, during the revolutions that prostrated the thrones of Afrasiáb and Belshazzar before the youthful Cyrus. The Rabbins dilate, at great length, on the severe penances by which Ammiel sought to expiate his crime; the detail contains only

one circumstance of interest: every evening the Bath Kol spoke to him in his cell, coming unsummoned, and consoled him with the promises of future pardon and peace.

Years rolled on; Cyrus had become the undisputed master of Asia; he remembered that it was a Jewish leader who had saved him from the tyranny and cruelty of Afrasiáb; he evinced his gratitude by signing an edict for the deliverance of the Jewish people. The book of Ezra has related the dangers and difficulties which the restored nation had to encounter, and their final triumph over the malice of their enemies.

When the altar was, at length, raised on the hill of Zion, and the space for the erection of the second temple marked out, Ezra proclaimed a solemn festival, at which atonement should be made for the sins of the people. On the preceding evening, Ammiel, as usual, sat bewailing his transgressions; he could not forbear exclaiming, "Shall this wounded bosom never know peace? Will God hide his face for ever?"

The voice of the Bath Kol responded: "Salvation cometh from Zion: to-morrow on the Holy Hill shalt thou learn the end."

Abihu, a priest far advanced in years, was sitting in the temporary sanctuary erected by the returned exiles, preparing himself, by meditation and prayer, for the important duties of the ensuing day. He was to preside over the sacrifice in the absence of the High Priest, and his eye glanced over the mystic symbols

which the laws of Moses enjoined as part of the pontifical dress. Suddenly light from the Urim, and a melody, such as no human art could imitate, proceeded from the Thummim; Abihu recognized the signs that announced a divine communication, and fell prostrate on the earth in reverence and attention.

Morning rose on Jerusalem, and never did city present a more extraordinary spectacle; the solemnity of a religious festival was mingled with the military array of a beleaguered city; processions of maids and matrons hasting towards the temple, or rather towards the spot traced out for its erection, were crossed in their march through grass-grown streets, by bands of warriors in full panoply proceeding to their several stations; the wild flowers that grew on the walls of ruined houses mingled their wavings sometimes with those of the soldier's plume, sometimes with those of the long fillets that formed part of the dress of the Priests and Levites. The anthems of praise were frequently interrupted by the warning notes of the trumpet, or the signal word of the sentinels stationed in the temporary towers erected both for observation and defence; it was a scene in which "God and our country" was a phrase not only full of meaning, but embodied in actual life; where patriotism was religion, and religion patriotism.

The hour arrived for the celebration of the evening sacrifice: on the hill of Zion stood all the inhabitants of Jerusalem; even helpless infancy and helpless age had been brought to witness the solemn festival. A

man, "over whose brow not time alone a blight had in its transit sent," stood apart from the crowd; his forehead, ploughed and furrowed by severe suffering, was raised to heaven; tears streamed from his sunken eyes, his hands were clasped, and he muttered in accents of misery, "Forgiveness, forgiveness, and peace!" Who, in this miserable solitary, would have recognized the gallant Ammiel, once the terror of central Asia?

The sacrifice was finished; the priest Abihu stood in front of the altar, and pronounced the usual blessing on the people; ere he concluded, he turned to the spot where Ammiel stood, and said, "Salvation cometh from Zion; the sinner's penitence hath been accepted, and the Most High commands his minister to announce the accomplishment of the last wish, pardon and peace."

The eyes of the multitude were directed to the spot where Ammiel had stood; they saw him fall prostrate on his face; they went to raise him,—he was dead.

Abihu and Adah had the corpse of the pardoned apostate borne to the royal tombs in the vale of Jehoshaphat, but they breathed not his name, allowing it to remain secret from all, save the sons of the prophets, whose task it was to preserve memorials of all the events, during the captivity, that might guide and instruct future ages.

THE EVENING HYMN.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

How many days, with mute adieu,
  Have gone down yon untrodden sky!
And still it looks as clear and blue,
  As when it first was hung on high.
The rolling sun, the frowning cloud
  That drew the lightning in its rear,
The thunder, tramping deep and loud,
  Have left no foot-mark there.

The village bells, with silver chime,
  Come softened by the distant shore;
Though I have heard them many a time,
  They never rung so sweet before.
A silence rests upon the hill,
  A listening awe pervades the air;
The very flowers are shut, and still,
  And bowed as if in prayer.

And in this hushed and breathless close,
  O'er earth, and air, and sky, and sea,
That still low voice in silence goes,
  Which speaks alone, great God! of Thee.

Drawn by [illegible]. Engraved by [illegible].

THE VISITING HARP.

Published by [illegible] & Co 65, Cornhill, London

The whispering leaves, the far-off brook,
The linnet's warble fainter grown,
The hive-bound bee, the lonely rook, —
All these their Maker own.

Now shine the starry hosts of light,
Gazing on earth with golden eyes ;
Bright guardians of the blue-browed night!
What are ye in your native skies ?
I know not! neither can I know,
Nor on what leader ye attend,
Nor whence ye came, nor whither go,
Nor what your aim or end.

I know they must be holy things,
That from a roof so-sacred shine,
Where sounds the beat of angel-wings,
And footsteps echo all Divine.
Their mysteries I never sought,
Nor hearkened to what Science tells,
For, oh! in childhood I was taught,
That God amidst them dwells.

The darkening woods, the fading trees,
The grasshopper's last feeble sound,
The flowers just wakened by the breeze,
All leave the stillness more profound.

The twilight takes a deeper shade,
  The dusky pathways blacker grow,
And silence reigns in glen and glade,—
  All, all is mute below.

And other eves as sweet as this
  Will close upon as calm a day,
And, sinking down the deep abyss,
  Will, like the last, be swept away ;
Until eternity is gained,
  That boundless sea without a shore,
That without time for ever reigned,
  And will when time 's no more.

Now Nature sinks in soft repose,
  A living semblance of the grave ;
The dew steals noiseless on the rose,
  The boughs have almost ceased to wave;
The silent sky, the sleeping earth,
  Tree, mountain, stream, the humble sod,
All tell from whom they had their birth,
  And cry, " Behold a God !"

THE SHOOTING STAR.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

Oh! for an angel's mighty wing,
To track thy radiant flight,
Thou unexplained, mysterious thing,
That glancest through the night.

Traveller of paths to man unknown,
Through boundless fields of air,
Scarce marked by mortal eyes, ere gone,
None knows, none guesses, where.

Comet art thou? or wandering star,
On thine appointed round?
Or seraph, in his shining car,
On some high mission bound?

As erst the heavenly bow was here,
A sign from God to man,
Appear'st thou to some distant sphere
Beyond our glance to scan?

Or to some doomed and guilty world
Denouncing wrath divine,
With red destroying flag unfurled,
Dost thou avenging shine?

Or hast thou, from the birth of Time,
Since first Heaven's azure arch
Was brightly spanned, with steps sublime,
Pursued thy wondrous march?

Say, hast thou thine appointed place
Amidst the starry train,
Which thou dost, through unbounded space,
Press onward to obtain?

Or wilt thou that unwearied course
Through countless ages run,
With fresh and unabated force,
As when 'twas first begun?

When young creation's birth-day song
By morning stars was sung,
And, from the rapt angelic throng,
The loud hosannas rung?

Meteor or star! whate'er thou art,
Our purblind race below
May muse, and dream, and guess in part,
But ne'er will fully know!

Weak Reason's powers could never reach
To thy meridian height;
Nor Science her disciples teach
To calculate thy flight.

Go, tell Presumption all must err
Who venture on thy road;
And bid the proud Philosopher
Walk humbly with his God.

THE RETURN.

1.

I CAME to the home of my infancy back,
When the Sun in his pomp was beaming;
And the clouds that rushed o'er his golden track
Caught the light of his footsteps gleaming;
And the Spring's soft breath, as it wandered by,
Paused awhile o'er each floweret's cell;
And Fragrance awoke at the well-known sigh,
From the trance of his wintry spell;
But steeped the leaves, ere he flew away,
With his own rich balm for Summer's day.

2.

I flew to the verdant and stilly glade,
To the green and the blossomy hill,
Where blythely my feet had in childhood strayed, —
There were fair children gamboling still; —
But oh! not the group of my early years!
And my breath came more thickly and fast,
As I felt how life's path is through sorrow and tears,
And that I of that group was the last!
I sought my own bower, — the trees lay dead;
And the birds that once sang there all had fled!

3.

I had wandered far in pursuit of wealth,
And, though laden with riches I came,
I was shipwrecked in hope, I was bankrupt in health,
And no voice that I knew breathed my name!
I strolled to the church-yard; my bosom swelled
As I thought on the innocent days,
When, my tiny hand in my mother's held,
She had led me to prayer and praise.
I stood by her grave, — then, in speechless pain,
Sailed forth, for the land of the stranger again!

Eliza Walker.

"A TALE OF THE NORTH ROAD."

"Le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable.

The desolate range of chalk hills, just beyond Dunstable, seems, from a very early period, to have been a kind of "land-debateable," of honest men and rogues. From those days, when the toiling monk, seated at his desk, in the sunny oriel, set about inditing every particular which his wonder-loving contemporaries detailed to him, to those matter-of-fact times, when the "penny-per-liner," in his Grub-street attic, manufactured "horrid murders," and "highway robberies," for the delectation of the readers of the Flying Post and Daily Courant, was this warfare, in which, as generally happens, the rogues had the best of it, there carried on. But, as might well be expected, the tales of the monkish chronicler far exceed, in picturesque interest, those of the Grub-street wonder-maker. The picture of the band of bold outlaws, issuing from their leafy coverts among the Buckinghamshire woods, and attacking the rear guard of the

king's household, as, with their heavily laden wains, they journeyed along at the rate of three miles an hour, towards the palace of Dunstable, possesses far more of the romantic, than the account of "the fair complexioned young man, with brown Ramilies wig and suit of light chocolate, who, attended by six men, did, on the night of the 17th instant, set upon the York Dispatch, and did take from thence all the trunks, mails, and baggage, shooting the coachman dead upon the spot, and grievously wounding two gentlemen, whose names we forbear at the present to mention."

Rather more than one hundred years ago, a singular occurrence on this "land-debateable" took place, the particulars of which we will now proceed to relate to our readers.

It was autumn, and the evening was just closing in, when a horseman stopped at the small inn that stood at the extreme margin of this celebrated part of the Northern Road; and, ere the landlord was aware of the presence of a guest, he had dismounted, and entered the bar.

"A cold and bad night coming on, your honour," said Boniface, with one of his lowest bows; for, partly by the fading light, and partly by the cheerful blaze of the large fire, he had already discovered, that the cloak in which the stranger was wrapt was of the finest scarlet cloth, and that the narrow gold lace that edged the three-cornered hat was no counterfeit, but the genuine manufacture of Little Britain. Satisfied, there-

fore, that the stranger must have "money in his purse," he proceeded to suggest the propriety of preparing a warm posset for the master, and a feed of corn for the horse.

"No, no, master landlord," said the stranger, "a draught of your best ale will do; I've some miles to ride to-night."

"Surely your honour can never think of crossing the hill," cried Boniface; "'tis perilous, indeed, and night coming on."

"Alack, sir!" interposed the hostess, "'tis indeed a sad night—it will rain, your honour, and perhaps snow. Farmer Gubbins' lad, this time last year, went out to seek some sheep, on just such a night, and he was found next morning, your honour, stiff, quite stiff."

"But, good dame," replied the stranger, laughing; "he had but two legs to help him, and I have four."

"Ay, sir, but the road is desperately bad;" persisted the landlady, determined to make a bold stroke for a guest.

"And truly, your honour," responded the landlord, taking up the cue, "a gentleman's coach and six broke down, near the top of the hill, though three boys were scotching the wheels; there is a great pit-fall, too, out yonder."

"But, good man, you forget the moon that is to rise in half an hour;" said the stranger, and he drew from his pocket a huge gold repeater, of almost the size and shape of a turnip.

"Your honour had better be cautious;" whispered the landlady, pointing to the adjoining kitchen, where several rustics were sitting.

The stranger laughed at her praiseworthy caution. "Nay, good woman, I have no fear of highwaymen."

"Heaven grant your honour may meet none! — but your honour had better stay."

"I cannot, my good woman, — I leave England to-morrow; so be quick."

"Then your honour will go on?" said the landlord, bringing the pewter tankard, and the long stemmed glass. "But I trust," he continued, lowering his voice, and looking oracular—"you carry but little about you."

"Nought but what I can well afford to lose," replied the traveller, with a careless laugh, and a slap on his waistcoat pocket.

A deep, but suppressed sigh seemed to form an echo to these words; and the traveller looked toward the kitchen from whence it appeared to proceed; the rustics, however, who were discussing their ale, were in too merry a mood to allow a sigh to escape them; but, in the farther corner, he perceived a well dressed young man sitting thoughtfully, with his arms folded on his breast.

"Please your honour, gie us summut to drink your honour's health;" said one of the rustics, coming forward, and making his very lowest bow.

"Well, my lad," replied the good-humoured stranger, "I don't care if I give you a Queen Anne's half-crown, to drink confusion to all Pretenders and Jacobite plots;

for they do sore damage to our London trade—so here it is, and much good may it do you."

Not stopping to receive the vociferous thanks of the delighted rustics, the traveller threw down his reckoning, wrapt his scarlet rocquelaure closely round him, and proceeded to remount his good steed. "Farewell, master landlord;" said he, "I have never yet met a highwayman, and 'twill be strange if I do to-night."

Onward rode our cavalier, scarcely heeding the coming darkness — perchance, because he was bent on some expedition of high emprize — perchance wrapt in sweet musings on his lady. Alas! romance-loving reader — the age of chivalry had long passed away: it was the era of Dutch taste, and of French poetry — the prosing, matter-of-fact earlier half of the 18th century — the year 1720. And well fitted for the age was our hero. He was no knight, pricking forth in search of adventures, but Mr. James Clementson, the "substantial" Hamburgh merchant of Mincing Lane: his thoughts most probably engaged upon his bales of merchandize, or, if a female name arose to his tender recollections, amid the softening influences of "the twilight hour," it was that of "De vrow Johanna," the gallant barque which, on the morrow, was to convey him far beyond the pleasant chime of Bow-bells. Well, onward rode Mr. Clementson, looking and steering due southward. But what was that light echo, which followed each almost noiseless tread of Strawberry's hoofs on the soft chalky road? He looked back, and perceived a well-mounted horse-

man making directly towards him. Flight was vain, for the middle of that desolate road had scarcely been reached, and his pursuer was gaining fast upon him. "A highwayman, truly!" said he; "it is well I have pistols for him."

The well mounted pursuer soon drew up close beside him. "I have a request, sir, which you must not refuse;" said he, in a low and hurried tone.

Mr. Clementson recognized in his pursuer the young man whom he had just before seen seated in the inn kitchen; and, struck with his bewildered air, and the irresolute tone in which he addressed him, his curiosity now almost superseded anger. "What, is this the new method of saying 'stand and deliver?'" said he.

"I have a ring, sir," replied the other, endeavouring by a violent effort to suppress his agitation, and, extending a ring with the left hand, while the other grasped a pistol; "and for this ring I must have twenty guineas."

"This is a bad trade," said Mr. Clementson, sternly; at the same time eying the highwayman with a feeling of interest he could not resist; "here's my purse: off with you, and seek a more honest livelihood."

The young man put back the proffered purse: "No, take the ring, I pray you, and give me twenty guineas; lend, lend it me, I pray—only twenty guineas."

"A strange highwayman!" muttered Mr. Clementson, again surveying the supposed robber with a degree of interest for which he could not account. "Well,

then," said he, counting out the twenty guineas, "mayhap trouble may have brought you to this; but be warned by me, and seek out an honest calling: so give me the ring, and away."

The stranger eagerly snatched the gold, faintly articulating, "Heaven bless you!" and Mr. Clementson, not sorry to escape so easily from his first encounter with a highwayman, spurred Strawberry onward, first casting a look behind. There sat the young man, motionless on his horse, the hand which had been so eagerly stretched forth to secure the golden treasure still half held out, and his eyes, with a wild and sorrowful expression, fixed vacantly on the lowering sky. "Poor fellow!" ejaculated the kind hearted merchant, "I should greatly like to know what hath brought him to this." He now examined the ring for which he had paid so high a price: it was of plain gold, with a good sized mocha stone, evidently not worth much above a pound; but with no inscription, or crest, or initials, or any thing that might lead to a discovery of its late owner. Although baffled and disappointed in this, he determined to keep the ring as a memorial of his first encounter with a highwayman; and, no other event befalling him on his journey, the next day saw Mr. Clementson set sail from the shores of England.

We must now request the kind reader to exert that plastic faculty which enables him to "put a girdle round the earth in full ten minutes," and to review the changeful events of a long and busy life in an hour; for we must overleap ten years, and take our standing

on Ludgate Hill, on a fine October morning, where we shall again meet our worthy friend Mr. Clementson. Just returned from his long sojourn abroad, he is taking a quiet stroll through London streets, marking the various changes that have taken place during his ten years' absence. And many, as may be well supposed, were the changes he noted — many an old name removed from beneath the well-remembered sign, and many a young tradesman, sprucely dressed with laced cravat and ruffles, occupying that post of honour, in the shop or in the counting-house, where "the old gentleman," in his flowered morning gown and velvet cap, erewhile stood, placidly summing up his gains, and keeping a sharp look-out over his sons and apprentices. The ten o'clock bell, at length, warned Mr. Clementson of the time for his accustomed lunch, and he turned into the London Coffee House. One minute, however, he stopped at the door, regardless of the bowing waiters, for the splendid show of plate, that graced the windows of the opposite silversmith's shop, absolutely dazzled him. He looked up to the sign:—a Mermaiden freshly gilt, upon whose bright mirror, which, according to old established belief, she held in her left hand, appeared the name of "Ellersby." "Ah! so it is:" ejaculated the merchant, musingly; "poor Master Hayward gone to his long home! But who is this Ellersby?"

"What, my old friend Clementson!" cried a voice at his ear. He turned quickly round, and recognized one of "the old familiar faces" with which he had

been long intimate before his sojourn abroad,—Mr. Cooper, the silkmercer of the Blackamoor's Head, in Cheapside. Friendly greetings passed between the pair, and they proceeded to the little private parlour to discuss their pint of Madeira.

"And so poor Hayward is gone!" said the merchant, "and yet he could not have been so very old."

"Master Hayward is alive and well: he has retired from business to his house at Shacklewell, for he leaves it in excellent hands. Ah! 'tis nine or ten years since you left England, else you would have heard of Henry Ellersby. A lucky young fellow is he, for the day after to-morrow he is to marry his master's daughter."

"Lucky indeed!" responded Mr. Clementson, "for Hayward hath doubtless made many a thousand, and there are only, I remember, his two daughters, Chloe and Betty to share his fortune: then this Ellersby was his apprentice?"

"He was," replied the mercer, "and such an apprentice! 'Tis said he is come of a good family too, though he never took upon him about it. It is Mistress Chloe that he is to marry—I sold her twelve yards of white ducape but last week for the wedding dress."

Two or three other neighbouring tradesmen now came in, each, like the mercer, brim-full of the praises of the fortunate apprentice. Indeed, eulogies upon Henry Ellersby, and anticipations of his happiness, seemed to supersede every other topic. The never-failing subject of Jacobite plots, abuse or commendation

of the Walpole administration, the menacing aspect of affairs in the Spanish Main,—even city politics, and city news, were forced to give place to details of the handsome furniture purchased for the young couple, to a bill of fare of the wedding dinner, and a sharp dispute between the mercer and his neighbour, a draper, whether Mistress Chloe would wear with her bridal attire of white ducape her Valenciennes lappets and ruffles, or her suit of Brussels lace.

"Well, I'll even go and take a peep at this lucky young fellow," said Mr. Clementson, resuming his three-cornered hat and gold-headed cane: "there must be somewhat very taking, methinks, about this Master Ellersby, since every body speaks so highly of him."

Mr. Clementson crossed the way, and placed himself before one of the windows, poring admiringly, as it seemed, on the tempting display of salvers, tankards, and chocolate pots, but keeping a close watch on the shop door. His curiosity was not fated to remain long unsatisfied; for an interesting young man, extremely well dressed, came to the door, and having beckoned a carriage that stood a short distance off, handed two ladies into it, and then, with a gentlemanly bow, retired. "Is *that* Mr. Ellersby?" cried the merchant, scarcely conscious to whom he addressed the question.

"Ay, that it is,—Heaven's blessings on him!" said an old woman who stood just beside, with a basket of ground ivy: "Yes, 'tis good Mr. Ellersby, the charitablest, worthiest, most religiousest gentleman in London."

"The rascal!" muttered Mr. Clementson with a tremendous thump of his gold-headed stick, "the very rascal who cheated me out of my twenty guineas, and gave me that paltry ring! Here's a world for you! The poor rogue gets hanged, and the rich one laughs at him. Well, my fair sir, you shall have good cause to remember, ere long, the Dunstable road!" Thus saying, he paced onward, scarcely knowing which way he went, turning over in his mind twenty different plans by which he proposed to drag successful villany to light, and uttering splendid tirades against wealthy knaves, which might have thrown a political union into paroxysms of delight. The more violent the grief, it is said, the sooner it will come to an end; and the same may be said of anger. In a short time, wonder, and curiosity, and doubt succeeded. This young man must even at that very time have been an apprentice to Master Hayward; — what therefore more unlikely than that he should have been permitted to absent himself from his master's house for so long? and what, too, more unlikely than that a sober young man of good family should either have stood in need of comparatively so small a sum, or taken that course to obtain it? Many stories, well authenticated ones, had been told of personal resemblance being so strong, that even intimate friends had been, for a moment, deceived. Might not this be the case here? Still, while allowing, and even willing to allow, the full weight of these doubts, the conviction that Henry Ellersby, the silversmith of Ludgate Hill, was the highwayman in the en-

counter on the Dunstable road, returned with overmastering force to Mr. Clementson's mind. But this conviction was now associated with many mitigating circumstances. Although proffered the full purse, the young man resolutely refused to take more than the twenty guineas, while even that he would not receive without the exchange of his ring; and then arose vividly to his recollection, the motionless attitude, the half extended arm of the young man, when he last saw him on the darkening road, and that look of wild and fixed despair which he cast on the lowering sky.

Hours passed away ere Mr. Clementson could satisfy himself as to what course he should adopt, and the bells had now chimed four. The hitherto crowded streets were beginning to be deserted, both by belles in brocade, and thrifty housewives in calimanco, all homeward bound to refresh themselves with their early cup of bohea, when Mr. Clementson again found himself before the door of the Mermaid. He looked into the shop, now empty, and took a close view of its master, who was standing apparently looking over the ledger. "It must be he," said the merchant, and entering, he asked for Mr. Ellersby.

The genteel, interesting young man came forward, and respectfully inquired the wishes of his new customer.

"I have been many years abroad, Mr. Ellersby," said the merchant, "and I have some foreign money which I would wish to sell for old gold and silver." The young man bowed assent, and requested his cus-

tomer to walk farther in. Mr. Clementson drew a Dutch ducat from his purse, and threw it on the counter. "I must have *twenty guineas* for this," said he.

"Twenty guineas!" cried the silversmith in uncontrollable surprise.

"Yes, twenty guineas," said Mr. Clementson firmly.

"Good sir, what can you mean? it is scarcely worth ten shillings!"

"Very likely, Mr. Ellersby, very likely; but what say you to *this?*" and he removed the glove from his hand; "Ten years since I paid twenty guineas for this very ring."

The young man clasped his hands in agony—"You did sir, you did! and principal and interest both are at your service. But O, sir, spare me—no, not *me*, but the worthy family that know not of this my only crime!"

"This seems a strange affair;" said Mr. Clementson, much moved at the extreme agitation of the young man: "yet do not distress yourself, but tell me how it came to pass that on that *one* evening, you came to lay aside an honest and respectable calling to enact the highwayman on the Dunstable road?"

"I will tell you, sir, for you have a right to know all," returned the young man, glancing a hurried look around him; "but,—but—Mr. Hayward is now in the counting-house: might I ask so great a favour, as that you would call on me any time in the evening? The money I have at hand, and I will instantly count it out to you."

"I will call on you an hour or two hence," replied Mr. Clementson. "In the meantime be not cast down; your secret will be safe with me; and loath indeed should I be to disturb Master Hayward's good opinion of you; so farewell!"

The kind-hearted merchant returned to the opposite coffee-house, and sought to beguile the time by turning over a file of old newspapers, when the following advertisement struck his eye. "If the gentleman drest in a scarlet roquelaure, and mounted on a strawberry horse, who, on the night of the 14th of October, 1720, met a young man near Dunstable, and received from him a gold ring with a mocha stone, will call upon Dr. Calamy in Charterhouse Square, his loan, with the interest thereon, will be repaid with many thanks." Surprised and delighted at this additional proof that the good opinion which he could not help forming of the young silversmith, was well founded, Mr. Clementson turned over the other papers, and found the same advertisement iterated, and re-iterated. "Poor fellow, poor fellow!" ejaculated he, "it must have been some strange chance indeed that forced him to this. Well, I know not how it is, but I feel greatly interested in him."

Punctual to his appointment, Mr. Clementson soon after knocked at the now closely barred door of the Mermaid, and was ushered into the counting-house; Mr. Ellersby soon after appeared, and casting a suspicious look around, as though he really believed the old proverb, "walls have ears," counted out the money,

which he placed before his guest; while, in a low and agitated tone, he said, "It appears, sir, that you have heard of my good fortune. Alas! had any of my kind neighbours known half the sorrow I have suffered on account of this my great crime, they would soon have retracted their opinion of my happiness."

"Do not distress yourself any longer on this account," said our merchant kindly; "I have seen your advertisements, and reference to a worthy minister who, I am sure, would never give his countenance to any one undeserving of it; so proceed, I pray you: tell me what led to it, and then let it be dismissed for ever from your mind."

"I will, sir.—Through the great kindness of a friend, —indeed, the only friend of my late mother,—when my apprenticeship was half completed, I was transferred from a very incompetent master, to the care of good Mr. Hayward. I had been with him not more than a year, when I received intelligence of the dangerous illness of my mother, and I requested permission to go and see her. Although he was on the eve of a journey, he kindly consented, and, as he was going by the Dispatch, he granted me the use of his horse. Would that that kindness had never been granted, for then I could not have followed you! I soon arrived at Dunstable, but it was only to see my mother reduced so low as to be unable to leave her poor cottage, from whence the landlord daily threatened to eject her, on account of arrears of rent. Almost beside myself, with barely more money than would serve to carry me back again,

I went to the landlord, a proud and a wealthy man; but the only answer I received was, that she must remove on the morrow. Scarcely knowing what I did, I entered the inn kitchen, where I first saw you, and sat down to think,—but no, I could not think,—to lament over,—O! to curse this hard fate. Twelve pounds were owing for rent alone; and where was I to raise them? My mother's friend was dead—Mr. Hayward was on a long journey. To whom could I look, and look for aid by the *morrow*? And then, when I revolved in my mind the scanty wardrobe, the wretched income of my poor mother, compared with her former condition, your merry laugh rung on my ear, and your well filled purse glittered to my frenzied imagination like the delusive well-spring that mocks the thirst of the eastern traveller; and then, more maddening than all, when I heard your boast, proud and heartless as it seemed to be, that all that glittering treasure you could well afford to lose, the temptation overcame me — I rushed to the stable, saddled my swift-footed grey, and galloped after you."

"And truly you were greatly tempted," said the kind hearted merchant, "but proceed."

"Truly I was, sir; and yet, let no man say that he is *forced* to do evil. Better thoughts arose in my mind, even while I was pursuing you; and once I had almost turned my horse's head and gone back; — but distrust prevailed: 'Twenty guineas,' said I, 'will pay all, and leave my mother sufficient to carry her to London; yet how is it to be raised? I will not *be* the

highwayman though I act his part, for I will give my ring as an acknowledgment that the money shall some day be paid.' Miserable subterfuge! it could not disguise from my conscience even then, that I was indeed a robber. But O! how bitterly did I feel that truth when the forbidden gold actually touched my hand, and this remembrance has haunted me through many an anxious day, and many a restless night. At length, after nearly three years of anxiety, I opened my mind to Dr. Calamy, on whose ministry we attended, and told him my fatal secret; but still, although from that time to this, I have caused advertisements to be inserted in the papers, I never received any intelligence. O! sir, I thank Heaven that I have at last seen you, for you know not the load of trouble that is now removed from my mind."

"Think no more of it from henceforth, Mr. Ellersby," cried Mr. Clementson; "I only regret that you did not make me acquainted with your circumstances, for the purse and all its contents should have been at your service. So your mother was of a good family you say? What, did she marry contrary to their wishes? Alas! I have great reason to lament that such things are sometimes scarcely forgiven."

"It was so, sir; my mother so greatly offended my grandfather by her marriage, that even after my father's death, and when she was reduced to very great distress, he absolutely forbade her even to cross the threshold of Mickleham Hall."

"Of Mickleham Hall! her name then was —"

"Mary Clementson," returned the young man with a sigh.

"O, my nephew! — my only nephew!" cried the merchant overjoyed; "Only three days since I returned to Old England, wealthy indeed! but sad at heart, for methought I had no relation in the wide world wherewith to share it. Thank Heaven! to-day I have found a relation, a son of my dear sister, Mary Clementson. This is the happiest day of my life, ay, the happiest, my own nephew; for old James Clementson has found a staff for his age, and an heir to his fortune, in his dear sister's son, Henry Ellersby."

H. L.

[The foregoing tale is no fiction;—the circumstances of the ring, and the ducat, for which twenty guineas were asked, actually took place. The silversmith subsequently became one of the leading men in London, and his name was mentioned to the writer.]

THE PORTRAIT.

BY W. H. HARRISON.

And this is Marguerite! There is the brow;—
But where the light of intellect that cast
A halo round it? There the eye;—but where
The glance that kindled worship, or the flash
That scathed Presumption? There the lip;—but where
The tones which Silence fed on, and which sunk
Into the deep well of the heart, and stirred
Its hidden fountains? There, too, is the cheek;—
But 'tis the same, as yesterday, to-day:
Its hue is fixed, and answereth not to Joy,
Or Hope, or Love, or Grief, which on the cheek
Of its most fair Original are wont
To write their characters as in a book.
But shall we blame the Limner that the hand
That wields Apelles' pencil, may not grasp
Prometheus' torch? No! 'tis a glorious craft
That doth bring back the distant, and dispute
The absolute dominion of the Grave!
Yes! though the lineaments of those we love,
Or, haply, having loved, now mourn, be traced
Upon the heart indelible, the eye
Delights to gaze on the "familiar face,"
Albeit through the mist of many tears.

THE LESSON OF LIFE.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON.

I.

Could Beauty's early bloom return, and Boyhood's voice of mirth,
Like floral hues, and songs of birds, when spring revives the earth, —
Though forms should fade, and hearts grow cold, and life's fair flowers decay, —
How sweet to know that wint'ry spell ere long might pass away!

II.

But when life's fleeting seasons fail, they leave the soul forlorn;
E'en Hope is silent at their close, of all her magic shorn;
Her brief successive lights but lead the pilgrim to his doom —
The dark undreaming sleep of death — the dungeon of the tomb.

III.

The green earth glitters in the sun, the sky-lark bathes
in light;
Rich odours float upon the breeze from vernal blos-
soms bright;
A busy hum of insect joy the cheerful valley fills,
And wandering Echo's voice is heard, like laughter, in
the hills!

IV.

Such sights, and sounds, and charms, we leave, and,
dearer far than all,
The faces that we loved in youth, the tones that yet
enthral:
Oh! when the thought, like sudden blight, o'ershades
each bliss below,
How quails the horror-stricken heart — how voiceless
is the woe!

V.

Yet when the solemn mandate comes, that bids the
doomed prepare
To change for death's dark stifling cell, the free and
pleasant air,
Can no sweet sound the prisoner cheer — no hope-
rekindling ray?
Ah, yes! the voice that frees the soul — the light of
endless day!

CONFESSIONS OF A COWARD.

A Sketch from Life.

So universal and so deep is the contempt, and so undisguised is the dislike, in which cowardice is held, that but few persons would, I imagine, venture to avow themselves its slaves. Perhaps I should not do so, if I were just now about to commence life, instead of being at the point of quitting it. But I will no longer deny what every important act of my life has proved, and what, hitherto, I have so strenuously, though to no purpose, endeavoured to conceal. Yes! I am a COWARD; a very and irreclaimable one; the jest of all hard-headed and strong-nerved men, who have no pity for the horrible disease of which they have never felt the ineffable torture. Alas! why was I not born a woman? I might then have been pardoned for my instinctive apprehension of danger, and for my weak and selfish shrinking from pain. Nay, being as I am, manly in all but courage, why should I not rather be pitied than blamed for an infirmity which inflicts so

much misery upon me, and from which I would cheerfully and thankfully purchase my release at the expense of all that I am worth in the world? Why may I not —— but questioning and reasoning are alike vain: the world hates cowardice, and I *am* a coward.

In my earlier years I was remarkable for a vivacious manner, and for a proneness to "barrings out," playing truant, and saving the proprietors of orchards from any superfluous trouble in gathering their fruit. Certainly, until considerably more than half my term of schooling had expired, no one of my masters or schoolfellows would have dreamed of my being obnoxious to the charge of cowardice; though schoolboys are shrewd hands at detecting even trifling indications of it. But I was, I am perfectly convinced, a coward at heart from my cradle. Like the poet, the coward is born, not tutored, to his idiosyncrasy. When that young bard, who afterwards made himself an immortal name, both as a poet and as a moralist, was soundly beaten by his father for some precocious explorations of Parnassus, and when, in his mingled pain and fear, he exclaimed —

> "Oh father dear! some pity take
> And I will no more verses make;"

he was, no doubt, perfectly sincere in his repudiation of the gentle but somewhat barren profession of poetics, though decidedly unlucky in the words in which his reformation was announced. My cowardice

is as innate and ineradicable as was his tendency to rhyme. I am sure I would very gladly be as hardy as Hector; but I could never get beyond the words of that worthy: fighting is not my *forte*.

Is there aught jocular in the tone of any portion of the foregoing paragraphs? Trust me, the jocularity is like the madman's laugh, or the jest of the impenitent, yet horror-stricken, felon who is strangled with a pun upon his lips instead of a prayer. Little cause, and as little inclination, Heaven knows, have I for anything in the way of merriment. On the contrary, my whole life is a long horror; waking or sleeping, I am in perpetual dread. Now hydrophobia is my bugbear; and anon I dread blindness, insanity or fire. If, at one time, a dog came near me, no sense of dignity, no fear of shame, no eminence of persons present, or sacredness or solemnity of place, could restrain me from crying aloud, and trembling in extremity of terror, until the obnoxious animal was removed.

For many years I never ventured to read or write by artificial light, lest I should be afflicted with gutta serena, of which I had accidentally met with a very graphic account. Of the excess and permanence of *this* particular fear some notion may be formed, from the fact that I utterly relinquished the vice of drinking, by which I had been long and notoriously disgraced, merely from learning that it was held to be a remotely predisposing cause of this class of blindness.

Of fire I still retain a terror which I cannot ade-

quately describe. I always sleep on the ground floor, and with my window shutters unbarred. Lightning, too, is to me a source of inexpressible torture. Millions would not induce me to live in a tropical country. One tornado would suffice to slay me outright. I remember that when I was a boy, the word *astonied* used to perplex me; I understand it but too deeply now. A tropical storm would excite in me such an excess of terror as would at once enchain my mental and my bodily faculties, and I should be found by the first comers, stiff, statue-like, and ghastly; and to the vivid lightning's mysterious and resistless power would be attributed the actual and immediate result of my cowardice. Even as I pen these pages, in the very middle of winter, I shudder as I think of the blinding and lurid brightness of our autumnal lightning, and of the fierce pealing of the deep-mouthed thunder.

And yet there are those to whom that which to me is a source of terror, is a subject of the most enrapturing contemplation. A thunder storm is the favourite theme of writers of romance, and has inspired some of the most gifted of our bards. How Byron revels in describing the magnificence of the elemental strife! And the gentle and calm-thoughted Bernard Barton, too, can look with a steadfast eye upon the forked flame, and listen to the dread artillery of the sky with admiration; and exclaim, even while the crash is yet sounding in his ears —

"Splendid the east; at morning bright,
Soft moonlight on the ocean;
But *glorious* is the hushed delight
Born in the storm's commotion!

"To see the dark and lowering cloud
By vivid lightning riven,
To hear the answer, stern and proud,
By echoing thunders given!"

I, too, am *hushed* amid such a scene; but I am hushed in *agony*, not in delight.

It is probable that many of those to whom thus much of my confession will suggest no thought save of scorn or ridicule, will have somewhat more of sympathy with me on the next cause of my dread; a cause which, like the rod of Aaron, swalloweth up all meaner terrors — Death! Those who fear nothing else will feel no shame in confessing to some occasional antepast of the shudder with which our mysterious nature gives its immortal portion to immortality, and its bodily substance to the cold earth, and the revolting worm. *All* may confess to thus much of sympathy with me; and even those who do not choose to confess it *must*, I think, feel it.

And yet, even in this dread, I am alone. Others feel it when they devote themselves to meditation; I feel it always. I wake to think of death; I go to sleep to dream of it in its most terrible and revolting forms. And, strange as it may seem, my harrowing dread harps not, as with many other persons is the case, upon the *post mortem* state of my mortality, upon

the drear, dank, silent earth, in which my frame will ere long lie

"In cold obstruction's apathy;"

nor upon my spiritual state in that eternity which is the wise and religious man's study. These, indeed, share my thoughts and excite my solicitude. But my main source of dread, the agony of my anticipation centres in DEATH itself; in the parting pang; the fierce rending asunder of my soul and body. *This* is my crowning horror, the surpassing affliction of my wretched being. By the sword — by the axe of the executioner — trampled into an undistinguishable mass by a brutal rabble — shrieking my last breath amid the howling and pitiless surges of convulsed ocean — choking with the famine-bred voraciousness of Otway — burning with the suicidal draught, and maddened by the blasted hopes, of

"The wond'rous boy who perished in his pride;"

in every form in which the gaunt destroyer approaches and appals humanity, I have, by anticipation, endured the parting pang.

Other men may characterize their existence; and say, respectively, "I war," "I meditate," "I teach," "I plough, sow, and reap," and so forth. My course of life admits, too, of such classification; but I can set up no claim to the admiration or even the approval of my fellow men. I can neither protect them if assailed, nor aid them in the arts of peace. I have but one

occupation in life :——"I tremble," is all that I can say for myself: I am a sentient tremor; a breathing aspen; an embodied fear. Whence comes my horrible disease; and why, oh why! am I scorned and hated for what I have not sought and cannot shake off? Man, man! your very virtues are unjust, and your sentences of shame and degradation, just as they mostly are, are but too frequently the result of prejudice, passion, or utter neglect of reasoning. Were it not so, cowardice would be treated as tenderly as blindness, or the dotage of the reverend age of those whose mind and body have alike broken down in the performance of good deeds towards all who have come in contact with them.

* * * * *

Misery! Our very climate is changing for the worse. I have just received authentic accounts of death by lightning within twenty miles of town. Yet the snow lies thick and hard around; the end of winter is not near; and the wind howls — pray Heaven our walls may be strong enough to brave it!

W. T. H.

THE SONG OF MAB.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

Build me a barge of the bracken tree,
As light as the wing of the lone cuckoo,
To sail by the moon all merrily
Over the foaming summer-dew.

With an alder-leaf on a moorcock's plume,
A marsh-flower at the stern,
And a till of the snow-white musheroom,
And a flag of the yellow fern.

Its cables shall be of the water-weed,
That grew in a silver lake;
And light oars of the hollow reed
Leave music in its wake.—

Lo, the moon! and a single star, that strays
To the rim of its olden urn,
Like a nymph to fill her Grecian vase,
And silently return!

The moon! and a shoal of islands, fair
As the green ones of the deep,
But wrought of the pearl that strews the air!
Away! for the moonland sweep!

The mariners all, in my bracken bark,
Have eyes of the northern blue,
And locks that flame, when the night is dark,
With an orient amber hue.

Their jackets are made of the oak-leaf green,
And their helms of the acorn shell,
And their plumes of the thistle-down, between
The thyme and the heather-bell.

Three-and-twenty, twenty and three,
All chosen by the span,
And a good blade of the juniper tree
At the girdle of every man.

Our barge is built of the bracken tree, —
Lightly and gently row,
By the serpent clouds that lazily
Upturn their coils of snow;

From star to star, by the dewy way,
That to the moonland leads; —
Heave to! heave to! — the rosy day
Is yoking his chariot steeds.

Our bracken barge rides in the air,
With her cables swaying free,
And the arm of the elfin mariner
Is folded wearily!

THE BLACK SEAL.

BY L. E. L.

Far, far across the sunny sea,
The gallant vessel goes;
Her white wings like a sea-bird's spread
That hovers o'er its foes.

Her decks are armed, the battle flag
Floats red around the mast;
And other ships have lowered theirs
Where'er that flag has past.

Her course has been amid those isles,
Those western isles which first,
Like some sweet dream of Paradise,
Upon the Spaniard burst.

With scarlet flowers that light their hills
And valleys that are bright,
With golden creepers — and with birds,
That sparkle in their flight.

Yet danger haunts those lovely isles,
The fever and the foe —
The brighter that the sun-beams fall,
The deeper shade they throw.

But that fair ship has 'scaped them all,
The battle and the wreck;
The fever has not touched a man
Upon her crowded deck.

Now home to England, home again,
Across the waves they go —
With triumph in her swelling sails,
And treasure down below.

Ah! many a hearth is happy now,
And those who feared before,
Now the good ship is homeward bound,
Believe in hope once more.

Two orphans — lovely sisters they —
Had worn the winter through;
The elder, for the younger's sake,
Watched the wild waters blue.

But now they looked, with eager eyes,
Towards the setting sun;
Rejoicing, as the evening came,
Another day was done.

For they began to count the hours,
When, from the salt sea foam,
Back, to his long betrothed bride,
Their sailor would come home.

But human hope is vanity,
And human trust is vain;
Oh pity for them! — could their eyes
Have looked across the main,

They would have seen a youthful step
Grow weaker day by day;
They would have seen the hues of health
Waste gradual away.

One only, of the hardy crew,
That stately vessel bore,
Was doomed to see his native land
And his true love no more.

One mournful eve — a sullen plunge
Was heard below the wave —
The cannon pealed, the wild wind swept
O'er the young sailor's grave.

Days passed, they knew not of his death —
They looked for his return —
No more for him their porch shall bloom,
No more their hearth shall burn.

A letter comes, 'tis sealed with black,
What doth such letter here?
She takes it — scarce her trembling hand
Can break that seal — for fear.

She drops the scroll — her sister's arm
Supports the sinking head;
What of the loved one far away?
It tells her — he is dead.

CONSTANCE.

BY MRS. C. RICHARDSON.

On one of those beautifully serene evenings so common in the south of France, when all nature, animate and inanimate, appears to revive and luxuriate in the balmy breath of a cooling delicious southern breeze, after the sultry heat of a summer day, — two English ladies, whose wan, attenuated appearance indicated that they were travelling in search of the inestimable blessing, health, were seen anxiously watching the tortoise-like progress of the Lyons Diligence down the steep mountain of Tarare.

A slight accident having rendered their carriage

unfit to proceed until properly repaired, the travellers were reduced to the alternative of passing the night in a species of granary, the best accommodation the little village of Tarare afforded; or proceeding to Lyons, a distance of about five leagues, by the cumbrous machine now slowly approaching them.

Fortunately two places were vacant in the *intérieur*, but a third was indispensable, for what French maid would ever dream of mounting the *impériale*? The difficulty was removed by the politeness of two gentlemen, who had secured the *coupé*, one of whom immediately offered to cede his place for the better accommodation of the invalids, and himself occupy, with the maid, the vacant seats of the *intérieur*.

An English*man* may sacrifice his personal convenience for the ladies of his own party, but to do so for strangers, simply because they belong to a sex which requires so much assistance and protection from the other, can only be expected from *gentlemen*, and they are not indigenous to any country; these, however, were both from that migratory nation, which, boasting of its *happy* fire-sides, sends so many of her children yearly to seek amusement and excitement elsewhere.

Such was the prepossessing exterior of the younger lady, a belle blonde of eighteen or nineteen, that the offer might have been less disinterested, had it proceeded from Melvil Somerset, (a volatile, handsome youth of about twenty,) than on the part of Mr. Herbert his tutor, whose maturer judgment was not so easily biased.

However taciturn and disagreeable English people make themselves at home, to strangers not duly and properly introduced, they will generally unbend and become more amiable to each other, when brought into juxta-position on the Continent. The ladies were, of course, sensible of Mr. Herbert's politeness; and Melvil's constant endeavours to render the journey as little irksome to them as possible, by laying himself out to amuse, were not lost upon his fair country-women.

In the hope of inducing a similar confidence on their part, Melvil frankly mentioned his own position and prospects; but, although the very fascinating manners of the elder lady, and the natural, unsophisticated remarks of the younger, inspired him with fresh anxiety to know more of them every hour, he had obtained no other information at the conclusion of the journey, than that the younger lady was named Constance, and that they stood in the near relation of mother and daughter.

Fortunately for him, the late arrival of the Diligence compelled the whole party to remain at the hotel where it stopped. Melvil comforted himself, therefore, with the hope of succeeding better on the next day: the ladies, however, were so unwell, that they did not quit their chamber; but their carriage arrived, and from the courier he hoped to gain more information. The man had been hired in Paris only a few weeks before, and thus Melvil obtained no more particulars than he had already gathered from the passport, which recom-

mended Madame Manby "*et sa fille*" to the care and protection of all true subjects of France.

In proportion to the difficulty of solving the mystery, was the intensity of the interest which the hitherto fickle youth felt in the young lady. It increased so prodigiously during the five days which the gentlemen had proposed remaining at Lyons, (during which period Mrs. Manby and her daughter had been only twice visible,) that Melvil declared he would not prosecute his intended tour till he knew more of the movements of his late fellow-travellers. The discussion with his tutor on the subject became warm; and Melvil, in a fit of the sullens, abruptly retired to his own chamber, whither Mr. Herbert, although much annoyed and somewhat irritated, followed him.

"Melvil," said he, "what can be your motive for this palpable absurdity? They may be people of a dubious position in society, for aught you know. What end do you propose in awaiting their movements?"

"Perhaps I might propose myself in the end;" replied Melvil, tartly.

"Is the boy mad?" cried Mr. Herbert. "Do you think your uncle would permit you to marry an adventuress? for such I suspect she will prove to be."

"Confine yourself to facts, sir," warmly replied Melvil; "I would stake my existence against your suspicions. She is evidently a lady, and as to fortune, I shall be rich enough for both, even if she is penniless." Mr. Herbert, seeing that the other was not in

a humour to listen to the suggestions of common sense, left him for the night.

To the great joy of Melvil, Mrs. Manby, the next morning, replied to the usual inquiries after her health, by the unusual message, that she should be happy to see them.

To Melvil's dismay, he found both ladies already equipped for their journey, but whither they were going he was yet to learn. Mrs. Manby thanked Mr. Herbert in courteous and measured terms for his polite attention; but Constance reiterated nearly the same phrases to Melvil in a tone of such cordiality, that it made a deep impression on his mind.

Mrs. Manby expressed her hopes that she might meet them in England again next spring, adding, that her daughter must return about that period, in order to prepare for accompanying her husband to India.

Thus were Mr. Herbert's fears, and Melvil's fairy visions, at once dissipated. Disguising his mortification as well as he was able, he stammered something like a hope that they might meet again; and adieus were exchanged without his having sufficiently recovered from his surprise, to learn even the name of a lady, to whom, a few hours ago, he was thinking of offering his own. He had, however, no inducement now to remain in Lyons, and therefore quietly proceeded on his intended tour.

* * * * *

Five years had elapsed; Melvil had come into possession, and already spent a large portion of his for-

tune ; he had, from his proneness to yield to "first impressions," been guilty of innumerable follies, but none proceeding from laxity of principle. Sought by the generality of young ladies as a most excellent match, he was yet unmarried ; indeed, although convinced that, impaired as was the romance of his character by a course of dissipation, even the unsophisticated Constance would not now inspire him with the interest which she had once excited, he was unwilling to link himself to any being without something like the feelings with which he had regarded her.

Listless, and weary of himself, he one evening accompanied a friend, whose alleged motive for joining a circle he had not hitherto frequented, was, that the widow of a rich old Indian was to be there, and her funds would materially assist him, if he could succeed in inducing her to break her declared resolution of never marrying again. The first object that struck Melvil on entering the room, was a lady simply yet elegantly dressed, in a robe of the richest white satin.* She was leaning, or rather resting her elbow on a table of pierre-dur ; whilst in the playfulness of her argument with a celebrated wit, she was, mechanically as it were, passing her fingers through the long ringlets which were parted so wide as to display nearly the whole of her remarkably open brow. It was Constance — Melvil recognized instantly the blue eyes whose expression he had never forgotten.

The sequel may easily be guessed. Married to a

* See Frontispiece.

man of nearly triple her own years, whom she had esteemed more as a father than loved as a husband, she had only remained a year in India when his death allowed her to return to Europe.

Thanks to the thin partition which divided their respective chambers at Lyons, Constance had overheard the conversation of Mr. Herbert and his extravagant pupil. What woman was ever insensible to the disinterested admiration of a handsome and accomplished person about her own age? Although an innate sense of propriety induced the abrupt termination of the acquaintance at Lyons, she had, on becoming a widow, resolved never to be the wife of any other person. Yet it was not until after many months of increasing attachment that she confessed this, to a person whose felicity she constituted, in giving him her hand, and who ever after maintained that there was nothing like "*first impressions.*"

DRAMATIC FRAGMENTS.

I. A WISE MAN'S COUNSEL.

(Count.)

I CAME into the world, as others do,
Life quickening in my limbs, the burning blood
Racing through every vein and artery;
Free, vigorous, healthy, tuned to passionate themes,
And born for pleasure. I grew up — a man,
My spirit ripening as my limbs waxed strong;
I read, marked, hoarded, heaped up word on word,
And thought on thought; and when severer years
Banished bright Hope and quelled my April laugh,
And hung the Future round with clouds of care,
Men dreamed that I was wise.
——— Alas! I lost
The fruit of wisdom,—joy. I smiled, indeed,
As, day by day, I reckoned up my gains,
And learned how I had toiled, as sage men do,
Accumulating riches for no end.
But still I was called wise, and that sufficed.

Now, look upon me! Didst thou ever see
Old Age, girl? Look upon him,—face to face;
Observe, how white and withered is his skin:
How his lean limbs go tottering, how his tongue
Stammers forth sadness! From his eyes the light
Of love and intellect is quenched and gone:
And every thing about him, body and mind,
Tells a foul tale of Time. Could I grow young,
And, like a serpent, leap back into spring,
Casting this wrinkled foul deformity,
By Heaven, I'd do't. But Fate—Ha! what is here?
Methinks the very thought thaws all my heart,
And sends the stinging blood back to my limbs!
My speech flows freely — and my sinews bind
The flesh unto my bones, and strengthen me.
Some wine! By Bacchus, I'll be young again!
Some wine, ho! Let us drink, "A curse on age!"
Immortal nectar and ambrosial dews
Are ours, Erminia. Through the sands of time
We'll keep our revels with the sunshine hours,
And dare black Death to take us. Ah!

(*Erminia.*)

What is't?

(*Count.*)

Nothing,— a dream: 'tis past. Fool that I was,
To think that a clod of clay (albeit a voice
More cheerful than the lark's may dwell within,
And in it hide a soul) can more subdue
Its nature, which is life — and death, at last,

Than the dust from which it sprung.
——— I die, Erminia!
Weep not — and yet, weep, weep! 'Twill soothe thy heart,
To let the bitter baneful drops escape.
Bid thy grief flow; and, when it flows no more,
Then turn thy thoughts unto the forward times,
And look for hopeful skies and azure hours,
And youthful hearts, whom sorrow never knew,
And all who value truth. Forget the past;
Except so far as it may teach thee, girl,
Or serve the days to come. The past is — passed.
The future is ever thine. Be wise and use it.
Erminia, — my dead brother's child, — farewell!
Still gather wisdom, girl, — not words, nor thoughts,
However learned, unless such as yield
Strength, consolation, joy unto thy life,
And hide thy grave with flowers.

II. A LOVER'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

Thou hast never sounded — thou can'st never sound
My deep unfathomable sea of love.
I love — as they love in whose brains the moon
Lives till they rise to madmen, — who are gods,
Having no earth about them. Thus am I!
The nightingale, who loves what she has lost,
The widow, with the ghost of her dead lord,
Show a faint mockery of my mighty love.
Nought else can half its madness imitate.

III. CARDINAL VIRTUES.

(*Count.*)

Prepare the grand suite for his eminence!
Ere night he'll reach us.

(*Giul.*)

How his scarlet jacket
Will flaunt out o'er the modest sinking sun!
I hate these priests as I hate poison! Brother,
If this strong red-legged bird of prey be coming,
Take care o'the chickens!

(*Count.*)

Peace! Thy malice talks.
He's a most honourable gentleman;
Wears a gold key, and keeps our prince's conscience,
And is, moreover, treasurer to the poor!
What more wouldst have?

(*Giul.*)

Nothing. Thunder can't touch him.

(*Count, to his wife.*)

Hast read the letter? Dost observe it all?
Look here! How well he doth express command,
Sweetening our duty with chaste compliment.
Methinks these learned men are fed on words,
They flow so deeply! Now, 'twould cost *me* time,
Head-ache, an oath or two, some ink, and pains,

To turn *my* orders with so smooth a pen,
But *then*,—I am no churchman !

IV. THINGS WITHOUT LIMIT.

(*Ard.*)

Thou'rt a vain swelling fellow !

(*Ber.*)

Tut, tut ! all's vanity : not I alone.
Ambition, courage, hate, revenge, despair,
All seem to exceed the measure of themselves,
When each is lofty. Hast e'er heard the wind
Run blustering through the forests, and make tremble
The aspen and the birch ? Why, who would dream
That 'twas the self-same air which fanned the flowers
So delicately i'the spring ? Hast seen the sea
Come swaggering on the land, till the land shook,
And all the shores and echoing caverns lost
Their dumbness in affright ? Look well upon 't.
'Tis the same murmuring creature scarce surmounts
The pebbles on the beach ; only, being wrought
To madness by some wrong, or the moon's scorn,
'T jumps from its calm, and scales the sky, to show
What strength 't may have when angered. So it is
With the passions, which are all irregular,
Bound by no limit, tending to no end,
Unless to show how oft the soul of man,
Will bend to the flesh's frailty.

B. C.

SHAKSPEARE AT "BANK-SIDE."

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

According to Rowe's story, related to Pope, Shakspeare's first employment in London, was to wait at the door of the play-house, and hold the horses of those that had no servants, that they might be ready after the performance. "But I cannot," says Mr. Steevens, "dismiss this anecdote without observing, that it seems to want every mark of probability."

The bell of St. Mary Overs had struck three — the flag was just displayed from the Rose play-house; and, rustling in the wind, was like, in the words of the pious Philip Stubbes, "unto a false harlot, flaunting the unwary onward to destruction and to death." Barges and boats, filled with the flower of the court-end and the city, crowded to the bridge. Gallants, in the pride of new cloak and doublet, leaped to the shore, making rich the strand with many a fair gentlewoman lifted all tenderly from the craft; horses pranced along Bank-side, spurred by their riders to the door of the tyreing-room; nay, there was no man, woman, or child, who did not seem beckoned by the Rose flag to the play, — whose ears did not drink in the music

of the trumpets, as though it was the most ravishing sound of the earth. At length, the trumpets ceased, and the play began.

The Rose was crammed. In the penny gallery was many an apprentice, unlawfully dispensing his master's time — it might be, his master's penny, too. Many a husband, slunk from a shrew's pipe and hands, was there, to list and shake the head at the player's tale of wedded love. Nor here and there was wanting, peeping from a nook, with cap pulled over the brow, and ruff huddled about the neck, the sly, unbent face of one, who yesterday gave an assenting groan to the charitable wonder of a godly neighbour — of one, who marvelled that the Rose flag should flout the heavens, yet call not down the penal fire. The yard was thronged; and on the stage was many a bird of courtly feather, perched on his sixpenny stool; whilst the late comer lay at length upon the rushes, his thoughts wrested from his hose and points by the mystery of the play.

Happy, thrice happy wights! thus fenced and rounded in from the leprous, eating cares of life! Happy ye, who even with a penny piece, can transport yourselves into a land of fairy — can lull the pains of flesh with the music of high thoughts! The play goes on, with all its influences. Where is the courtier? Ten thousand miles from the glassy floor of a palace, lying on a bank, listening to a reed piping in Arcady. Where the man of thrift? He hath shuffled off his trading suit, and dreams himself a shepherd of the

golden time. Where the wife-ridden husband, doubtful of a natural right to his own soul? He is an Indian Emperor, flushed with the mastery of ten thousand slaves! Where is the poor apprentice — he, who hath weals upon his back for twopence lost on Wednesday? He is in El Dorado, strutting upon gold. Thus works the play — let it go on. Our business calls us to the outside.

There is scarcely a passenger to be seen on Bank-side. Three or four boys loiter about the theatre, some trying, through a deceitful crevice, to catch a glimpse of the play — some tending horses, until the show is done. Apart from these, his arms crossed, leaning against a post, his eyes fixed on the Rose flag, — stands a youth, whose face, though perfect in its beauty, has yet a troubled air. As he stands, watching the rustling beacon, it almost seems — so fixed is his look — as though he held some converse with it; as though the fortunes of his future life were woven in its web in mystic characters, and he with his spirit straining from his eyes, were seeking to decypher them. Now — so would imagination work — there seemed voluble speech in its flapping folds, and now a visible face. The youth turned from gazing on the flag, to the open river. Some spirit was upon him; and, through his eyes, gave to vulgar objects a new and startling form. He was in a day-dream of wonder and beauty: and, as it is told, that those doomed to the ocean with hearts yearning for the land, see fields and pleasant gardens in the running tide,—so our hero,

tricked by his errant fancy, gazed breathless at new wonders sweeping before him. A golden mist shrouded the mansions and warehouses on the strand. Each common thing of earth glowed and dilated under the creative spirit of the dreamer. The Thames seemed fixed — whilst a thousand forms moved along the silver pavement. The sky shone brighter — harmony was in the air! The shades move on.

First passes one, bearing in his hand a skull — wisdom is in his eyes, music on his tongue — the soul of contemplation in the flesh of an Apollo: the greatest wonder and the deepest truth — the type of great thoughts and sickly fancies — the arm of clay, wrestling with, and holding down, the angel. He looks at the skull, as though death had written on it the history of man. In the distance, one white arm is seen above the tide, clutching at the branches of a willow "growing ascant a brook."

Now, there are sweet, fitful noises in the air: a shaggy monster, his lips glued to a bottle, — his eyes scarlet with wine — wine throbbing in the very soles of his feet — heaves and rolls along, mocked at by a sparkling creature, couched in a cowslip's bell.

And now a maiden and a youth, an eternity of love in their passionate looks, with death as a hooded priest, joining their hands: a gay gallant follows them, led on by Queen Mab, twisting and sporting as a porker's tail.

The horns sound — all, all is sylvan. — Philosophy, in hunter's suit, stretched beneath an oak, moralizes

on a wounded deer, festering, neglected and alone: and now, the bells of folly jingle in the breeze, and the suit of motley glances among the greenwood.

The earth is blasted — the air seems full of spells: the shadows of the fates darken the march of the conqueror: the hero is stabbed with air-drawn steel.

The waves roar like lions round the cliff: the winds are up, and howling: yet there is a voice, louder than theirs — a voice made high and piercing by intensest agony: the singer comes, his white head "crowned with rank fumitor" — madness, tended by truth, speaking through folly!

The Adriatic basks in the sun: there is a street in Venice; "a merry bargain" is struck—the Jew slinks like a baulked tiger from the court.

Enter a pair of legs, marvellously cross-gartered.

And, hark! to a sound of piping, comes one with an ass's head wreathed with musk-roses and a spirit playing around it like a wild-fire.

A handkerchief, with "magic in the web" comes, like a trail of light, and disappears.

A leek — a leek of immortal green shoots up.

Behold! like to the San Trinidad, swims in a buck-basket, labelled "To Datchet meads."

There gleam two roses, red and white — a Roman cloak, stabbed through and through — a lantern, of the watch of Messina!

A thousand images of power and beauty pass along.

The glorious pageant is over — no! fancy is yet at work.—

Yonder ship, laden with sherris, canary, and spice—see, how her masts and rigging fall and melt, like metal in a furnace! Her huge hulk, stowed to the deck with wine, swells and distends, and takes another form. We see no ship, but a man mountain, with a belly that "would sink a navy." One butt of red wine is sinking in the Thames: no; it moves and shapes itself into something like a nose, which, rising like a comet fiery red before him of the abdomen, seems as 'twere purposed for a torch, "to light him 'twixt tavern and tavern." And see—

But the day dream of the youth is broken. A visitor, mounted, has just arrived, and would fain enter the play-house; but there is none bold or strong enough to hold his steed. At least a dozen men—it was remarkable, that each had in his bosom a roll of paper, it might be the draught of a play—rushing from the Rose, strove to hold the bridle: but some the horse trod down—some he struck paralytic with his flashing eye—some ran away, half distraught at his terrible neighing. At length, our dreamer approached the steed, which, as it had been suddenly turned to stone, stood still. The rider dismounted, and entered the play-house, leaving his horse tended by our hero. The animal ate from out his hand—answered with its proud head, the caresses of its feeder—and, as it pranced and curvetted, a sound of music, as from the horny hoofs of dancing satyrs, rose from the earth. All stood amazed at the sudden taming of the horse.

The play concluded—the audience issued from the

doors. The story had run from mouth to mouth, touching the new comer and his horse. All hurried about the stranger, to see him mount: He, with some difficulty, such was the crowd, leaped on his steed, when, inclining his face radiant with smiles towards the youth who had performed the office of his groom, he flashed, like a sunbeam, out of sight. All stood marble with astonishment. At length, the immortal quality of the visitor was made manifest, for, in the press and hurry, a feather had fallen from one of his wings—albeit, concealed and guarded by a long cloak.

The youth who had taken charge of the horse, seized, as his rightful wages, on this relic of Phœbus, and, taking his way, he fashioned it into a pen, and with it from time to time, gave to the "airy nothings" of his day-dream, "a local habitation and a name!"

It is modestly hoped, that this well-authenticated story will wholly silence the sceptical objections of Mr. Steevens.

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